

UNIV OF  
TORONTO  
LIBRARY

*Toronto University Library*

*Presented by*

*The Royal Society*

*through the Committee formed in*

*The Old Country*

*to aid in replacing the loss caused by*

*The disastrous Fire of February the 14<sup>th</sup> 1890*







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



I  
THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW;  
OR,  
*ANNALS OF LITERATURE.*

---

VOL. VII.

THE

# CRITICAL REVIEW:

ANNAIS

THE

## CRITICAL REVIEW: LITERATURE

OF

ANNAIS OF LITERATURE

VOL. VII

VOL. VII

PRINTED FOR J. M. WALKER, 22, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRINTED FOR J. M. WALKER, 22, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

AND SOLD BY J. B. BARNES, 10, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

1850

NEW YORK: J. B. BARNES, 10, BROADWAY.



P  
LE  
C

THE

CRITICAL REVIEW;

OR,

ANNALS

OF

LITERATURE.

SERIES THE THIRD.

VOL. VII.

PERMUTET DOMINOS, ET CEDAT IN ALTERA JURA.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, 22, POULTRY:

AND SOLD BY J. DEIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE; RANWELL AND PARKER,  
AND J. COOKE, OXFORD.

1806.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey.

IV

La  
C

CRITICAL REVIEW:

LITERATURE

*Soc. Reg. Lond.*

6734

PRINTED FOR J. MANNING, 22, FLEET STREET, LONDON:  
AND SOLD BY J. DENTON, CAMBRIDGE; BARNARD, BATH;  
AND J. COOK, OXFORD.

1808.



# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

## SERIES THE THIRD.

---

Vol. VII.

JANUARY, 1806.

No. I.

---

ART. I.—*An Attempt to illustrate those Articles of the Church of England, which the Calvinists improperly consider as Calvinistical, in Eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford in the Year 1804, at the Lecture founded by J. Bampton, M. A. Canon of Salisbury. By Richard Laurence, LL. D. of University College. 8vo. Rivingtons. 1805.*

TO enumerate how often certain articles of the established confession of faith in the church of England, have been asserted to be Calvinistical, by what various descriptions of men, and with what inconsistent and contending views and affections, would be a long and difficult, though perhaps neither an unentertaining nor uninstructional employment. The frequency, however, of such an imputation is sufficiently notorious, and is all that we are required particularly to refer to on the present occasion.

Dr. Laurence, perhaps from a charitable desire to suppress occasions and provocations of disunion and displeasure, has been more anxious to reject the imputation, and to refute it as erroneous, than to compile a catalogue of the names and sayings of those single individuals, or collective bodies of men, who have given so much currency to the charge in question. The only reference which he has made is to a passage which of itself, as it arraigns the *honesty* of a great part of the clergy in very explicit terms, nothing short of the most satisfactory and incontrovertible evidence could possibly justify. (See p. 459.) But in Dr. Laurence's opinion, so far is this evidence from being palpable and obvious, that he is bold enough to affirm, that much has been written, and satisfactorily written, to prove, that the predestinarian system of Calvin is *totally inconsistent* with the doctrine of our articles; that it is *equally irreconcilable* with our liturgy and homilies; and that the private sentiments of our reformers were likewise inimical to it. To the concluding clause of this declaration, if we might be permitted to insert the word *princi-*

pal before 'reformers,' we should fully and cordially accede. The two former are expressed in much too summary a way for our taste: nor are we prepared to be in them consenting and cheerful companions of Dr. L., unless he will allow us to understand his words as implying no more than that the predestinarian system of Calvin is not *contained in*, but is an unlovely and unsuitable *addition* to, the doctrine of our liturgy, articles, and homilies.

But besides the imputation of Calvinism on certain articles of our national creed, which are, or are usually supposed to be more or less allied to the predestinarian controversy, (page 4—5) the dispute, in process of time, has assumed additional characters, and passing within the pale of the church, on the one hand, it has been contended, in this intestine warfare, that our articles are consonant with the creed of Calvin; on the other, with that of Arminius. (p. 7, 8.)

If we understand Dr. Laurence rightly, those who maintain this latter opinion are, in his mind, not much nearer the truth than the advocates of the former. If we do not misinterpret him, it is Dr. L.'s opinion, that the whole controversy, at least under these appellations, is erroneous, extrin-sical, and irrelative. The peculiar points in controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians are of a later date than the ~~era~~ of our confessions; or if not of a later date, at least they were not so in the contemplation of our reformers, as to constitute any part of that doctrine which they prescribed for public consent and approbation. When therefore we look for the peculiar opinions referred to in those authoritative documents, we seek for what they were not intended to contain; and if we find our respective notions there, it is not so much through the aid of truth, as by the help of modern prejudices, as by affections heated, and a brain disturbed by the operations and influence of party-spirit and controversy.

How far we have unfolded fairly, or otherwise, the sentiments of Dr. Laurence, we are desirous that our readers should be enabled to judge for themselves, by the following passages, from which principally we have gathered the above estimate. Speaking of the contention between Calvinists and Arminians, he says,

'It is not my intention to follow this controverted question into particulars.' p. 8.

'With these points the elucidation which I propose, is by no means connected.' Ibid.

Of the tenth article it is said,

'Regardless, however, of its general construction, and directing



their attention solely to modern controversies, some have conjectured, that it is entirely Calvinistical ; others, that it at least steers a middle course between the two extremes of Calvinism on one side, and Arminianism on the other. Although in these collateral topics, the discussion of which would lead me too far from the track proposed, I mean not to interfere ; it may nevertheless be proper,' &c. p. 99.

And lastly,

‘ Upon a general review then of these articles (the 10th and 13th) we perceive, that both were solely framed with an eye to Romish error, and are in no respect connected with the Calvinistical controversy of free will, as the hinge upon which principally turns the doctrine of an absolute predestination.’ p. 112, 113.

As our views on this subject coincide very much with those which we have attributed to Dr. Laurence, before we proceed further, we shall mention one fact which we have noticed in the controversy, as it is now conducted by the anti-calvinistical writers, for the purpose of remarking its correspondence with our own sentiments of right, and of exhorting them to a stedfast perseverance in the same. It is, that the writers to whom we refer, have of late (in opposition to what, according to Dr. Laurence's observation, has heretofore occasionally taken place,) we believe invariably disclaimed the name of Arminians ; and surely they do so with very great reason. Shall it become the church of England, forgetting its ancient guides, instructors, and, patterns, forgetting the scriptures, forgetting her reverence to primitive antiquity, forgetting the labours and sufferings of her own illustrious martyrs and confessors, to turn her eyes and affections to, and borrow her name from an obscure Dutch professor, who was hardly born till the period of those labours and sufferings was over? Let her be branded with the name, with unwearied pertinacity ; yet we trust that no provocation will induce her to adopt it from the mouths of her adversaries. The wise and temperate conduct which we here applaud and recommend, might afford a salutary lesson for the imitation of the opposite party ; who by perpetually disclaiming, and by as often claiming the name of Calvinists, leave us in inextricable perplexity, and are themselves debtors in a great part of that responsibility which is undoubtedly ever incurred by the propagation of opprobrious appellations, and needless dissensions and subdivisions.

But if the articles in question be neither Calvinistical nor Arminian, the question returns upon us again, what are they ? If we will hear Dr. Laurence, they are protestant against

popery, they are Lutheran against Romish and scholastical corruptions and superstitions. It is his judgment, that far from being framed according to the system of Calvin in preference to all others, they were modelled after the Lutheran, in opposition to the Romish tenets of the day. And he is of opinion, that instead of endeavouring to investigate and ascertain their design and meaning, by proceeding upwards through the long train of contending opinions in the reign of Elizabeth, a satisfactory and much better mode of illustration may be had, by advancing in a contrary order downwards, from the early struggles of Luther and the other German, reformers, to the æra of their first compilation in the reign of King Edward.

Of the eight sermons contained in this volume, the first two are occupied in shewing that the *English reformation in general* was of a Lutheran tendency, and that the same tendency appears and prevails in the *articles collectively considered*. The remaining six are designed to establish the same conclusion with regard to those *particular articles* which are selected for Dr. Laurence's illustration, and in an attempt to declare and expound their precise objects and meaning.

The argument respecting the *general tendency* is grounded principally upon the following foundations:

From the first moment when the reformation began to make any progress in this country, we find a continual recurrence to the recent protestant establishment in Germany. An unceasing correspondence was maintained with their divines, and above all with the ever mild and amiable Melancthon. His advice was sought unremittingly, and his presence in this country was courted and importuned through a long succession of years, in the most urgent manner. In the actual reforms which took place, we trace without difficulty the principles and practices of the German churches. The Articles of 1536, the Institution of a Christian Man in the year following, and the Necessary Doctrine in 1543, all are testimonies of the general truth of this statement. In the reign of Edward this influence became still more apparent. The homilies bear a close resemblance to the doctrines of Melancthon: and when in the following year (1548), the church-services were to be reformed, next to the ancient liturgies, by far the greatest regard was paid to a Lutheran reformation book, which had been recently compiled or revised by Melancthon and Bucer.\* The influence

---

\* This work was translated into English, and published A.D. 1547, under the title 'A religious Consultation of Herman, Archbishop of Cologne,' &c. &c.

of Cranmer, it cannot be doubted, was pre-eminent in the English reformation. Nor can there be any greater doubt of the prevailing tendency of the sentiments of this illustrious man. His foreign embassies, his alliance with the sister of an eminent German reformer, his constant correspondences with that country, his selecting for the instruction of youth, and revising, translating, and publishing under his own name an extensive Lutheran catechism, in addition to the evidence which may be collected from his other writings, and from the works of public authority already enumerated, in the composition of all of which it is well known that he had a large share—evinces sufficiently the required tendency. But now, Cranmer, though not the sole, was by far the principal compiler of the articles. Again, besides the inferences which might therefore be deduced from the known character and sentiments of Cranmer, the articles themselves in every form in which we meet with them, display a remarkable correspondence with the boast and pride of Lutherans, the celebrated Augsburg confession. Nor can it be said that the tide afterwards turned, and that a change took place in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, from the intercourse of our exiled countrymen with Geneva and Italian divines. For, whatever might be the case in this respect, with regard to the sentiments of individuals, the wisdom of the directors of the new establishment under that queen, effectually precluded the possibility of such an imputation upon the established doctrine, by adopting the confession of King Edward, with a few unimportant alterations; or, if the alterations be any where important, it is very observable, that they too are derived from another Lutheran document, the Wirtemberg confession.

In the course of this general argument, Dr. Laurence vindicates at great length and with much zeal, (but not to a greater extent or with more zeal than the importance of the subject, and the interests of truth have long ago demanded) the character, talents, and influence of Cranmer against the loose and ignorant reflections of Burnet. We read this part of the book with very great satisfaction and complacency; for we have often seen with regret and indignation how much injury has been done to the memory of that great man: and we are prepared to maintain, that Dr. Laurence has not in any one particular of his apology and eulogium overstepped the limits of strict truth and justice. He has also found opportunity to expose some other important mistakes of the Bishop, as well as some of less moment of the faithful and industrious Strype.

But, let us next inquire whether this general argument of Dr. Laurence be or be not liable to certain material objections. This reasoning, it may be said, proves indeed what the articles were; but will it equally shew what they were not? Let it be granted, that they were Lutheran against popery, is this sufficient to prove that they could not be Calvinistical? The *main object* of the reformation, no doubt, was the abolition of Romish corruptions. And was not Calvin as zealous against these as were Luther or Melancthon? Besides, did not Calvin, too, maintain a correspondence with Cranmer, and with the Protector? Were not Bucer and Martyr in actual possession of the theological chairs in our universities, to one of which Melancthon was only invited; and were not these men known advocates of the more rigid opinions? Were not Cranmer and Ridley the friends and patrons of the Italian Ochine, and the French Veron, men who were exceedingly zealous for the like doctrines?

These interrogatories we have taken the liberty to suggest, not because we do not think that they admit of a very satisfactory solution, but to lead our readers into a close and clearer understanding of the nature and properties of Dr. Laurence's argument, and to express our opinion, that it would have lost nothing, or rather would have been materially illustrated, had he expressly introduced these and similar objections to the contemplation of his hearers and readers in some such manner as is done above, and had shewn in a separate division of his scheme, in what manner they do or do not affect his principal reasonings.

It must not be supposed, however, that Dr. Laurence has not, even at present, supplied us with materials from which we may glean a sufficient solution of these apparent difficulties.

There was, pretty early, a very discernible discordance in sentiment between Melancthon and Calvin, on those points which respected the doctrine of predestination: nor is it difficult to determine to which side in this variance, the leading English reformers were disposed to incline. The very expressions of Melancthon, which were, no doubt, and were by Calvin understood to be, directed against himself, with others perhaps of similar opinions, were adopted by Hooper, a very eminent English reformer, and published as his own, in the important years 1548 and 1550. The correspondence with Calvin was only occasional and unfrequent, and was nothing more than was due in strict justice to his eminent services in the common contest against popery. He himself complains of his want of influence in



our proceedings, and betrays an evident dislike and dissatisfaction with their progress. The like complaints were made also by Bucer and Martyr. The respect paid to Ochine and Veron is sufficiently accounted for by their general attachment to the principles of the reformation, and needs no more explanation than that we should recall to mind, that 'the errors of the church of Rome were then almost the sole objects of religious altercation.' p. 45.

The desideratum which we regret in this general argument does still obtain, (though not perhaps in an equal degree,) when Dr. Laurence descends to the consideration of particular articles. We are never indeed left altogether without materials to shew as well what they were not, as what they were; but the former are seldom brought before us, so much as we could have desired, in the character of an important and principal part of the argument. They are left rather to be collected and made out from the notes by the industry and sagacity of the reader.

At the conclusion of the general argument on the prevailing Lutheran tendency of the English reformation, and in the English articles, the second sermon is closed, and the subjects to be examined in the remaining six are specified.

As we regard Dr. Laurence's work as of first-rate importance, we shall proceed further to display the nature and value of the instruction which it will convey, by an examination of the contents of the third sermon, which respects the doctrine of original sin.

The opinions of the schoolmen on this subject, which, according to Dr. Laurence, not only domineered in the schools, but prevailed also in the temple and the closet, are first stated in the following terms.

'Upon original sin, the subject of our present consideration, their doctrine was no less fanciful and remote from every scriptural idea, than flattering to human pride. This they assumed as the groundwork of a system, which wholly concealed from view what they professed to enshrine, the glory of the Lord, the bright manifestation of Deity displayed in the gospel covenant. They contended, that the infection of our nature is not a mental, but a mere corporeal taint; that the body alone receives and transmits the contagion, while the soul in all instances proceeds immaculate from the hands of her Creator. This disposition to disease, such as they allowed it to be, was considered by some of them as the effect of a peculiar quality in the forbidden fruit; by others, as having been contracted from the poisonous breath of the infernal spirit, which inhabited the serpent's body. On one point they were all united: by preserving to the soul the bright traces of her divine origin un-

impaired, they founded on a deceitful basis an arrogant creed, which, in declaring peace and pardon to the sinner, rested more upon personal merit, than the satisfaction of a Saviour.' P. 56.

'But, if these writers, who perverted the divinity as well as literature of the ages in which they lived, maintained, that the body alone and not the soul became vitiated by the fall, in what, it may be asked, did they suppose the guilt of original sin to consist, and what to be the necessity of remitting it? The answer to this question will be found to contain the principal scope of the controversy. Original sin they directly opposed to original righteousness; and this they considered not as something connatural with man, but as a superinduced habit or adventitious ornament, the removal of which, according to the philosophical principles of the Stagirite, could not prove detrimental to the native powers of his mind. Hence they stated the former simply to be the loss or want of the latter; of an accomplishment unessential to his nature, of which it might be deprived, yet still retain its integrity inviolate. When therefore they contemplated the effects of the fall, by confining the evil to a corporeal taint, and not extending it to the nobler faculties of the soul, they regarded man as an object of divine displeasure, not because he possessed that which was offensive, but because he was defective in that which was pleasing to the Almighty. While, however, they laboured to diminish the effects, they augmented in equal proportion the responsibility of the first transgression, asserting, that all participated in the guilt of Adam. He, they said, received for himself and his posterity the gift of righteousness, which he subsequently forfeited; in his loins we were included, and by him were virtually represented: his will was ours, and hence the consequence of his lapse is justly imputable to us, his descendants. By our natural birth therefore, under this idea, we are alienated from God, innocent in our individual person, but guilty in that of him, from whom we derived our existence; a guilt, which, although contracted through the fault of another, yet so closely adheres to us, that it effectually precludes our entrance at the gate of everlasting life, until the reception of a new birth in baptism.

'Thus they contended that the lapse of Adam conveys to us solely imputed guilt, the corporeal infection,\* which they admitted, not being sin itself, but only the subject-matter of it, not *peccatum*, but, according to their phraseology, *fontes peccati*, a kind of fuel, which the human will kindles or not at pleasure. It required, however, no common talent at paradoxical solution to prove, what was pertinaciously held, the innocence of that occult quality, which disposes to crime without being itself criminal, which, void of all depravity, renders the mind depraved; that metaphorical fuel of the affections, which, although not vicious in its own nature, yet, when inflamed, generates vice in the heart, upon which it preys.' P. 57.

In opposition to these fanciful dogmas, the Lutherans taught that original sin is a corruption of man's whole na-

ture both bodily and mental ; the resplendent image of the Deity which man received at the creation of the world, although not annihilated, is greatly impaired, the injuries extending to his reason and will, his affections and passions. When therefore they contended that our nature is corrupted, they contrasted the position with the scholastical doctrine of its integrity ; and when they urged its *total* corruption, they opposed the idea of a deterioration in *one* part only, and even that consisting of a propensity void of sin. To conceive that inclination to evil incurs not *in itself* the disapprobation of heaven, appeared to them little better than an apology for crime, or at least a dangerous palliation of that which it is the christian's duty not only to repress but abhor. Yet while they argued, that in consequence of this depravity we are to be considered by our natural birth as the children of wrath, they admitted, that by our new birth in baptism we all are made the children of grace.

After this, the preacher goes on, in the third place, to apply these contending theories to the explication of the doctrine contained in the ninth article.

‘The application of what has been observed, to the article of our church upon the same subject, has been already perhaps anticipated. Original sin is there defined to be “the fault and corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit, and therefore, in every person born into this world, it deserveth God’s wrath and damnation.” When we recollect the peculiar theory of the scholastics, we immediately perceive with what this definition was intended to be contrasted. According to their statement, original sin is nothing more than a defect of original righteousness, which, instead of being a connatural quality, was itself only a supernatural ornament, unessential to the soul. In opposition, therefore, to such a conceit, our church represents it to be the fault and corruption of every man’s *nature*, not the loss of a superadded grace, but the vitiation of his innate powers ; a vitiation, by which he is very far removed from original righteousness, and by which she subjoins, again repeating the word before used as distinctly expressive of her meaning, he is inclined to evil *of his own nature* ; so that his passions continually resist the controul of his reason. Yet while she esteems it not, as her adversaries held, an innocuous propensity, she does not declare it to be punishable as a crime ; but steering a middle course, with a moderation, for which she is always remarkable, asserts it only to be *deserving* of God’s displeasure. After the preceding definition, to which none but the sophists of the schools could object, she proceeds to observe, in perfect conformity with common sense and with the doctrine of the Lutherans, that this depravation of nature re-



mains after baptism, so that concupiscence, or whatsoever else may be meant by the *ἐφ' ὧν* *αἰσχύνη* of St. Paul, is not, as the Council of Trent had then recently maintained it, and as the church of Rome had always believed it to be, a sinless inclination; but one rebelling against the law of God; and which, according to the apostle, who nevertheless admits that there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptized, retains in itself the nature of sin.' p. 64.

That the above argument is exceedingly valuable, that it contains in it a great deal of truth, and that, with the aid of the annotations, a very excellent exposition of the article in question may be derived from it, we readily acknowledge: and yet it does not, in every part, convey to us intire satisfaction. We do not object to the statement either of the scholastical or Lutheran doctrine; it is the *application* alone with which we are not quite contented. The opinions of the schoolmen and of the Romish church, we are inclined to think, were, on this occasion, neither so *much* nor so *exclusively* before the eyes of the compiler, as Dr. Laurence supposes. But to notice only the latter particular. In the clause "deserveth God's wrath and damnation," our reformers, we doubt not, according to the remark of Bishop Cleaver, in his truly *episcopal* discourse before the University of Oxford (Feb. 14, 1802), had *respect to* the confessions of the other reformed and Lutheran churches, and with characteristic moderation purposely enunciated their doctrine, in much lower and more general language than they had done. But, in this reference, as Dr. Laurence does not object to it, so, most probably, he would give his assent to it, when proposed to him, as readily as we do. But besides this, though Dr. Laurence is of a different mind, we cannot but think, that in another part a very full and precise reference was intended to be made to the dangerous opinions of the Pelagians and Anabaptists. Nor can we trace the following sentence of this writer to any thing else than a fond partiality for a favourite system. 'In the article indeed of 1552, after the words, "ut fabulantur Pelagiani," occurred the following, "et hodie Anabaptistæ repetunt:" but these seem to have been introduced merely for the purpose of less openly declaring the object of assault; (Was this in compliance with the sound advice of Melancthon—'In ecclesia rectius est scapham scapham dicere, nec objicere posteris ambigua dicta?' p. 222) 'and were consequently omitted in 1562, when disguise was less necessary, or less regarded.' (p. 269.)

A fondness for simplicity, which is the bane of so many system-builders, and for deducing truth from as few princi-

ples as possible, whereby they continually lose or mar a great part of it, has here, we presume, misled Dr. Laurence.

In insisting so strenuously, that the main object of the reformation was controversies with the Romish church (or even, if Dr. Laurence pleases, with the schoolmen), and not among the reformers themselves, he is in strict correspondence with truth, and his labours in this matter (strange as it might appear in so plain a case) are all highly profitable and necessary for these times. It would be an almost endless task to recount how many grave opinions and elaborate statements would have been necessarily precluded on both sides of the Calvinistical controversy, had the minds of many writers been *practically* imbued with this simple but important principle. But there is also a second maxim to which he who would thoroughly understand the principles and practices of the reformation, will have occasion continually to refer; which therefore it may be of great service more fully to point out, and which we doubt not has a pertinent application to our present argument. The Romanists then were continually charging us with divisions among ourselves; and in pursuit of this design, and of the favourite topic of their declamation, that there could be no peace nor certainty out of the quiet bosom of their church, they were perpetually taxing the reformation with all the enormities and outrages of the Anabaptists. As these excesses could not be contradicted, what was left to the sober part of the reformed, but to deny that the charge had any thing to do with them, to renounce all fellowship and common cause with the offenders, and to join in proscribing their noxious opinions? From this source were derived the 38th and 39th articles of our church, some parts of the 37th and others; and to the same Anabaptists and their kindred opinions, we doubt not that a real and sincere respect and reference was intended to be made by the compilers of the ninth article. If additional evidence be still wanted in support of this opinion, it will be contained virtually in, what we believe we could completely fulfil, the following engagement: that for every passage of the æra of the reformation in which the doctrines of the Romanists respecting original sin are specifically referred to by our English writers, we could produce more than two, in which such reference is made to those of the Anabaptists and Pelagians.

After this survey of the article, Dr. Laurence points out and warns us against two very important deductions, which

have often been fixed upon this part of our confession, as the true and genuine doctrines of the church of England. They are of such a magnitude, that it would be doing great injustice to our subject, if we did not at least state what they are. He remarks then, that although every expression seems studiously chosen to avoid the appearance of running into extremes, interpretations of this kind have notwithstanding been adopted. The article has been supposed collaterally to hint the approbation of an opinion, which in all probability never entered the minds of our reformers; and to insinuate the general imputation of Adam's guilt to all his posterity as the basis of the Calvinistical predestination. The second deduction respects the fate of infants dying without baptism, whom some have hence conceived that our church excludes from salvation. It will not be in our power to trace the author's steps through his excellent observations on both these topics. We shall only remark, since Dr. L. has forbore to do so, that from the evidence which he has adduced in support of the latter, (evidence which it would not be difficult to enlarge,) we shall be justified in entertaining a mild interpretation of those words, 'deserveth God's wrath and damnation,' which is that part of the article at which the mind is most disposed to startle.

Our remarks have already grown so much under our hands, that in what is to follow we must endeavour to be as concise as possible.

We shall first notice one or two not very important oversights.

The remark (p. 187,) that even 'Gardiner thought it proper to profess the greatest regard for Melancthon,' must not be *proved* by Cranmer's words to that prelate, "How highly you have esteemed Melancthon in times past, it is not unknown;" for, in fact, these words are *ironical*. See the context, and compare p. 16, edition 1551, (p. 15, edition 1580). "And here the reader may note wel, that ones againe you be fayne to flee for socoure unto Martine Luther, Bucer, Jonas, *Melancthon* and *Alpinus*, whose names before were woute to be so hatefull unto you, that you coulde never with pacience abyde the hearyng of them;" and elsewhere in more places than one.

'That the doctrine upon the Eucharist contained in this catechism is completely Lutheran, has never been denied.' p. 202. The author, in spite of what he has alleged in this and other pages, goes a great deal too far in this assertion. It has been denied very often, if we do not greatly mistake, by a very strong negative, that of Cranmer himself.



See answer to Gardiner, p. 7, 59, 60, 224, 267, 269, 452, (edition 1551) p. 6, 52, 53, 198, 235, 236, 297, 402, (edition 1580.) Compare also Fox (edition 1610) p. 1194, 1250, with other places, much more in point, which do not at present occur to us. Again did not Ridley adopt the Zuinglian opinion of the sacrament about 1545, two years before this catechism was published, and did not Cranmer join him in the same, very soon after that year?

Dr. Laurence has deserved excellently well of the History of the much injured Necessary Doctrine, by being, we believe, the first who has publicly pointed out (p. 192-3) an important misrepresentation of the slovenly Burnet, which has given occasion to almost numberless blunders of succeeding writers, respecting the date, and other circumstances of that performance. But is he right also in assigning 1543, as the date of the *Pia et Catholica Christiani Homini Institutio*? (p. 344.) We have seen no copy excepting of the year 1544.

If Dr. Laurence had recollected Calvin. *Instit. lib. i. 17. 5.* and *lib. iii. 24. 5.* we think he would hardly have said, 'nothing of this kind appears in the writings of Calvin.' (p. 435.) Those passages, together with some others, have been very frequently referred to as proofs of an intimate resemblance.

Dr. Laurence has justly remarked, that it was the controversy on the Eucharist which *first* rendered Calvinism a characteristical appellation. (p. 45.) 'When the word Calvinist first became general, in the sense alluded to, I have not been able precisely to ascertain. Fox, I have remarked, does not use it. Evidently, however, in 1585, if not before, it was thus applied by Saunders to Cranmer, who in the Book of Martyrs, is termed a Zuinglian, and **not a Calvinist.**' (p. 237.) As this is a point of some curiosity and value, we shall gladly impart a little aid to the researches of Dr. Laurence.

Neglecting all intermediate resting-places, which might be many, we may stride back with confidence over a gulf of twenty years from 1585 to 1565, and sufficiently abundant instances of the name Calvinist, in the required signification, may be found in Harding's *Confutation of the Apology of the Church of England*, and in his other works, as well as in those of Rastell, Heskins, Pointz, &c. printed about the same period. In the preceding year (1564) in Dorman's *Proufe of certeyne Articles in Religion denied by M. Juell*, the name Calvinist occurs in fol. 128, 129, and 130. And very numerous and pertinent instances,

will be found in a volume of tracts by Dr. Richard Smith, printed at Louvain in 1562. Much further than this we believe no mortal step can go. All beyond is Lutherans, Zuinglians, Carolostadians, and Ecolampadians.

When our readers have accompanied us thus far, it can hardly be necessary to retain them much longer in a formal declaration of our judgment respecting Dr. Laurence's Lectures. We esteem them to be of very high value and importance. For a profound and accurate knowledge of his subject, for a strict adherence to truth, for caution and moderation in the display of it, for industry and successful research, Dr. Laurence may vie with the very best authors on the same topics. It would not be easy indeed to mention any one to whom he is not in many things superior. No writer or reader, we trust, will venture to engage in or proceed further in this controversy, without immediate reference to this volume. The name of its author will deserve to be holden in very high respect by every lover of Christian truth and Christian charity.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of Bryan Perdue : a Novel. By Thomas Holcroft. 3 Vols. small 8vo. Longman. 1805.*

MR. HOLCROFT, in his late Travels through France, contrives to remind the world of his novel called Hugh Trevor; and in the preface to his present work he takes care that the same novel shall not be forgotten. This method of advertising books which have been long since laid on the oblivious shelf, is now become so common, that it deserves to be remarked upon, and we take this opportunity of observing, that it is vain for authors to remind the world of what they are disposed to forget. It is impolitic in general, because it is proclaiming the insignificance of their own productions; and it is impolitic in this author more particularly, because the recollection of a novel, which was written to suit the temper of the mob about twelve years ago, and which has sunk into disrespect along with the coarseness, vulgarity, and violence of that period, can add little to his reputation, and must present obstacles, rather than favorable impressions in the way of Bryan Perdue. Good manners and common sense have prevailed so long, that the spirit of Hugh Trevor must have evaporated, and would at this time be neither relished nor understood. We have not suffered any prejudice to operate in our minds, but have taken up these Memoirs with curiosity to observe how far time and the change of the vulgar temper may have tended to smooth the roughness of Mr. Holcroft's eccentric

opinions, to meliorate his asperities, and to bring back his sentiments within the pale of decency and truth.

In the present work Mr. H. avows his aim to be the 'inducing of legislators to consider the general and adventitious value of human life, and the moral tendency of our penal laws,' or, as he expresses himself at the close of the third volume, 'to diffuse the philanthropic doctrine, that proper receptacles for the *diseased in mind* are even more highly necessary, and should, at present, be no less numerous, than for the diseased in body.' If these proper receptacles had been erected rather more than twenty years ago, it is curious to form conjectures of the names which would have been on the keepers' lists, and of the consequences which would have resulted to the morals and politics of the age. But to return to our author: Mr. H. enters a *caveat* against being denominated a modern philosopher, and yet closes his work with one of the cant expressions peculiar to that Peripatetic sect: we beg their pardon, some of them were certainly to be found in coaches; but *they* know better things *now*. If a writer is composing an allegory, we have no objection to his representing vices as diseases, because the just conclusion of his allegory must be, that some vices are curable, and not very dangerous; but that some of them are so alarming in their progress, so virulent in their nature, and so contagious in their effects, that quarantine (that is, transportation) is of little use, and the tourniquet (that is, the gibbet) must be had recourse to. This is pushing things to consequences, which they, who adopt this cant moral term, do not admire. No! by denominating vice a disease of the mind, they mean to palliate vice, to give it a milder name, to represent it as something (like the itch) caught by accident, easily curable, and not in the least affecting the constitution of the patient. While the affected person is full of the disorder, it may be proper for him to wear gloves, or to shake hands only with those who labour under the same malady; but a little ointment, soap, and a clean shirt restore him to society, and all its intimacies. This may be very convenient doctrine for those whose morality is liable to what they may please to term *disease*: according to their vocabulary, fornication is merely an appetency for sexual intercourse; adultery, a philosophical rejection of ceremonies; rape, a disposition to corporeal adhesion without intellectual attraction; forgery, an indulged talent for graphic imitation; theft, an etymological error—a misapprehension of the meaning of the words *mine* and *thine*; murder, an ignorance of calculation on the utility of living powers; suicide, the spilling of a



red liquor, which might have kept a human frame in motion : all of them a mere set of errors originating in diseased habits, which (if the legislature were humane and wise) might be cured by a philosophic regimen in a proper receptacle or asylum for morbid morality. From this retreat no patient would be turned out as incurable ; but the fornicator, the adulterer, the ravisher, the forger, the thief, the murderer, and perhaps the suicide (for we are not aware of the perfectible powers of man) might be restored to society. Right and wrong, virtue and vice, laws, modes of government, and religion are, if we comprehend the meaning of these philosophers, at this very time merely matters of speculative opinion, fanciful ceremonies and institutions. of whose utility a reasoning animal (this is their term for *man*) may very properly doubt. On these principles they affect not to understand what *crime* means, and are consequently struck with horror at that truly unphilosophical term, *punishment*. ‘ Some reasoning animals’ (say they) ‘ are not convinced of the utility of kings, and they become regicides ; others doubt the expediency of long *queues*, and they become crops : if monarchy and long hair are useful things, prove them to be so, but do not be angry with men for a difference in opinion, for what is nothing more than an error of the mind.’ Some years ago it was the fashion (notwithstanding the possessor of the house might have plate on his side-board, money in his escrutoire, and a wife and daughters at the table) to invite professors of the modern philosophy to dinners. In a very large party we heard one of these gentlemen assert ‘ that Robespierre’s fondness for continual executions by the guillotine, proceeded from an ever nice sensibility, which required the most exquisitely poignant gratification.’ The same gentleman add d when he quitted the room, ‘ I am sorry ~~to~~ leave the party, but I must go, as I am engaged to drink tea with a very intelligent friend, who is to be hung next Wednesday. Reader ! incredible as it may seem, this jargon was not only endured, but admired. The humanity of legislatures, and the tyranny of those who wish to check *disease of mind* by pillories and gibbets, formed of course the topics of conversation for the remainder of the evening. Miss was a very great metaphysician, papa and mamma were great metaphysicians, three-fourths of the company were metaphysicians, and very animated hopes were expressed for the arrival of that order of things when the empire of reason would be universal.

We do not mean to assert that Mr. Holcroft’s novel is written entirely according to the tenets of that philosophy,

whose wild eccentricities we have recalled to the recollection of our readers ; but there are some passages in it which savour so much of the old leaven, that we unavoidably fell into a digression on the manners and sentiments of those moral and political reasoners, whom the treason and sedition bills have driven from debating societies and St. George's Fields, and whom Miss Hamilton's excellent novel has banished from the parlour and drawing-room.

From many other passages of the like description, we have selected the two following, and leave it to the judgment of our readers to decide, whether, if they had not seen the date of the book, they would not have imagined them to be extracted from a production of the years 1793, 1794, 1795, rather than of the present time.

‘Soon after she left Lord Loiter, her mother was taken ill, and nothing could be more inconsistent than her conduct. She (Nonpareil, a girl of the lobby at the play-house) took care one day to see her mother well supplied, and the next would go out on a jaunt without remembering her ; then burst into tears, which evidently flowed freely and naturally, because she had been so undutiful.—This hour she would resolve never to leave her mother's bed-side till she should recover : the next her mind would be wholly occupied on some new dress, or other folly that had taken her attention.’

Would any person of common sense be puzzled to account for this conduct of a girl, who had not utterly lost all sense of affection to a mother, but who at the same time was fond of dress, and of gratifying every passion, every lust, without any sense of shame, without any respect to the opinion of mankind, without any fear of God ? Is there any mother, however uneducated, who could read the above natural description of a harlot, and not draw from it many good lessons to her daughters on the usual consequences of throwing off decency, and giving way to every impulse of vanity and passion ?—Let us attend to Mr. H.'s reflections on the conduct of this girl, who was now in what is vulgarly called *high keeping*, and who, while she could not forget her mother, could not at the same time forget her pleasures. Is this wonderful ?

‘The opposition of desire, and its contrary workings in the human mind, have been the study of philosophers in all ages : but it is strange that they have not better methodized these moral researches, since it may be doubted whether they are more understood at present, than they were when Lycurgus and Solon were the legislators of the Greeks.’

We wish that certain writers who use the names of Lysurgus and Solon with the same familiarity that huntsmen use those of Cæsar and Pompey, would recollect that Lysurgus and Solon did not '*love darkness rather than light,*' and that such names in their pages are as ridiculous as the names of ancient heroes in the mouth of a whipper-in.

The following passage is quoted at length, because it contains an epitomè of the philosophy of the whole work.

'Oh, that the guilty might be sent, like patients afflicted with dangerous disease, to hospitable mansions, that might be humanely constructed for their reception, and their reform !

'How many men of enterprise and high faculty would then be preserved ! What might the mind of Jack Shepherd have achieved, had its powers been directed to their proper end ! He was abandoned ; he gloried in vice : alas ! it was only because such was the stimulus that had been given him. Turn such miraculous powers to a different purpose, to the mighty ends of virtue, and what would they then have produced ? How inestimable might have been the labors of Eugene Aram, that man of extraordinary attainments and stupendous faculties ! Nay, how doubtful was his guilt ! how doubtful even the crime for which he suffered ! How easily are minds like these destroyed ! But by whom shall they be restored ?

'While I am writing these memoirs, I cannot forget that I have been subjected to hang by the neck, till I was dead ! dead ! dead ! Dreadful and impolitic sentence ! I dare boldly assert it, the whole tenor of my life shews that it was a life worth preserving. On you I call, O kings and legislative powers, not with an accusing voice, but with a heart swelling with hope ! On you I call, in the name of the present and of future generations, to study how life may be preserved and vice corrected. Shrink not from the mighty task : it is worthy of the native and the highest dignity of man ! Say not it is impossible to accomplish : ten thousand are the proofs that shew the contrary ! Deal not in human blood ! trifle not in indolence, and cut off wretches that are scarcely to be feared, only to rid yourselves of trouble and dine in quiet ! It is not my voice, it is the voice of humanity, it is the voice, I say, of swarming generations, that adjures you.

'It was to this end, good reader, that these memoirs were written : it was to give the little aid, which an individual can give, towards producing a purpose that is no less glorious than benevolent. Accuse me not therefore of interrupting my memoirs, because you are impatient : their worth would be trifling indeed, the amusement of an hour, that might have been better spent, did they not aim at a higher end than merely to amuse.'

O ! thou ever to be lamented Jack the painter ! in what evil days wert thou born ! Thou man of daring experiment, what might not thy genius have effected ? Instead of setting



fire to a dock-yard, after a course of philosophic regimen in the ward of a mental hospital, thy energies might have illuminated the world!—O! never-to-be-forgotten Mother Brownrigg, thou too rigid assertor of discipline, why was that impolitic sentence of *hanging* passed upon thee, who, if the little eruptions of thy temper had been checked, mightest have been the proud proclaimer of the rights of women! Oh! Catherine Hayes, Jonathan Wild, and all ye who were killed instead of cured, who were hung by the neck, and after whose death the judges and the jury dined in quiet, what experiments in science, what treatises on morality have been lost to the world by that precipitate decision on the diseases of your minds!

What is the meaning, what is the moral, what is the drift of the *Memoirs of Bryan Perdue*? They are expressed too plainly for us to mistake them. The purport of the three volumes is to warn judges against hanging men, that they may rid themselves of trouble, and dine in quiet, to caution them against dealing in human blood, and against cutting off a life hastily, which may eventually be useful.

In a country, like England, where the pure administration of the laws is our proud and warranted boast, and the astonishment and admiration of all foreigners, and where the mild interpretation of them is of such latitude, that other nations have accused us of 'making laws for the protection of rogues,' a book written for the purpose of diffusing a contrary opinion, under the mask of correcting an evil which does not exist, is not only useless, but ungrateful and insolent. In our courts of judicature, justice holds the scales, but she has delivered her sword to mercy: every atom that may weigh in the prisoner's favour is collected with an anxious and trembling hand; and if the balance be but equal, the prisoner is free. Our public trials are lessons of instruction and goodness; and it may fairly be said that a collection of the speeches of our judges would form a volume of morality. Every Briton, every stranger is so conscious of the excellence of this part of our constitution, that we were as much surprised to find a work written with the intent which Mr. H. avows, as we should have been, if he had composed his three volumes for the express purpose of exposing the folly of a belief in witchcraft. Mr. H. raises the report of a ghost, and then claims merit for endeavouring to lay it: instead of which, he deserves censure for giving a false alarm.

The unhappy necessity of cutting off a life which might eventually be useful, has been lamented by many humane

and wise legislators; but severity of punishment tends to moral and political good, and in a country, where every bosom revolts at the very idea of torture, we cannot devise a severer punishment than death. Is death never to be inflicted? If Mr. H. or any other author will invent a system of punishments, under the terror of which property shall be secure, and the general happiness protected, without admitting death into the catalogue; if he will attempt to describe a plan of reform in our penal laws, by which the most atrocious offender shall, after due punishment, be restored to society, a diligent and useful member, we would hail the attempt as a generous effort, which deserved the praise of mankind: but we find nothing of this kind in the *Memoirs of Bryan Perdue*. Legislators are warned not to be profuse of blood, jurymen are censured for hanging men too hastily before dinner, and some loose hints are given on the propriety of erecting an asylum for the diseased in mind, with bitter lamentation that such a building was not erected before the minds of Jack Shepherd and Eugene Aram were destroyed; for 'by whom shall they be restored?'

Eugene Aram, it may be cursorily observed, is rather an unfortunate instance, as he attempted to 'destroy his own mind' by opening the arteries of his arm, and left a paper, written in justification of suicide, on the table in his cell. The crime, (we beg pardon) the disease of mind for which he suffered, was murder—deliberate murder in cold blood.

O! philosophy! philosophy! when thou gettest into bad company, how dost thou disgrace thyself.

Again, we repeat, that the unhappy necessity of cutting off a life is a subject of deep lament, and that this severity is to be exercised with extreme caution; but we do not perceive how the history of Bryan Perdue tends to make this truth more clear, or to awaken this caution more forcibly. The analysis of his story is as follows.

Mr. Bryan's father was a blackguard and a gambler, of whose conversation and manners we may judge from part of his address to his son.

'And thin for our ateing and drinking, why, who the devil that is not a spalpeen, would iver be seen to go to bed sober? Oh, my dear Bryan, that you had but been born when I was a boy, and had gone with me every Michaelmas fair to the faste of O'Connor.'

Notwithstanding the instruction of a good mother, and his tutor, who was a venerable worthy man, Bryan turned after his father, very readily imbibed his principles, and very diligently strove to wind himself into the favor of

Lord Froth at school, that he might cheat him of his money. Cards and dice were their amusement, and Bryan, with sufficient cunning, suffers Lord Froth to win a trinket, on which he was known to set a great value, that he might more easily fleece Lord Froth, when he received his quarterly allowance. 'Here (to use his own words) Lucifer thought proper to play me one of his sly tricks, and contrived that a die, which I had cogg'd, should drop just as I threw the cast; so that there were three dice instead of two upon the table. I made no scruple of swearing that I saw the die drop from his sleeve; and oaths and imprecations were most wickedly and audaciously opposed to each other.' Of course Bryan was banished from the school. By the intercession of his worthy tutor, he gets admission into the family of a Mr. Saville. His tutor dies, and Bryan remains, by the kindness of Mr. Saville, in the house, and receives a promise, that 'all his reasonable wants should be supplied, with the further assurance that when a new governor was chosen for young Saville, the same person should be his instructor in classical learning.' Mr. Saville discovers that his son and Bryan play very deep at the gaming table, and is preparing to turn Bryan out of the house, whose conduct appeared to him so wicked and ungrateful, when the accident of the house being in flames gave Bryan an opportunity of saving his benefactor's daughter, and the title-deeds of his estates, from the fire. Mr. S. in return for this unexpected instance of courageous and friendly assistance, foregoes his intention of turning Bryan into the street, and procures for him a situation in a merchant's office where he may support himself in a genteel style, and eventually rise to respectability and independence. Though Mr. S. feels it his duty to provide for Bryan, he very naturally and justly separates him from his son. Our adventurer in his new situation enters into the vices of the town, takes a lobby-girl into keeping, and to supply her extravagance, indorses his friend Mr. Saville's name on a draft for five hundred pounds. He is taken up, tried at the Old Bailey, and escapes by a point of law. After this he goes to the West Indies, where he is made manager of an estate, in which situation he is humane to the negroes, gaining an ascendancy over them by shewing them electrical experiments, and objects through a microscope, with some instances of the power of the air pump; marries a rich Quaker's daughter, has a large family, and lives very happy.

Such is the outline of Bryan Perdue's history, and (except the management of negroes by experimental philoso-



phy) such, or very similar, was the history of Moll Flanders, who went to Virginia, married a rich planter, and 'lived happy all the days of her life.'

Having described the doctrines which this work is intended to inculcate, and having given a skeleton of the plan of it, we shall proceed to exhibit specimens of the style in which it is written, and of the manner in which it is executed. The most paltry conceptions have been sometimes clothed in such grandeur of description, and adorned with such flowers of eloquence, that, like the vile carcasses of Egyptian mummies, they have been preserved on account of their outward ornaments: but the *Memoirs of Bryan Perdue* are not of this description. Mr. H. by some unaccountable infatuation, has thought himself qualified to adopt the sportive style of *Tristram Shandy*, for which his genius is as ill suited as the hard-hoofed animal in the fable was to imitate the playful fondness of the lap-dog.

'I cannot let this opportunity escape of informing the world of the system which I mean to write (I ought to say one of the systems) in which I shall make a full display and copious communication of the acute, the learned, and the profound discoveries that I have made, and the innumerable analogies, synonymes, etymologies, orthographic transformations, metaphoric changes, words simple and words copulative, that I have observed generating and degenerating by and among the Syriac, Chaldaic, Hebrew, Celtic, Arabic, Persian, Grecian, Gothic, Slavonic, Teutonic, and all their bastard progeny; connecting them all with nations and tribes, antiquities, chronologies, histories, local customs, oral traditions, legends, eastern mythologies, migrations from—'

'How can I best convey a specimen of the etymological learning with which, now and frequently, I find myself overburdened? Read, and, if that be possible, imagine how ample, how amusing, how beneficial, the instruction will be, which I have long had the intention to communicate!

'*Hetman, Hæt, Haupt, Haubide, Houbet, Hoibet, Höfd, Höved, Heed, Höt, Haud, Houbith, Heafod, Hoffod, Hufwud, Hutte, Hut, Huoth, Haut, Haus, Hose, Hütte, Hatt, Hett, Hod, Hat, Head, &c. &c. &c.* Gothic, Teutonic, Icelandic, Swedish, Dutch, English, and again, &c. &c. &c.

'Bless me! I must take breath, or whither will my exalted thoughts lead! Powers of inspiration, be not too abundant in this promptitude of ideas! administer your delightful doses each in a less and more manageable quantity, or, in some one of these dreams of ineffable pleasure, I shall forget that I am writing memoirs of myself.

'I would, however, advise the sagacious reader, should he by any

accident get admittance into the pasture, sweet as clover, of the derivations and similarities of speech, first to graze his fill, and then leisurely to lie down, bask, and ruminate; by which practice he will obtain wholesome digestion, sudden growth, and increase of strength, beyond his hopes. For my own part I have fed voraciously of this kind of diet, and never once found it surfeiting: it has swelled me to a prodigious size, as must have been long ago perceived. And as to my learning!—Good Heavens! With half a dozen dictionaries before me—Well, well, there are many men of learning like myself.’ VOL. I. p. 120.

Was Mr. H. engaged to write by the square inch? Or did he write this and similar passages (according to a quaint phrase now in vogue) by *automatic association of ideas*, that is, by setting down the first word that came uppermost without reference to arrangement or to meaning?

The first volume abounds with specimens of the above style, which Mr. H. denominates in his preface ‘sportiveness,’ and which he tells the reader, ‘he suffers to die away as the story becomes more interesting.’ This resembles the conduct of a man, who after laughing very loud at his own jokes, begs pardon of the company, and promises not to be so witty for the remainder of the evening.

All our readers most probably recollect the celebrated walk of Mr. Godwin’s Man of Genius from Temple Bar to Charing Cross. His man of genius is fairly out-geniused by Bryan Perdue.

‘One day, as I was passing a plaster-model shop, I saw the figure of a vestal virgin, which I immediately fancied was her (Henrietta’s) exact resemblance. I hurried into the shop, purchased it, took it in my arms, and, under the pretence of praising its antique and Grecian beauties, gave vent to my own imaginary raptures.

‘I then hurried home with it, for I would not have quitted it for kingdoms, most carefully guarding against passengers, and every accident that might injure my precious treasure. On any other occasions, my false pride would have risen in arms at being myself the porter of such luggage.

‘When at home I placed it before me, traced in it all the sweet proportion, the simple graces, the chaste thoughts, and the divine beauties of Henrietta! I stood contemplating it in an undescribably melancholy ecstasy.

‘So entirely was I lost in imagination, that I began to converse with it, to utter my tender and passionate complaints, to ask most piteous questions, to reason with it, and to implore compassion.

‘How excellently, and with what force of ridicule, did this trifling incident shew the absurdity of the supposition, that love is irresistible; since the imagination could thus put the cheat upon itself, and, Henrietta not being present, could transfer all its rap-

tures to plaster of Paris! It is concerning the due regulation of the fancy, and the various powers of the mind, that education ought principally to be employed.'

Let every British schoolmaster weigh well the philosophical reflection at the close of this chapter. Let them solemnly present a petition to parliament, that all Italian image-venders may be sent out of the country, as corruptors of the morals of the state. We do not recollect whether Solon or Lycurgus said any thing about the matter, but we very much suspect that the *πωμαται* whom Plato wished to exclude from his republic, were *makers* of images, and not of verses, as is usually supposed.

If the *Memoirs* of Bryan Perdue should reach a second edition, we advise the author of them to adopt the following paragraph from the third page of his second volume, for his motto, with the trifling alteration of changing the words GOOD-HUMOUR INTO GOOD-SENSE.

'Oh, Good-humour! thou charm of human life, how gladly would I make thee my Goddess! How have I daily vowed to worship thee! and how have my pious intentions been daily traversed, by that perverse demon Evil-habit! sometimes appearing to me under the form of Folly; but more frequently with the odious though perhaps imaginary face of foul Injustice. Forgetful, then, of thee, Good-humour and intent only upon reform! redress! retribution! and Satan himself knows not how many other wild speculative whims, how have I stormed, raved, and vowed eternal warfare against shadowy evils of my own creating!'

ART. III.—*A Tour in America, in 1798, 1799, and 1800; exhibiting Sketches of Society and Manners, and a particular Account of the American System of Agriculture, with its recent Improvements. By Richard Parkinson, late of Orange Hill, near Baltimore, Author of the Experienced Farmer, &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. London. Harding. 1805.*

THIS book is avowedly written for the purpose of vilifying America. The author, who went to that country on an agricultural speculation, having been disappointed in his golden visions of vallies waving with corn, or covered with the most delightful verdure, sits down on his return to England, to represent the United States as a perfectly barren waste, and the inhabitants as an almost savage people. He finds nothing worthy of his praise throughout the whole country; he is the true Smellfungus, who never meets with



a mushroom; or rather perhaps he may be denominated a happy mixture between the ill natured and the ignorant traveller. It is hard indeed to say which of these two qualities, spleen or absurdity, most strikingly preponderates in the lucubrations of Mr. Richard Parkinson.

His misfortunes set out with him upon his voyage. He was stopped fourteen days off Liverpool, because his ship wanted proper ballast; one of his servants became sick; the other was pressed by a king's boat; all his family were qualmish, except one son of twelve years of age; and this boy and our author had sixteen horses, nine head of cattle, and thirteen pigs to feed, and pump water for 'to clean the dirt from,' &c. &c. To crown such a list of evils, nearly as numerous as those which befell the unhappy family in the song of Auld Robin Gray, the famous race-horse, Phænomenon, died! Poor Phænomenon! Here, had Mr. Parkinson been poetically gifted, we have no doubt he would have written an elegy; for he is of a very plaintive disposition. He extracts no comfort from the consideration that Cardinal Puff still survived.

Mr. Parkinson took with him his 'Experienced Farmer,' in order to republish it in America; and he allows that this speculation answered very well; as also did the horses, cattle, and hogs, above his expectation; but the wonderful barrenness of the land, 'was beyond any description.' We shall, throughout our review of this work, take the liberty of occasionally using the author's own words, as there is a peculiar *naïveté* in his style.

The barren land of America, however, when properly cultivated and manured, appears to have produced for Mr. Parkinson, by his own account, very fair crops; and by the single article of milk, he gained very considerably, which is a proof that good grass land, as well as arable, can be found beyond the Atlantic. The different statements indeed of this author in different parts of his work, are so utterly inconsistent with each other, that we are at a loss to conceive upon what principles it has been taken by some of our contemporaries in the light of a serious performance. We are confident that the author himself meant it for a burlesque upon arguments against emigration; and considering it in this point of view, the Tour in America has really a very rich vein of irony running through it, as the author continually seems to be in a violent passion; but we have no doubt that he is all the while laughing in his sleeve at the credulity of his readers.

He does not indeed quite possess the grave humour of Cervantes; but his wit is very refined, for we should almost

at times suppose him to be in earnest. His language is entirely his own, and as animated as it is original; in this part of his character as an author, he is therefore above all praise; but in the design of his work, we may compare him to Swift, in the *Voyage to Laputa*, or to the father of Swift, Rabelais, in the *Voyage to the Holy Bottle*. It is the opinion of one of our friends that the Baron Munchausen would afford a still more striking resemblance, if Mr. Parkinson were compared to him. It may be so, or indeed Monsieur Vaillant might be mentioned as the facetious prototype of our author; but as Vaillant was a scholar, the similarity is destroyed.

'On my arrival in America, I was compelled,' says Mr. Parkinson, 'to treat General Washington with a great deal of frankness.' Fie, Mr. Parkinson! so frank with your superiors, and yet perpetually inveighing against that insolence of manners, which the Americans acquire from their ideas of equality and independence. But however plain with the General, Mr. P. perfectly agreed with Mrs. Washington, 'that he had brought his pigs to a bad market;' and 'if every old woman in the country knew this,' continues our ungallant author, 'I thought my speculation would answer very ill.' We here evidently discover Mr. Parkinson's comic drift, as he begins by forming his opinion of America upon the accounts of old women.

Mr. P. now met with a person of the name of Grimes, who had a little time before shot a man 'for going across his plantation.' He congratulates himself that this new friend did not also shoot him! Admirable humour!

Indeed, it is quite superfluous to adduce any more proofs of the real intention of Mr. P. in publishing this book, namely, that of ridiculing the opposers of emigration. We shall, however, amuse our readers with a few more instances of his successful irony, and then dismiss him with the valuable praise of having added to the stock of innocent and rational amusement. Works of fiction, if well managed, with an agreeable subject, and a good moral, have always been esteemed as very useful in forming the manners of the rising generation; and there is an infantile simplicity in some of Mr. Parkinson's remarks, which admirably adapts his book to the use of the nursery. More decent than *Gulliver's Travels*, the *Tour in America*, like the former work, combines instruction and entertainment. It is at once a satire and a fable.

Our writers have of late years neglected to attempt this pleasant union of sarcastic story with an account of real coun-

tries and characters; and we think the world is much indebted to Mr. Parkinson for the revival of an ancient practice, so suitable to his own talents for the ludicrous.

The hyperbolical tales (in the first volume of this work,) of the escape of American prisoners from the hands of the Indians, are perhaps a little too grossly coloured. Their extravagance, however, serves to evince more clearly the author's general aim at the burlesque. And indeed a thought now strikes us, that these tales might be done into verse very easily by some wonder-monger of the present day, and under the title of 'New Tales of Terror,' might far exceed the former work of that name, in sale, as well as in merit of every kind.

Mr. Parkinson hints in his usual and delicate manner, at the hatred of the Americans for the English. In all companies, he observes, 'the American runs foul of the Englishman.' Mr. P. by a superficial reader would be thought to retaliate. He takes every opportunity of attacking the nation of America, with seeming virulence. His irony is here excessively keen. He must in his heart be a true American, for he calls that people a set of scoundrels, almost in plain words. The following is a specimen of lighter wit.

'There is one gentleman of the name of Gough, at Perry Hall, who told me he thought of being a Mr. Bakewell (i. e. a great breeder of cattle,) but it would not do in America. He put me in mind of the Quaker in England, who, being asked in court by a counsellor, what he meant by saying *likewise* and *also*? replied, Lord Kenyon is a great lawyer; thou art *also*, but not *like-wise*. Thus Mr. Gough was *also*, but not *like-wise*, as Mr. Bakewell.' VOL. 1. P. 287.

This is surely an instance of elegant and playful trifling! Mr. Parkinson indeed seems to be as great a master of the *bagatelle*, as of the strong and cutting powers of satire.

'Those swamps or bottoms,' says Mr. P. 'which the Americans term rich, are light and *crumbly*.' The author and the people whose country he describes are here at issue. But from a recurrence to Mr. Parkinson's known character of an ironical and jeering writer, we shall easily reconcile the different accounts.

'Upon the whole,' continues Mr. P. 'America appears to me to be a most proper place for the use to which it was first appropriated, namely, the reception of convicts.' This sentence, our readers will perceive, is much too illiberal to be interpreted seriously. We give Mr. Parkinson the full credit for his joke, and we admire the fine-drawn compliments of his narration. America was never before so deli-



cately praised. 'I believe,' says our author, 'the natives of America would *shudder* to live in England; as they are so habituated to taking fruit in a *friendly* manner, riding horses away, &c. &c. they could not readily refrain from so doing.' We must refer our readers to the story that follows this remark, (volume 2, page 625,) and not partially transcribe it, as we should only mutilate sentiment, and leave out oaths; and the whole is much too long and tedious for a quotation. Mr. P. indeed occasionally 'finds it in his heart,' like Dogberry, 'to bestow all his tediousness upon our worships.' The story, we will however venture to assure our readers, though apparently vulgar in its language, and to the last degree coarse in its incidents, is, tediousness excepted, very entertaining, and like the one before quoted, an extremely refined piece of almost doubtful irony. One sentence will awaken curiosity, and induce every person of taste to proceed. It is as follows: 'D——n such a country! I wonder all the people do not leave it.'

After these repeated demonstrations of Mr. Parkinson's turn for low humour, we should have been surprized at his quoting Lord Chesterfield with great praise, had we not been convinced that the graces have occupied a large share of Mr. P.'s attention.

'The *rat-tailed* sheep which come from Holland, are very *beautiful*. The lower class of Dutchmen exceed all others in the cultivation of American soils. *Gentel people*, as merchants, from Holland, are, on the contrary, much more extravagant than any other set of men, except the Americans themselves, who, I think, exceed all nations. Scotchmen are allowed to be the best merchants. As to the French, I had little opportunity to judge of them, as they do not mix in company like othermen, nor do they resort to taverns; and when you meet with them *at those places* in travelling, they generally converse in their own language: therefore, as I could not speak French, I had no opportunity of learning any thing from them. They are remarkably rude as travelling companions. I have seen them seat themselves at a tavern, by the fire, and suffer all the rest of the company, ladies as well as gentlemen, to *sit* (we suppose *stand*) round them.' VOL. II. P. 608.

In the above passage, we discover two traits of character—Mr. Parkinson's politeness, and his rambling, desultory mode of thinking, which, was he not ironical, would be almost idiotic.

ART. IV.—*Ode Græca præmio Dignata quod donavit Academiæ Cantabrigiensi, vir Reverendus Claudius Buchanan A. B. Coll. Regin. Cantab. et Vice-Præpositus Collegii Bengalensis in India Orientali. Auctore Georgio Pryme, A. B. Trin. Coll. 4to. 2s. Cadell. 1804.*

THE nature of the poem before us is so fully explained in the title-page, that we have only to add, that its subject is ΤΕΝΕΣΘΩ ΦΩΣ, and that it consists of thirty-four Sapphic stanzas.

Perhaps an apology is due to some of our readers for reviewing it so late, and to others, for reviewing it at all; at least, for giving a detailed account of it. But if, from the importance which our extended notice may seem to attach to the present production, or from the praise which we shall occasionally and justly bestow on the author, any one should rashly conclude that we are admirers of this species of poetry, we think it proper to refer them to our observations on Mr. Walpole's Greek exercises in our Review for March, 1805, in which our opinion of, and objections to modern compositions in that language are fully stated.

Yet, after all, we do not violently blame a young student for amusing himself now and then with stringing together ends of verses from Æschylus or Pindar; though it must be allowed that the same time would have been infinitely better employed in reading those authors, even for the fiftieth time. Almost every exercise is some way serviceable to a young student, and that of fabricating *centos* may therefore not be without its use. It would moreover, be highly unfair to censure the author of a prize-poem for laying his work before the public, where publication is the condition of the prize. The case is widely different when, in the way of authorship, grown gentlemen collect for the public eye whole volumes of their *centos*. The only thing that can be said in palliation of such laborious trifling is, that the books are not likely to waste the time of any one besides the authors.

The present Ode is unquestionably distinguished by elevation of thought; it frequently attracts us by animation of language, felicity of expression, and above all, by skilful versification. The construction of the plan is objectionable; it opens with an invocation to the Holy Spirit, evidently taken from Milton. The creation of light, and the dispersion of chaos are next related, v. 12—22. The sun is then allego-

rically\* described as the temple of light, and the planets and the most considerable of the other heavenly bodies, as attendants in the temple, around which they perform their ministry, and from which they draw their light in golden urns. v. 22—72.

The narrative is here interrupted by an apostrophe to the Sun, in which his future extinction is declared with considerable solemnity and pathos. v. 73—84.

Thus far all is regular, animated, and consistent with the subject and with itself. We are sorry that we cannot extend this commendation to the latter part of the ode; which, however praise-worthy in many parts, falls, on the whole, much below the merits of the beginning.

The poet descends with more rapidity than grace from heaven to earth; and describes the production of plants, v. 89—100; and of animals, v. 101—110. The creation, disobedience, and fall of man, are then dispatched in fourteen verses, v. 111—124. In three stanzas more it is said, if we understand the passage rightly, that the night of ignorance and sin was dispelled by the appearance of the Redeemer on earth; that his appearance was a second *γενέσθω φῶς*; and that death was then deprived of its sting, and the grave of its victory. Here the ode concludes.

Such of our readers as understand arithmetic, will easily see the vast disproportion between the descriptive and the moral and religious part of the poem.

From the words of the motto, from the circumstance that it is taken from scripture, from the comparison of it with the other subjects proposed by Mr. Buchanan, it is, we think, clear, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Greek ode on *γενέσθω φῶς* was intended to convey some allusion at least to the new institution in Bengal, and to express a hope, that the light of religion and science may speedily dawn in the east, and spread to the remotest corners of the world.

Surely these ideas, above all others, were well calculated to supply materials for a grand finale; to say nothing of their connection with the subject, which we should have thought indissoluble, had we not actually seen it dissolved.

\* This brings to our recollection a most splendid fragment of Sappho, apud Hephæst. de metro Iorico.

Παύρος μὲν ἐφαίνετ' ἡ Σελάνια,  
αἱ δ' αἶς περὶ βωμὸν ἐστάθησαν.

Horace has imitated it, but inadequately:

*Nox erat et cælo, &c.*



This omission seems still more extraordinary, when it is considered how aptly the apostrophe to the sun would have introduced the mention of the immutable perfections of the Supreme Being; and how nobly the transitory glories of the material world might have been contrasted with the eternal splendor of divine truth.

How thoughts so striking and so extremely obvious could be neglected or overlooked, we shall not stay to inquire. Perhaps Mr. Pryme, having expended in description, nearly as many verses as are usually allowed for an ode, and thinking them, perhaps justly, too good to expunge, was obliged, just as he had reached the most important part of his subject, to break off his song with as much precipitancy as the country parson used to bring his sermon to a close, when he saw the 'squire at the end of his nap.

Having given our opinion of the plan, we proceed to specify those parts of the execution which we think less commendable than the rest; the beauties we leave to the spontaneous admiration of the reader; to whom we shall present a specimen at the end of our critique, that, if he should be wearied by our remarks, he may be restored to good humour with himself and us by the perusal of verses of no common merit.

V. 1. Πραξίων ἄλις χθονίων· με θυμὸς Ὀρνύει γῶν θεϊότερόν τιν' ὕμνον Ἡ πάρος μέλπειν.—Mr. Pryme obtained Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek ode, 1802. To this event in his life, the three first words seem to allude. But we think the propriety of the expression disputable at least. For if *χθόνιος* be authorised as synonymous with *βρότεος*, which it may be or not; still *πραξίς, χθονία* is a very laconic phrase for 'a poem on a human subject.' But be this as it may, what follows is clearly wrong; for never yet was the *enclitic* μου placed at the beginning of a sentence by a classical author.

V. 3.—ἐκίς, ὧ βέβαλαι, Ἐστὲ, λαχῶσαι Νάματος τᾶς Κασταλίας.—In Milton's or Pope's English, such a command may be given to the Grecian muses with perfect security. But in our poet, who ought not to use a word or phrase which is not imported from the vicinity of Parnassus, such language to the goddesses of the Castalian fount, is as imprudent as it is ungracious. We trembled lest they should take him at his word.

V. 7. (ὦ δῖον Πνεῦμα)—εὐπτερος γὰρ Εὐτε πέλεια, Ζωφύτῳ θάλπει προσέθης ἀβύσσῳ Κόλπον.—We are well aware of the great brevity which the Greek poets frequently use in their similes. Αἶας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε, φέρων σάκος ἥύτε πύργον. Homer Il. A. 485. Ὡς νῦν ὀκνοῦμεν πάντες, ἐκπεπληγμένον Κεῖνεν βλέποντες, ὡς κυβερνήτην

νεώς. Sopn. Œd. Tyr. 922. Similar instances may be found in the sacred writers. Yet we could have wished that a more significant epithet than εὔπτερος had been given to πέλεια. Milton, from whom the passage is translated, is much more marked and forcible;

with mighty wings outspread,  
Dove-like sat'st brooding o'er the vast abyss. Par. Lost. I. 21.  
on the wat'ry calm  
His brooding wings the spirit of God Out-spread. VII. 234.

τανύπτερος or τανυσίπτερος would have been more to the purpose. The latter epithet is joined to πέλειά in Homer, Od. X. 468.

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἢ κίχλαι τανυσίπτεροι ἢ ΠΕΛΕΙΑΙ.

V. 13. God said, let there be light; καὶ μυχάτων ἔλαμψεν Ἰταρ αὐτὶς ἑπταπόρος, πτερωτὸν Ὡς νόημα, σπερχομένα μάλ' αἰθέρος δια μέσω. Οὐ γάρ ἦν τόθ' ἄλιος. How the light could be ἑπταπόρος, we do not understand. It could not come from seven luminaries; for in this very sentence we are told that the sun was not; nor could it proceed in seven bodies or directions; for we hear of no such thing in scripture, and the idea is neither poetical nor philosophical. It is suggested that ἑπταπόρος alludes to the seven colours of which the light is composed. But can an uniform compound of seven substances be called ἑπταπόρος?

We have another objection; the words οὐ ΓΑΡ ἦν τόθ' ἄλιος, do not seem well connected with what goes before. That the light should 'rush swiftly through the air,' seems to be a natural consequence of its creation, whether it was embodied in a sun, or scattered through the abyss. We allow that the words call up awful recollections; had they been set off by the addition of some appropriate circumstance, they would have had a very grand effect.

Let there be light! said God; and forthwith light  
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east  
To journey through the æry gloom began,  
Spher'd in a radiant cloud: (for yet the Sun  
Was not) she in a cloudy tabernacle  
Sojourn'd the while. P. L. VII. 243, &c.

These verses Mr. Pryme manifestly translated. It is strange that he has omitted an idea not the least striking in the passage, without which, too, there is an evident deficiency in the sense of the whole.

V. 17. ἀνάρχῳ ἀρχᾷ. 29. ἀπλανέες πλανᾷται. 124. ποτμον ἄποτμον. Of these three instances of οχημαρον, two at least should have

been spared. This figure is so critically situated between extreme delicacy and sickly affectation, that it should be intrusted to none but a most accomplished poet : and even in such hands it can hardly fail to disgust on repetition. Witness Euripides, who has often made even *oxymoron* irresistibly pleasing, and yet has not escaped the keen and just ridicule of Aristophanes. The mock-Euripidean chorus, *Ranæ*, 1331, &c. *Brunch*, thus begins :

ὁ Νυκτὸς κελχινοφαῖς  
ὄρφνα, τίνα μοι δύστανον ὄνειρον  
πίμπεις ἐξ ἀφανοῖς, Αἶδα πρόπολον,  
ψυχὰν ἀψυχον ἔχοντα;

See also *Acharn.* 395, &c.; and *Thesm.* 275. And we must be allowed to think that Aristophanes was a man of some taste, and knew something of Greek, although he could laugh at an *oxymoron*.

V. 18. ὡς ἀνάρχω "Ετρεσ' ἐξ ἀρχᾶς Χάος, ὡς τέθαπε Προσβλέπων λαμπρὸν θάλος. In the first place, it should have been ἐτεθήπει, not τέθηπε. Secondly, Χάος προσβλέπων is something very like a solecism. We shall not insult our readers by supposing the author to have been ignorant that χάος, χάους, is a *neuter* noun; he doubtless thought that the personification excused the anomaly. Yet we find Aristophanes personifying this very word in the *neuter* gender;

Av. 698.

ὁὗτος δὲ (ὁ "Ερως sc.) Χάει πτερόεντι μιγείς νυχίῳ, κατὰ Ταρταρον ἔυρον, ἐνεὸς τευσεν γένος ἡμέτερον.

V. 49. ὠρανὼ τ' ἀγαλμα νέον, πτυχαῖσιν Εσχάταις φρουρός περ ἐὼν, πρόσωθεν Λαμπάδ' αἰωρεῖ, i. e. the Georgium Sidus. First, the word ἀγαλμα had just occurred in a similar sense, v. 40. Secondly, if the planet is stationed πτυχαῖς ἐσχάταις, it probably lifts its torch πρόσωθεν.

V. 53. πυρὸς πλεκτῷ πλοκάμῳ. Πλοκάμος is derived from πλέκω, and means a *curl*. These words, therefore, sound in Greek as a *curl of curled fire* would sound in English. But the stanza is so beautiful for its terseness and skilful versification that we cannot but quote it.

Τὴν (ὦ "Αλγε scil.) πυρὸς πλεκτῷ πλοκάμῳ Κομάτας  
ἐκτινάσσω, ἀχλὺς ἐξ ἀπείρω  
ἐσχάρας τεῆς θεράπων\* ἐλάνθει  
ῥοστιμον ἄρμα.

\* "Cometa potest in Solem incidere. Sic etiam stellæ fixæ, quæ paulatim expirant in lucem et vapores, cometis in ipsas incidentibus refici possunt, et novo alimento accensæ pro stellis novis haberi." *Newton. Princip. Mathem.* Tom. III. Lib. iii. Prop. 42. Prob. 22.



We have two questions nevertheless to ask: 1. Was there any occasion for both *τιν* and *τεῶς*? 2. Is *ἐκτινάσσων* used by any good author for *τινάσσων*?

V. 68. *διπλὸν αὐγάν*. The feminine of *διπλός* is commonly *διπλή*, *διπλή*. We have ransacked our memory, and turned over our indexes in vain for an example of the feminine form *διπλός*. In Euripides, *Herc. Fur.* 666. Musgr. we meet with *ἀπλοῦν βιοτάν*. But this solitary instance is of little service in removing our doubts; the true reading may, possibly, be *βίοντον*. If *διπλός*, or *διπλόον*, can be found joined to a feminine noun, where the metre will not admit *διπλή* or *διπλήν*, and where no reasonably easy mode of correction can be pointed out, then indeed our doubts will end.

V. 70. (See the lines quoted at the end of the article.) *δ'* should, we think, have been omitted. The rest of the stanza is so very like some verses in the late Mr. Tweddell's ode, *Juvenum Curas*, that we cannot in conscience think the coincidence accidental:

Πῶς σὰ φίλτρα ΜΥΡΙΑ, μυρίοισιν  
ἡμέρῳ βέλεο τι δ' ἔχμεϊς, ΦΡΑΣΑΙΜ' ΑΝ;  
οὐκ ἐγὼν ΟΙΟΣ ΤΕ ΤΙ ΓΑΡ; ΠΕΦΕΥΓΕ  
ΨΑΜΜΟΣ ΑΡΙΘΜΟΝ.

Tweddell, *Prolusiones Juveniles*, p. 66.

It is true, that both poets have taken the concluding thought from Pindar; *Ol.* II. 178;

ἐπεὶ ψάμμος ἀριθμὸν περιπέφενγεν.

but there are other points of resemblance between the two stanzas.

V. 79. (quoted at the end of this article). *Χρόνος*. We do not see why Time should be made the destroyer of the Sun; as if that 'parent of light' was to be extinguished by gradual decay. It would have been more correct, and certainly not less poetical, to say, that he will vanish as suddenly as he appeared at the command of the Creator.

V. 90. *χθάν βιόδαρος*. *Μάτηρ δ' βιόδαρος Αἶα* occurs v. 38.—The earth is said *ἐκσπεδάζειν ἄνθεα προπαροιθε κόλπων*, i. e. to scatter flowers abroad from before her bosom, i. e. to shoot them into the air. *σπεδάζω* means to scatter abroad, *dissipare*. If she had been said *ἐπισπεδάζειν ἄνθεα κόλποις*, to throw or scatter them about on her bosom, the expression might possibly have been defensible.

V. 101. *ἡνὶδ' ἐμφύχων ἀνὰ γῆμον ἔθνος Γᾶ λοχεύει*, &c. These verses are an evident, though, as we think, inadequate, translation of Milton, *P. L.* VII. 449, &c. In the original, we see the newly-created lion rising from the earth, *pawing to*

get free his hinder parts; springing as broke from bonds; in the imitation, he is taking a walk in a forest, as if he had been ready created for the poet to describe; βιβᾶ κατ' ἄλσος ἔραμον.

V. 115. Τιν γελάσσαις ἱμερόεν ποθατὰ Δῶρα προτείνει Ἄ Φύσις. Good! a voluptuous smile on the face of Nature! At this rate, we do not despair of seeing in a reasonable time, Master Charon and Miss Tisiphone interchanging amorous glances and melting sighs. But so it was; ἱμερόεν made a very pretty *choriambus*, and was found in Sappho's ode, in juxtaposition with γελᾶν.

Our readers may now begin to be weary of our criticism, which we shall therefore conclude with the promised extract.

Οὐδὲ μὰν, λαμπρὸς περ ἔων, διοικεῖς  
" Ἀλιε, σκάπτων μόνος" οὐργάτης γὰρ  
ὥσανῶ τόνδ' εὐτρέπισεν χιτῶνα  
ἀστερέοντα,

60

ταινίαν\* τ' ἀμφ' ἀργυρέαν ἔδησεν  
εὐπρεπῇ τῶν πρεσβυτέρων† γυαφαῖσι  
τειρέων' τί χεῖρ με λέγειν Βοώταν,  
Πληιάδας τε,

Σείριόν† τ' ἰοπλόκμον; τί δ' Ἀγκτωσ  
ἑδάτων φυλασσομένας; τί δ' ἥενιν§  
χείματος μάντιν στρυγερὸν, Λέρως τε  
διπλόον|| αὐγάν,

65

ἀστέρων § ὁμάγυριν οὐρανῶν  
μυρίων; τοὺς δ' οὐτίς ἅπαντας εἰπεῖν  
ἢ μαθεῖν οἷός τε· τί γάρ; πέφευγε  
ψάμμος ἀριθμόν.

70

Αὐτὰρ ἔμαρται θεόθεν τελευτὰ  
κατιφοίτων παντὶ χορῶ; σέ δ', αὐγᾶν  
ὦ πάτερ γενέθλιε, καλλιφεγγῇ  
καίπερ ἔοντα,

75

καίπερ ἀνθεῖντ' ἐν νεύτατος ἀκμᾷ,  
φεῦ, νέφος λάθας ἀτέκμαστον ἐχθρᾶς  
ἔμδατεύσει· κουροβόλος Χρόνος σὺν  
χερσὶν ἀφύκτοις

80

σὸν κατασείσει σέλας· ἔσται ποκ',  
ἄμους Ἀοὺς ἢ κ' αἰὼν ἰωῶς  
ὥς πρὶν, ὑπνώσεις ζοφόντ' ὀλέθρῳ  
νήγρετον ὕπνον.

84

\* Via Lactea.

† Sol, ut Herschelio videtur, juventutis certiora dat indicia, quam magna stellarum pars. Vid. Philol. Trans. 1796. p. 185.

‡ Sirius violaceo subrubet colore.

§ Vid. ARAT. PHEN. v. 314.

|| Pleraque in constellatione T. y. rā sidera e duabus stellis videntur composita.

ART. V.—*Speeches of John Philpot Curran, Esq.* 8vo. 8s.  
pp. 400. Dublin. 1805.

IN common with the lovers of literature and science, we have often lamented that our countrymen on the other side of the channel afford us so few occasions of deriving instruction from the learning, or entertainment from the ingenuity, of which it is acknowledged that they possess so large a share. We are indeed somewhat at a loss to discover to what circumstance in particular is to be attributed the rare emergence of works of any considerable merit from the press of Ireland; and we are equally diffident in forming our expectations that any immediate aid to its removal will be attendant on the union of empire which has recently been accomplished. It may with justice be urged that ignorance and barbarism still prevail over a great part of our western island; nor can it be denied that many of those parts where the darkness has been dispelled, are hitherto but feebly and partially illuminated by the uncertain lights struck out of commercial enterprize. In the metropolis, however, the seat of vice-royalty, the residence alike of the busy and the idle, the learned and the gay, science might be expected to yield her unexhausted fruits, and wit to pour forth her abundant treasures. Notwithstanding the number of those who at this day possess the means of enlightening the world, and eminent as their talents and learning are confessedly esteemed, yet with the indolence or despair of men who are conscious of the distance which separates them from the great theatre of public applause, they seem to have abandoned their exertions along with the hope of enlarging the circle of their fame. Individuals may possibly be apprehensive that their single voices may be lost ere they reach the place to which they are most anxiously directed; and diffidence thus fortified by pride effectually discourages even the attempt. If therefore the more intimate connection which now subsists between us and the sister kingdom have any beneficial effects in promoting the common interests of learning, they must unquestionably be sought in the new protection which the *English press* will be called upon to extend to the less favoured offspring of Irish literature.

The work under review merits a place in the first rank of those productions which have given form and ‘local habitation’ to the sublime efforts of extemporaneous reason and eloquence. It has brought to a nearer view those splendid talents which, however sullied by imperfections, have shone with undiminished lustre, during a considerable period of the present times. We are deeply indebted to the compiler



and to the *corrector* of the speeches which are published in this volume, for affording so rich and valuable an acquisition to the treasures of forensic eloquence, and for enabling Englishmen and posterity to form an adequate conception of the energy, the brilliancy, and the scope of Mr. Curran's oratory. We are persuaded that our readers will be more gratified by our presenting to them specimens of the different kinds of eloquence which this valuable compilation furnishes, than by detaining their curiosity with minute and laboured descriptions: we shall therefore proceed to transcribe such parts as our limits will permit us to insert.

The first speech was delivered before the lord lieutenant and privy council of Ireland, on a question respecting the right of election of lord mayor of the city of Dublin, between Aldermen Howison and James (1790): Mr. Curran thus opens his defence of the claims of Mr. Howison and the popular party by which he was supported.

‘ My Lords, I have the honour to appear before you as counsel for the commons of the corporation of the metropolis of Ireland, and also for Mr. Alderman Howison, who hath petitioned for your approbation of him as a fit person to serve as lord mayor, in virtue of his election by the commons to that high office, and in that capacity I address you on the most important subject that you have ever been called upon to discuss. Highly interesting and momentous indeed, my Lords, must every question be, that even remotely and eventually may affect the well-being of societies or the freedom or the repose of nations; but that question, the result of which by an immediate and direct necessity must decide either fatally or fortunately the life or the death of that well-being, of that freedom and that repose, is surely the most important subject on which human wisdom can be employed, if any subject on this side the grave can be entitled to that appellation.

‘ You cannot therefore, my Lords, be surprized to see this place crowded by such numbers of our fellow-citizens. Heretofore they were attracted hither by a strong sense of the value of their rights and of the injustice of the attack upon them; they felt all the magnitude of the contest; but they were not disturbed by any fear for the event; they relied securely on the justice of their cause and the integrity of those who were to decide upon it. But the public mind is now filled with a fear of danger, the more painful and alarming because hitherto unforeseen: the public are now taught to fear that their cause may be of doubtful merits and disastrous issue; that rights which they considered as defined by the wisdom and confirmed by the authority of written law, may now turn out to be no more than ideal claims without either precision or security; that acts of parliament themselves are no more than embryos of legislation, or at best but infants whose first labours must be not to teach but to learn, and which even after thirty years of pupillage, may

have thirty more to pass under that guardianship, which the wisdom of our policy has provided for the protection of minors. Sorry am I, my Lords, that I can offer no consolation to my clients on this head; and that I can only join them in bewailing that the question whose result must decide upon their freedom or servitude is perplexed with difficulties of which we never dreamed before, and which we are now unable to comprehend. Yet surely, my Lords, that question must be difficult upon which the wisdom of the representative of our dread sovereign, aided by the learning of his chancellor and his judges, assisted also by the talents of the most conspicuous of the nobles and the gentry of the nation, has been twice already employed, and employed in vain. We know, my Lords, that guilt and oppression may stand for a moment irresolute ere they strike, appalled by the prospect of danger, or struck with the sentiment of remorse. But to you, my Lords, it were presumption to impute injustice; we must therefore suppose that you have delayed your determination, not because it was dangerous, but because it was difficult to decide; and indeed, my Lords, a firm belief of this difficulty, however undiscoverable by ordinary talents, is so necessary to the character which this assembly ought to possess, that I feel myself bound to achieve it by an effort of my faith, if I should not be able to do so by any effort of my understanding.

Mr. Curran proceeds, in another part of the same speech, to draw a picture of the late distracted condition of Ireland:

‘Depressed (says he) in every thing essential to the support of political or civil independency; depressed in commerce, in opulence, and knowledge; distracted by that civil and religious discord, suggested by ignorance and bigotry, and inflamed by the artifice of a cruel policy, which *divided in order to destroy*; conscious that liberty could be banished only by disunion, and that a generous nation could not be completely stripped of her rights, until one part of the people was deluded into the foolish and wicked idea, that its freedom and consequence could be preserved or supported only by the slavery or depression of the other. In such a country it was peculiarly necessary to establish at least some few incorporated bodies, which might serve as great repositories of popular strength; our ancestors learned from Great Britain to understand their use and importance; in that country they had been hoarded up with the wisest forecast, and preserved with a religious reverence as an unfailing resource against those times of storm, in which it is the will of Providence that all human affairs should sometimes fluctuate; and as such they had been found at once a protection to the people, and a security to the crown. My Lords, it is by the salutary repulsion of popular privilege, that the power of the monarchy is supported in its sphere: withdraw that support, and it falls in ruin upon the people, but it falls in a ruin no less fatal to itself by which it is shivered to pieces.

• Our ancestors must therefore have been sensible, that the enslaved state of the corporation of the metropolis was a mischief that

extended its effects to the remotest borders of the island. In the confederated strength and the united councils of great cities, the freedom of a country may find a safeguard which extends itself even to the remote inhabitant, who never put his foot within their gates.

‘ But, my Lords, how must these considerations have been enforced by a view of Ireland as a connected country, deprived as it was of almost all the advantages of an hereditary monarchy, the father of his people residing at a distance, and the paternal beam reflected upon his children through such a variety of *mediums*; sometimes too languidly to warm them; sometimes so intense as to consume; a succession of governors differing from one another in their tempers, in their talents, and in their virtues; and of course in their systems of administration; unprepared in general for rule by any previous institution, and utterly unacquainted with the people they were to govern, and with the men through whose agency they were to act. Sometimes, my Lords, it is true, a rare individual has appeared among us, as if sent by the bounty of Providence, in compassion to human miseries, marked by that dignified simplicity of manly character, which is the mingled result of an enlightened understanding, and an elevated integrity; commanding a respect that he laboured not to inspire, and attracting a confidence which it was impossible he could betray.\* It is but eight years, my Lords, since we have seen such a man amongst us, raising a degraded country from the condition of a province, to the rank and consequence of a people, worthy to be the ally of a mighty empire: forming the league that bound her to Great Britain, on the firm and honourable basis of equal liberty and a common fate, standing and falling with the British nation, and thus stipulating for that freedom, which alone contains the principle of her political life in the covenant of her federal connection. But how short is the continuance of those auspicious gleams of public sunshine! how soon are they passed, and perhaps for ever! In what rapid and fatal revolution has Ireland seen the talents and the virtues of such men give place to a succession of sordid parade and empty pretension, of bloated promise and lank performance, of austere hypocrisy and peculating œconomy† Hence it is, my Lords, that the administration of Ireland so often presents to the reader of her history, not the view of a legitimate government, but rather of an encampment in the country of a barbarous enemy, where the

---

\* ‘ The Duke of Portland, under whose administration Ireland obtained a free constitution.’

† ‘ The Duke of Rutland and Marquis of Buckingham quickly followed his grace. The first was marked by a love of dissipation, and undignified extravagance. The Marquis, upon his arrival in Ireland, led the country to expect a general retrenchment in the public expences. This expectation was terminated by the creation of fourteen new places, for the purpose of parliamentary influence, countervailed indeed by a curtailment of the fuel allowed to the old soldiers of the royal hospital by the public bounty, and by abortive speculations upon the practicability of making one pair of boots serve for two troopers.’



object of the invader is not government, but conquest ; where he is of course obliged to resort to the corrupting of clans or of single individuals, pointed out to his notice by public abhorrence, and recommended to his confidence only by a treachery so rank and consummate, as precludes all possibility of their return to private virtue, or public reliance, therefore only put into authority over a wretched country, condemned to the torture of all that petulant unfeeling asperity, which, with a narrow and malignant mind, will bristle in unmerited elevation, condemned to be betrayed and disgraced, and exhausted by little traitors that have been suffered to nestle and to grow within it, making it at once the source of their grandeur and the victim of their vices, reducing it to the melancholy necessity of supporting their consequence, and of sinking under their crimes, like the lion perishing by the poison of a reptile that finds shelter in the mane of the noble animal, while it is stinging him to death.'

One further extract from the same speech we are induced to add to the foregoing. Under the semblance of describing the character of a former chancellor, Sir Constantine Phipps, the speaker takes the opportunity of portraying the intellectual and moral qualities of the chancellor (the Earl of Clare), whom he was then addressing.

'In this very chamber (says he) did the chancellor and judges sit, with all the gravity and affected attention to arguments in favour of that liberty and those rights which they had conspired to destroy. But to what end, my Lords, offer arguments to such men? A little and a peevish mind may be exasperated, but how shall it be corrected by refutation? How fruitless would it have been to represent to that wretched chancellor that he was betraying those rights which he was sworn to maintain, that he was involving a government in disgrace and a kingdom in panic and consternation ; that he was violating every sacred duty and every solemn engagement that bound him to himself, his country, his sovereign, and his God ! Alas, my Lords, by what argument could any man hope to reclaim or dissuade a mean, illiberal, unprincipled minion of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake, and bound by his avarice and vanity to persevere? He would probably have replied to the most unanswerable arguments by some curt, contumelious, and unmeaning apophthegm, delivered with the fretful smile of irritated self-sufficiency, and disconcerted arrogance ; or even if he could be dragged by his fears to a consideration of the question, by what miracle could the pigmy capacity of a stunted pedant be enlarged to a reception of the subject? The endeavour to approach it would have only removed him to a greater distance than he was before ; as a little hand that strives to grasp a mighty globe is thrown back by the reaction of its own effort to comprehend. It may be given to a Hale or a Hardwicke, to discover and retract a mistake ; the errors of such men are only specks that rise for a moment, upon the sur-

face of a splendid luminary; consumed by its heat or irradiated by its light, they soon purge and disappear; but the perversenesses of a mean and narrow intellect are like the excrescences that grow upon a body naturally cold and dark; no fire to waste them, and no ray to enlighten, they assimilate and coalesce with those qualities so congenial to their nature, and acquire an incorrigible permanency in the union with kindred frost and kindred opacity. Nor indeed, my Lords, except where the interest of millions can be affected by the folly or the vice of an individual, need it be much regretted that to things not worthy of being made better, it hath not pleased Providence to afford the privilege of improvements.'

We forbear to offer any opinion on the justice or injustice of this bitter invective. It is presented to the reader as a specimen of the speaker's talents in the department of personal satire; and the violent effects which it produced on the feelings of the nobleman against whom it was pronounced, are familiarly known. That nobleman, however, is now no more; and it were but doing bare justice to the sacredness of reputation, to remind our readers of the remorseless violence of party zeal which too frequently prompted the Philippics of Mr. Curran.

The following extracts are taken from the speech in behalf of Mr. Peter Finerty, indicted for a libel. The speaker commences by openly telling the jury that they are packed and prejudiced against the cause.

'Never (says he) did I feel myself so sunk under the importance of any cause; to speak to a question of this kind at any time would require the greatest talents and the most matured deliberation; but to be obliged without either of these advantages to speak to a subject that hath so deeply shaken the feelings of this already irritated and agitated nation is a task that fills me with embarrassment and dismay.

'Neither my learned colleague nor myself received any instruction or license until after the jury were sworn, and we both of us came here under the idea that we should not take any part in the trial. This circumstance I mention not as an idle apology for an effort that cannot be the subject of either praise or censure, but as a call upon you, gentlemen of the jury, to supply the defects of my efforts by a double exertion of your attention.

'Perhaps I ought to regret that I cannot begin with any compliment that will recommend me or my client personally to your favour. A more artful advocate would probably begin his address to you by compliment on your patriotism, and by felicitating his client upon the happy selection of his jury, and upon that unsuspected impartiality in which if he was innocent he must be safe. You must be conscious, gentlemen, that such idle verbiage as that could not convey my sentiments or my client's upon that subject. You know and we know upon what occasion you are come, and by

whom you have been chosen. You are come to try an accusation professedly brought forward by the state, chosen by a sheriff who is appointed by our accuser.

[Here Mr. Attorney-general said the sheriff was elected by the city, and that observation was therefore unfounded.]

Be it so; I will not stop now to inquire whose property the city may be considered to be, but the learned gentleman seems to forget that the election by that city, to whomsoever it may belong, is absolutely void without the approbation of that very lord lieutenant who is the prosecutor in this case. I do therefore repeat to you, gentlemen, that not a man of you has been called to that box by the voice of my client; that he has had no power to object to a single man among you, though the crown has; and that you yourselves must feel under what influence you are chosen, or for what qualifications you are particularly selected. At a moment when this wretched land is shaken to its centre, by the dreadful conflicts of the different branches of the community; between those who call themselves the partizans of liberty, and those who call themselves the partizans of power; between the advocates of infliction, and the advocates of suffering—upon such a question as the present, and at such a season, can any man be at a loss to guess from what class of character and opinion, a friend to either party would resort for that jury which was to decide between both?

Mr. Curran proceeds in another part :

‘As to the sincerity of the declaration that the state has prosecuted in order to assert the freedom of the press, it starts a train of thought of melancholy retrospect and direful prospect, to which I did not think the learned counsel would have wished to commit your minds. It leads you naturally to reflect at what times, from what motives, and with what consequences the government has displayed its patriotism by these sorts of prosecutions. As to the motives, does history give you a single instance in which the state has been provoked to these conflicts except by the fear of truth and by the love of vengeance? Have you ever seen the rulers of any country bring forward a prosecution, from motives of filial piety, for libels upon their departed ancestors? Do you read that Elizabeth directed any of those state prosecutions against the libels which the divines of her time had written against her catholic sister; or against the other libels which the same gentlemen had written against her protestant father? No, gentlemen, we read of no such thing; but we know she did bring forward a prosecution from motives of personal resentment, and we knew that a jury was found time-serving and mean enough to give a verdict which she was ashamed to carry into effect. I said the learned counsel drew you back to the times that have been marked by these miserable conflicts. I see you turn your thoughts to the reign of the second James. I see you turn your eyes to those pages of governmental abandonment, of popular degradation, of expiring liberty, of merciless and sanguinary prosecution; to that miserable



period in which the fallen and abject state of man might have been almost an argument in the mouth of the atheist and the blasphemer, against the existence of an all-just and an all-wise First Cause ; if the glorious era of the revolution that followed it, had not refuted the impious inference, by shewing that if man descends, it is not by his own proper motion, that it is with labour and with pain that he can continue to sink only, till, by the force and pressure of the descent, the spring of his immortal faculties acquires that recuperative energy and effort, that hurries him as many miles aloft—he sinks but to rise again. It is at that period that the state seeks shelter, in the destruction of the press ; it is in a period like that, that the tyrant prepares for an attack upon the people, by destroying the liberty of the press ; by taking away that shield of wisdom and of virtue, behind which the people are invulnerable ; in whose pure and polished convex, ere the lifted blow has fallen, he beholds his own image and is turned into stone. It is at those periods, that the honest man dares not speak, because truth is too dreadful to be told ; it is then humanity has no ears, because injury has no tongue. It is then the proud man scorns to speak, but like a physician baffled by the wayward excesses of a dying patient, retires indignantly from the bed of an unhappy wretch, whose ear is too fastidious to bear the sound of wholesome advice, whose palate is too debauched to bear the salutary bitter of the medicine which might redeem him, and therefore leaves him to the felonious piety of the slaves that talk to him of life, and strip him before he is cold.'

We shall indulge our readers with one further extract from the same speech :

'I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, it is not with respect to Mr. Orr that your verdict is now sought ; you are called upon, on your oaths, to say that the government is wise and merciful, that the people are prosperous and happy, that military law ought to be continued, that the British constitution could not with safety be restored to this country, and that the statements of a contrary import by your advocates in either country were libellous and false. I tell you, these are the questions ; and I ask you, Can you have the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community, who knows the country as well as you do ? Let me ask you, how could you reconcile with such a verdict, the gaols, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations, that we hear of every day in the streets and see every day in the country ? What are the processions of the learned counsel himself circuit after circuit ? Merciful God ! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land ? You may find him perhaps in a gaol, the only place of security, I had almost said, of ordinary habitation ; you may see him flying by the conflagrations of his own dwelling ; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country ; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that



drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet with these facts ringing in the ears and staring in the face of the prosecutor, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist. You are called upon in defiance of shame, of truth, of honour to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution that tramples you under foot.

\* But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as *informers*. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us and every man of you knows by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory. I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government, from the Castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over those catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

\* Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave; while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death—a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent; there was an antidote—all juror's oath—but even that adamantine chain that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim:

\* Et quæ sibi quisque timebat.

Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

After the perusal of these extracts, (which are a few only among the many brilliant and pathetic passages contained in the volume before us,) it were superfluous to exhort our readers to study every one of the speeches which are there recorded. We pledge ourselves for an ample return of profit and delight, to those who may undertake the task; but we decline the office of pointing out merits too conspicuous to pass unnoticed by the most careless observer, or of expatiating on excellencies which have been acknowledged and admired from the moment when they appeared. Panegyric were useless, and criticism is already forestalled. We content ourselves therefore with performing the humbler but more essential duty of introducing this volume to the notice of our readers, and earnestly recommending them to cultivate a further acquaintance with its intrinsic beauties.

It can hardly be deemed necessary in these days to warn our readers to prepare themselves to be sometimes surprized, and sometimes offended, with the extravagancies of political fervour, which are mingled with the more valuable parts of Mr. Curran's addresses. They, however, whose zeal or whose prejudices are too powerful to be surmounted by their admiration of eloquence, may spare themselves the trouble of opening the volume. But the number of such persons, we trust, is few.

We cannot conclude without expressing our disgust at the shameful prodigality and matchless effrontery of adulation, which the anonymous editor has poured forth in the preface; nor can we repress our censure of the unprecedented trick of attaching to this volume the speech of another orator, printed in a type and form different from the work itself.

---

ART. VI.—*Travels in Trinidad, during the Months of February, March, and April, 1803, in a Series of Letters, addressed to a Member of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain. Illustrated with a Map of the Island. By Pierre F. Macallum. 8vo. pp. 254. Liverpool. 1805.*

THIS volume of Letters is of a very peculiar cast, and under the pretence of giving a view of the settlement of Trinidad, is in reality for the greater part occupied with the discussion of some most extraordinary transactions which have occurred in the administration of that island. The consideration of these circumstances would not only prove very interesting to the public at large, and tend somewhat to their instruction, and greatly to their amusement, but

would afford ground for some discussions regarding the most proper method of governing those possessions which have fallen beneath the fortune of the British arms. But as a great part of this subject is now under the consideration of more formidable tribunals than those of taste, our strictures must necessarily be restrained within those narrow bounds which are prescribed by the customary delicacy of avoiding every appearance of endeavouring to influence the public mind before trial.

Mr. Pierre, or, as we should suppose he was styled before his emigration from the mountains of Caledonia, Peter Macallum, is a man of high life : he announces his correspondent as a member of the Imperial Parliament, and assures us he has in former days condescended to upbraid him with the epistolary crime of laziness. We cannot discover, however, many symptoms of parliamentary language in his composition, which is devoid of elegance, and besprinkled with various uncouth scraps of pedantic Latin, furbished up from some melancholy remnant of a grammar. This member of the senate must feel highly gratified by the familiarity of the Dear Sir, which emblazons the front of these ill composed Letters, and hug himself in the cautious prudence which has guarded from public view the mystery of his name.

In the commencement of these Letters, Mr. Macallum makes his appearance on the ocean during a voyage from America to Trinidad, employing his leisure in making ' cursory observations on his unfortunate friend General Tous-saint,' from whom he digresses to abuse the New Englanders for selfishness and avarice. He next touches at Barbadoes, and his attention is there arrested by a deaf governor, numerous cats, and swarms of old women. Leaving that island, on which we are assured there have been many civilized savages, Mr. M. next morning descried Tobago, on which he descants for two pages without saying any thing very remarkable, if we except the observation that the mud of the Oronoko discolours the sea so far as the strait between Trinidad and Tobago, in which instance it can hardly be doubted that the *debris* of the American continent is carried far beyond its shores, and must be deposited in the depths of the Atlantic. After a due interval of time and paper, we are ushered into the ' Puerto de Espana,' and have the additional satisfaction of being introduced to Governor Picton, under the title of Don Thomas Picton. In this respect we are more honoured than was our author himself, who was allowed to kick his heels, and number the extremities of his paws in the audience-chamber, without receiving even the



gracious encouragement of a smile from that personage. We know not whether this arose from the insignificance of Mr. M. or from some ferocious fit of incivility in the governor, but thenceforward that officer is stigmatised in terms which our sense of justice forbids us to repeat without the strongest authority. Of these expressions we have only at present to remark, that the views of malignity are defeated by their very virulence, and the severity of just reprobation is counteracted by the intemperance of its language. What then shall we say of 'a mighty prætor whose knife was set in oil that it might cut the deeper, and (who) never hesitated to engulf the reeking blade into the warm bowels of a fellow-creature, nor to pour aquafortis into the bleeding wound in order to provoke the innocent object to a state of madness?' Surely if such assertions are just, there needed only to have stated the bare facts, which would outvalue a million of such metaphorical comments; but if here exists one shade of exaggeration, no language can sufficiently reprobate this base assassination of the character of another.

In the first part of this volume, a little attention is bestowed by the author upon the island of Trinidad itself. From physical considerations, however, he soon flies to declaim in terms of no moderate violence on the predilection of General Picton for the foreigners, and his hatred to the British under his command. The erection of forts and barracks is next represented as a folly calculated, as Mr. M. observes with a wise air, to benefit *some* folks. 'Poor John Bull! (groans out this gentleman,) I have seen, on my travels, much, too much of thy hard earnings squandered away on many a foolish project in this as well as in other colonies.' From these unpleasing suggestions, we are now led to contemplate Mr. M.'s approach to Colonel Fullarton, as he advanced to whom, 'a secret satisfaction *unaccountably* stole across his mind.' But, according to our author, it is not for mortals always to be blest; and from our pleasing reverie on the subject of Colonel Fullarton, we are roused to listen to the execrations bestowed with a liberal pen on the negro regiments, which Mr. M. regards as threatening a terrible destruction to the country that has nurtured them. The policy of raising black corps is certainly extremely questionable, and nothing could for a moment justify or render in the smallest degree tolerable, the existence of armed slaves, but the pestiferous diseases, that with a rapidity formerly unknown, sweep away whole ranks, nay battalions, of the unfortunate Europeans destined to encounter these inhospitable climates. It has been held forth indeed, that



that the imprudence of the sufferers is more in fault than the unhealthiness of these tropical regions. Yet while the truth of that assertion may be safely contested by those who have seen the young and the old, the cautious and the rash, the male and the female, almost equally sink beneath the overwhelming violence of disease, that country is as formidable as the most sickly, where the healthiness of our troops is to depend on their prudence, a quality never yet found among the privates of a British army.

But Mr. M. after exhausting himself in invectives against the employment of black forces, suddenly extends his view to the dangers which have always, and do now more terribly than ever threaten the West India islands, in the present state of alarm from the enormous over-proportion of their black to their white population. To remove or to lessen this danger is a political problem of the most momentous importance. Nor can any change be safely attempted without the concurrence of the landed proprietors, to obtain which seems one of the principal difficulties of the case. They, deeply interested in the event of every measure, regard through the distorting medium of fear, the proposal of the gradual emancipation of their slaves, and prefer the present goods of unlimited authority and depopulating labour, to the lesser but more permanent advantages of a secure establishment. With all these circumstances before our eyes, to settle a new island with the same formidable race, seems to Mr. Macallum a procedure of the most absurd nature and fatal tendency; and since it would not be an easy matter to persuade the nation of the propriety of keeping a valuable possession unpeopled and uncultivated, he proposes to reconcile all difficulties and all parties by a scheme which has at least the merit of novelty. This is nothing less than to transport a due number of his Gaelic compatriots to the western hemisphere, and to relieve the Highlands of Scotland of their superfluous inhabitants in order to people the sugar estates and coffee plantations of Trinidad. To the execution of this proposal the obstructions are not few, nor little formidable. We shall mention only three, and when these are removed, it will be time enough to come forward with more: First of all, the Highlanders would not go; secondly, if they went, they would die in multitudes; and lastly, if they went and lived, they could not bear the fatigue of working exposed to the fervour of a tropical sun. To assert that the Scotch Highlanders can bear the heats of the West Indies, and labour there as the negroes now do, because the Assyrians, the Medes, and the Persians, overran the dominions

of Asia, because the Phœnicians possessed the whole commerce of the ancients, or because the Palmyrenians, the Carduchi, and the Parthians for a time displayed the virtues or the courage of the northern races, is to bid adieu to all ideas of just reasoning, and all recollection of the geographical situation of countries. What! does it follow that, because our troops survive the heat of Hindostan, they may with equal safety brave the pestilential air of our West Indian islands? Does not that very fact demonstrate that mere heat is not the only enemy of Europeans in these climates, and that no argument drawn from the practices of the east can be applied to the different circumstances of the west? It is indeed but too true, that dangers yet more formidable than those of the latitude and the climate, contribute their fatal influence to extend the mortality: it is unfortunately not deniable that daily victims fall before the deities of negro drivers, debauchery, intoxication, lust, even the vilest incest. What will the unadulterated mind think of the boast of more than one planter, that he has washed a negro white; that he alone being the father, has, from a negro woman, produced by repeated incestuous connection with his own offspring, a being for whose atrocious race no language has provided a name, and who cannot be distinguished from an European in external appearance?

In some of the letters in the first part of the volume we perceive notices of many interesting subjects regarding the natural history of Trinidad, which are sufficiently important to deserve the perusal of the curious. That island, it has been long known, contains a bituminous lake, of which an account is here given, not from the author's personal observations, but by quoting a description of it by Dr. Anderson. This is certainly *ingenuous*, and better than vamping up a long narrative in his own name, of things never seen by him; but it would have been still more satisfactory, had our author extended his journey to the vicinity of the lake. This mass of Petroleum, we are informed, first appeared about seventy years ago, occupying the place of a spot of land which sunk suddenly: though called a lake, it is not liquid as might be supposed, unless for an inch on the surface, and that only in the warmest weather. Its depth is unknown, no substratum having been found. Mr. M. has also given ample details, with tedious and useless botanical descriptions of the various fruits which chiefly deserve notice in Trinidad. Many other circumstances are noticed, but our author appears in a great hurry to get another pull at his friend Pictou, who is ever and anon kept in mind of his approach-

ing fate by a growl at some instances of his oppressive conduct. At last the battle fairly commences in the eighth letter, and successive volleys of abuse are discharged at the unfortunate governor, who here stands a defenceless aim to his enemies. So deeply important are the accusations brought forward, that we feel it impossible in the present circumstances to take any cognizance of them. The lovers of the horrible and the extraordinary will here find food for their passion ; and the politician ample scope for the exercise of his judgment. Our jurisdiction, however, extends not beyond the regions of folly ; where crimes are in question, we must bow to the laws of our country, nor venture by ill-timed observations, or necessarily inaccurate opinions, to bias the minds of those to whom the high determination will belong ; perhaps it had been well that Mr. Macallum also had postponed his statement of facts, or presented his first and unwritten thoughts to the consideration of a jury. In these circumstances, however, all parts of these last letters are not found. We may except a great deal of the author's account of his own imprisonment, and repeated examinations before commissioners Picton and Hood. We must own that according to Mr. M.'s own statement, the insolence of his behaviour was so great to these gentlemen, that a similar line of conduct would have procured him a lodgement within the walls of a prison, in the freest country in the universe. That he received previous provocations, or that he was unjustly imprisoned, or otherwise hardly dealt with, granting it to be true that these things were so, could form no excuse for such open contempt of the constituted authorities. We only wonder that the vengeance of such a man as General Picton is represented to have been, was restrained within bounds so narrow as to be satisfied with the imprisonment and banishment of our author, or that the despotic temper of a naval commander habituated to obedience, bore to be twitted with the insolence of a schoolboy's impertinence. These instances surely add little to the probability of Mr. M.'s story. That gentleman's career being thus ended in Trinidad, the volume is closed with an account of the extraordinary banishment of Colonel Fullarton, by the other commissioners from Trinidad, and his re-establishment by the royal mandate ; to which are added the proclamations of both parties, and the addresses presented successively to the different commissioners by the partisans of each.

Three appendices conclude the work now before us. The second of these is entitled ' The Horrors of West India Slavery,' and is by far the most interesting part perhaps of the



whole book, though it owes its merit not so much to Mr. Macallum, as to the fidelity of its extraction from the records of the House of Commons. Lord Seaforth is governor of Barbadoes, and in a letter to Lord Hobart, laid before parliament, observes that the assembly of that island had taken offence at him, for recommending to them to make the murder of a slave, felony; at present the fine for that crime is only *eleven pounds four shillings*. Lord Seaforth's laudable attempts have not yet been successful, and from his communications, Mr. M. has extracted the account of several instances of extraordinary barbarity, which are in every respect so curious, that we shall give them in his own words to the reader.

'On the 10th of April 1804, a militia man of the name of Halls, of the St. Michael's regiment, (in Barbadoes) returning from military duty, overtook on the road some negroes, who were going quietly home from their labour. When he came near he called out that he would kill them, and immediately began to run after them. The negroes not supposing that he really intended to do them any injury, and imagining that he was in joke, did not endeavour to escape, but merely made way for him. The person nearest to him happened to be a woman, the property of a Mr. Clarke, the owner of Simmon's estate, who is stated to have been a valuable slave, the mother of five or six children, and far advanced in pregnancy. *Without the smallest provocation of any kind, Halls coolly and deliberately plunged his bayonet several times into her body, when the poor creature dropped and expired without a groan.* Two gentlemen were eye-witnesses of this horrid action, one of them, Mr. Harding, the manager of Codrington college estate, went up to Halls and spoke harshly to him, and said he ought to be hanged, for he never saw a more unprovoked murder, and that he would certainly carry him before a magistrate. Halls's reply is very remarkable. '*For what?*' said he with the utmost indifference as to the crime; '*for what?* FOR KILLING A NEGRO!!!'

That this quotation may not extend so far as to prevent another more interesting, we shall in our own words state that it was found impossible to inflict on this wretch any other punishment than a fine of eleven pounds four shillings, and imprisonment till it was paid; nay, it is supposed that Halls may lay an action of damages for his commitment before a recovery of the fine!

There are two other instances of the most barbarous and wanton cruelty, one of which we now proceed to quote, leaving the other to afford food for that curiosity, and fuel for that indignation, which we will not doubt that we have excited.

'The second instance produced by Lord Seaforth is not inferior



in atrocity to the first. A Mr. Colbeck, who lives overseer on the Cabbage-tree plantation, in St. Lucy's parish, *had bought a new negro boy out of the yard*, (meaning the slave yard, where negroes are exposed to sale, in the same manner as cattle and sheep in the Smithfield market,) and carried him home. Conceiving a liking to the boy, he took him into the house, and made him wait at table. Mr. Crone, the overseer of Rowe's estate, which is near to Cabbage-tree plantation, was in the habit of visiting Mr. Colbeck, *had noticed the boy, and knew him well*. A fire happened one night in the neighbourhood, Colbeck went to give his assistance, and the boy followed him. Colbeck, on his return home, missed the boy, who had lost his way; and as he did not make his appearance the next day, he sent round to his neighbours, and particularly to Crone, informing him, that his African lad had strayed, that he could not speak a word of English, and possibly he might be found breaking some sugar-canes, or taking something else for his support; in which case he requested they would not injure him, but send him home, and he would pay any damage the boy might have committed. After a lapse of two or three days, the poor creature was discovered in a gully, (or deep water-course) near to Rowe's estate; and a number of negroes were soon assembled about the place. The boy naturally terrified with the threats, the noise, and the appearance of so many people, retreated into a hole in the rock, having a stone in his hand for the purpose probably of defence. By this time Crone, and some other white persons had come up. *By their orders a fire was put to the hole where the boy lay, who when he began to be scorched, ran from his hiding place into a pool of water which was near*. Some of the negroes pursued him into the pool; and the boy, it is said, threw the stone which he held in his hand at one of them. On this, two of the white men, Crone and Hollingsworth, *fired at the boy several times with shot, and the negroes pelted him with stones*. He was at length dragged out of the pool in a dying condition; for he had not only received several bruises from the stones, but his breast was so pierced with the shot, that it was like a cullender. The white savages, (this is the language of Mr. Attorney Beccles,) ordered the negroes to dig a grave. *Whilst they were digging it, the poor creature made signs begging for water, which was not given him; but as soon as the grave was dug, he was thrown into it, and covered over, and as is believed, WHILE YET ALIVE*. Colbeck, the owner of the boy, hearing that a negro had been killed, went to Crone to inquire into the truth of the report. Crone told him *that a negro had been killed, but assured him that it was not his, for he knew him well, and he need not be at the trouble of opening the grave*. On this Colbeck went away SATISFIED. Receiving, however, further information, he returned and had the grave opened, when he found the murdered negro to be his own. Colbeck brought his action of damages in the courts of the island against Crone and Hollingsworth. The cause was ready to be tried, and the court had met for the purpose, when they thought proper to pay double the value of the boy, and 25*l.* for the use of the Island, (being 5*l.* less than the penalty fixed by the law of 15*l.*

currency each,) rather than suffer the business to go to a hearing. "This I am truly sorry to say," observes the advocate-general, "*was the only punishment which could be inflicted for so barbarous and atrocious a crime.*"

'This horrid recital, which is given almost in the words of the report, merely avoiding repetition, seems to require little comment. One circumstance of it, however, may not strike the minds of some readers with its due force, although it appears to be the most affecting part of the whole case. Colbeck, it is said, on hearing that it was not his slave who had been murdered, *went away satisfied*. O most opprobrious satisfaction! The preceding part of the narrative had prepared us to expect in Colbeck some approximation to European feeling. But what is the fact? On being coolly told that a negro had been killed and buried—told so by his neighbour the murderer, is he shocked? Does he express any horror or indignation on the occasion? No! he goes away *satisfied!!* Let the reader give its due weight to this one circumstance, and he will be convinced that a state of society must exist in the West Indies, of which, as an inhabitant of this island, he can scarcely form any adequate conception. Suppose, instead of a negro slave, that it had been a horse which had been thus killed. Colbeck, had his horse happened to be missing at the time, would have pursued exactly the same steps, and would have been affected in the same way as in the present instance. We may also learn from this impressive circumstance the value of West Indian testimony when given in favour of West Indian humanity. The moral perceptions and feelings which prevail in that quarter of the world, it will be perceived, are wholly different from those on this side of the Atlantic. It may be allowed that these men mean what they say when they give each other the praise of humanity. But examine their standard. Who is this man of humanity? It is one who, hearing that a fellow creature had been cruelly and wantonly murdered, *goes away satisfied*, because he himself has sustained no loss by the murder! An exception may be admitted in favour of a few men of enlightened minds; but the remark applies to the *people*—to the bulk of the community, whose prejudices are stated by Lord Seaforth to be so horribly absurd, as to resist all measures for remedying this dreadful state of things.'

The authenticity of this account is unfortunately too certain to admit of doubt; and he who wishes for further details of atrocity, may have his wishes gratified by the perusal of the work itself. Barbadoes certainly is behind the other colonies in the enactment of laws at all approaching to a system of humanity. But we fear Mr. M. has good grounds for his assertion, that even in those islands where less revolting regulations exist, the laws in favour of negroes are far from being religiously obeyed. Such at least appear to be the sentiments of General Prevost, who considers an

act passed in his island of Dominica for the encouragement and protection of slaves, as a political measure to prevent the interference of the mother country. This neglected act, however, contained provisions of the most salutary nature, not less beneficial to the slave than to the master, whose benefit and advantage are and ought to be identified, though the wrong-headed despotism of the whites will bear no good that does not flow from their sovereign will and pleasure. Yet if these principles continue to be persisted in, the day will come, nor can its date be very remote, when the planter will in vain regret that he has failed to obtain the attachment of his negroes, that he has added the stimulus of ill usage to the native disposition to rebellion, and drawn a too uneven balance between the benefits of sparing comforts and most miserable protection, on the one hand; and on the other, the view of liberty and independence, clouded though it must be by the horrors of a sanguinary insurrection.

Mr. Macallum's style appears to considerable advantage from the above quoted specimens of his work. In these extracts we observe a decent correctness of language not destitute of energy. But so very different, so far inferior are the letters which form the main part of this volume, that we can hardly imagine the same author to have produced them both. Of the rules of grammar Mr. M. seems to have very obscure notions. The first clause of a sentence is frequently more connected to the last by proximity of situation than by any other discoverable rule; and many a nominative is left to bewail its separation from its verbal partner. This work also may afford great help to the next editor of the lexicographical Johnson, who may here desery a host of words which never before appeared above the horizon of letters. These children of our author's brain, however, unlike the luminaries which adorn the natural sky, diffuse a darkness visible, and are sometimes no less difficult to comprehend than to pronounce. 'Ablocating prostitutes,' we now learn for the first time is the vile practice of hiring out female slaves in order to participate in the profits of their iniquities. Providence, we are informed, visibly interposed at one period to *procrastinate* our author's life. One happy morsel we quote entire from page 84, for the consideration of our critical readers. Mr. Macallum is employed in portraying the hardships to which the highlanders of Scotland are subjected, when he observes,

'The labourer by numerous privations of diligent industry, can scarcely succeed to acquire a moment's ease, before a melancholy

presage of the future intervenes, and *siderates* his fugitive delights. An increasing family and old age approaching, enervate the arm that must shortly *succumb* in the combat he has yet to wage; poverty and all its concomitant train of evils, prey deeply on his mind, and prevent a *ray* of happiness from *smiling* in his *lancinated* imagination.'

Mr. Macallum's *rays* are really very merry, and have in these melancholy times, the happy power of spreading the contagion of laughter. He ought to be advised, however, to attend more faithfully to the motto prefixed to his volume, in despite of which sensible admonition, he has entangled himself in a snare of hard words which he has partly misspelt and partly misapplied, of metaphors of which he knows neither the meaning nor the use, and of strange uncouth combinations of letters, which he has rashly mistaken for English. A plain unaffected narrative may be homely, but cannot prove absurd: and nothing is more foolish, and few things more tiresome, than never-ceasing and abortive attempts at flowery language and learned expressions.

ART. VII.—*A general View of the Writings of Linnæus, by Richard Pultney, M. D. F. R. S. The Second Edition, with Corrections, considerable Additions, and Memoirs of the Author, by Wm. George Maton, M. D. F. R. S. F. S. A. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and a Vice-President of the Linnæan Society of London. To which is annexed, a Diary of Linnæus, written by himself, and now translated into English from the Swedish Manuscript in the Possession of the Editor. 4to. pp. 596. Mawman. 1805.*

SO great was the merit of Linnæus, that the eye of the naturalist is irresistibly arrested by the appearance of his name, connected especially as it is in the present volume, with the account of his writings by Dr. Pultney, and the publication of his diary composed by himself, and authenticated by apparently respectable evidence. Yet these feelings of impatience to proceed to the inspection of these memoirs, are not without the alloy of the caution of experience, which, as the bride declared to her husband with more candour than wisdom, has been too often cheated before, to give any more trust. In truth, so frequent and ample has been the disappointment that has checked our springing sentiments of approbation, that we are more disposed in these days of gorgeous quartos to expect the slavish and undig-



criminating admiration of illustrious men, whom it is now safe to praise, or that slavering fondness which has become the diversion of the public, and the delight of biographers, than the philosophic spirit which commends with caution, and censures with reluctance. Linnæus was professor of botany and medicine at Upsal. It is wonderful with what respect the eyes of some men regard the insignia of learning, the gown, and the chair. We remember actually to have seen a member of a northern seminary, who, after having himself attained the professorial honours, was heard to declare with irresistible gravity, that he had imbibed in his youth such an awe and veneration for all professors, that he believed it would never leave him. The endless spinning out of the thread of a dull narrative, the prolix particularity, the nauseous magnification of trifles, have already found so many patrons among the able and the learned, that we are happy to announce to our readers that the author and editor of this work have not fallen so much into this error as might have been reasonably feared, and that it is in the *Diary of Linnæus* himself that the most censurable passages of this sort are to be found. These the editor has, with good judgment, presented to the inspection of the public unaltered. And if a little exuberance of vanity of the most harmless and almost amiable character, does occasionally shadow the pages of the father of botany, what acrid spirit will pursue these trivial blemishes, or discern with an eye too perspicacious, these specks on the sun which has illuminated the three kingdoms of nature?

In this republication, the new parts are neither very numerous nor very ample. Some few additions have been made to the '*General View of the Writings of Linnæus.*' The arrangement has been rendered more strictly chronological; the abstracts of the *Systema Naturæ* have been completed, which before were only partial, and notice has been taken of the classification of the *materia medica*, and of the volumes of the *Amœnitates Academicæ*, which had not appeared at the time of Dr. Pulteney's writing. These additions seem very proper in themselves, and are executed with a reasonable share of ability on the part of the present editor. Besides these specimens of his exertions, the volume is augmented by a life of Dr. Pulteney, and a translation of the *Diary of Linnæus* from the original Swedish by the assistance of a friend, Dr. Maton's university learning not having condescended to the knowledge of the Gothic dialects.

The *Memoirs of Dr. Richard Pulteney* are faced by a fair

and comely delineation of his countenance, regarding with complacent features an opened volume, probably the very former edition of his own work, and casting a side glance of approbation at a most grave and well finished suit, terminated at the wrists by frills or smooth-ironed folds, in imitation, we cannot doubt, of the monapetalous and rotated corolla of the botanists. The original of this portrait was, we are informed, like all geniuses, inspired in his very infancy with the love of his future pursuits, and though bound by legal chains to the mortar of an apothecary, he contrived to escape into the fields, where he examined the very dirt and weeds 'with the most lively curiosity.' Notwithstanding the force of this ruling passion, Dr. P. appears to have had good success in his labours at the pestle, since we find him at the very expiration of his apprenticeship pounding his own drugs in the town of Leicester. We gather, however, that his occupation was not the most constant in the world, and that his Calvinistic brethren preferred the comforts of prayers to those of boluses; while the higher bred episcopalians despised altogether the *stuff* of a presbyterian apothecary. Botany, however, by her secret charms, soothed the pangs of professional mortification, and the Gentleman's Magazine was swelled by numerous articles, the fruits of the ardour and idleness of Dr. Pulteney. These papers are enumerated by Dr. Maton with a tedious care, and we confess we would rather believe than read the list. These communications, however, with some others to the Royal Society, procured for Dr. P. the honour of the acquaintance of various men of science and rank, by whom he was at length persuaded that his situation in his profession was unequal to his merits, and that he ought to apply for the doctorate, which we are informed his great humility had previously prevented him from coveting. For this purpose he proceeded to Edinburgh, where the ancient practice of bestowing academical honours on those who had never studied regularly, was almost abolished. Dr. Pulteney, not without a most serious and, in our opinion, most commendable opposition from the body of students, obtained his object, and was crowned with the doctor's cap. Notwithstanding the degree of merit which may form some pretext of excuse for the irregular promotion of this gentleman, we reflect with satisfaction that a repetition of these circumstances even in favour of the most learned, can no longer take place, and it were well if the two more northern universities would adopt a regulation no less required by their own regard for character than by the demands of public interest. The English nation has long beheld with astonishment and

indignation, the most notorious quacks boasting the sanction of a Scottish college, and offering their diplomas for the inspection of the sceptical and the ridicule of the inquisitive. While such practices continue, their efforts for distinction, if indeed they make any, will be in vain, and the few and scandalous fees which their interested professors may receive, will be purchased by the sacrifice of every upright and honourable feeling, and by a proportional loss of other branches of emolument.

Having in this manner obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, Dr. Pulteney proceeded to London, where, after a due consultation of the family tree, he was declared a relation of the Earl of Bath, and appointed his physician with a handsome salary, which, however, he enjoyed only for a year, at the end of that period losing his patron by death. In consequence of this misfortune, he retired from the metropolis to practise at Blandford in Dorsetshire, where he speedily acquired a considerable reputation and an increasing income. In this situation, his frequent excursions through the country, afforded him the opportunity of prosecuting his favourite science, and the Gentleman's Magazine no longer appearing sufficiently capacious to contain his extended conceptions, he ushered himself into public notice as the disciple of Linnæus, by his General View of the Writings of that philosopher. This work, Dr. Maton informs us with an air of admiration, was all sold in four years, though we are prudently kept in the dark as to the size of the impression. Previous to this publication, we now for the first time learn, that naturalists and botanists were considered by the bulk of the people as superficial triflers, like the collectors of curiosities, and were treated as objects of ridicule rather than respect. But Dr. Pulteney's 'View' removed this obscuring and envious cloud from the lovers of natural science in England; it is no wonder then that Dr. Maton should worship with blind reverence at the shrine of his late friend. He may now (thanks to Dr. Pulteney,) hold his head far aloof from the chasers of butterflies, or the gatherers of two-headed heifers, and five-legged sheep: he may now with holy contempt, survey the race of virtuosos who inundate our land, and beset our auction-rooms, hunting with rapacious eagerness after every thing that is monstrous, or rare, or antique. It would have been hard indeed that a Vice-president of the Linnæan Society should have ranked no higher than a collector of mummies. A certain poet, however, has scarcely done the Doctor more justice than once did the bulk of the people:



Physician art thou? one all eyes.  
Philosopher? a fingeringslave:  
One who would pore, and botanise  
Upon his mother's grave.

Thus it is with the world, that what one admires, another disregards; and he is the wisest who wonders least and despises none at all.

Dr. Pulteney afterwards published, in 1790, his *Historical and Biographical Sketches of the Progress of Botany in England*, of which the second volume was dedicated to that distinguished man, Dr. Garthshore, in company with Sir George Baker. This work was intended by its author to have contained an English Flora, in an abbreviated form, with notices of the place of growth, time of flowering, &c. of every plant. From that idea, however, which seems to have nothing very profound in its conception, or difficult in its execution, Dr. P. was dissuaded 'by some persons who understood the art of book-making better than himself:' we fervently believe Dr. Maton has had advice from the same quarter. This work is spoken of in the life, in terms of much admiration; and it is asserted that it would undoubtedly, according to Dr. Pulteney's own hope and opinion, have been republished with many improvements, but for the singular reason of the first edition not being yet sold. We cannot follow the many minute particulars of Dr. Pulteney's life, which are here recorded: it may be sufficient to remark, that the Doctor appears to have spent many years in active employment in his profession, with good reputation and prudent profit. His love of science brought him occasionally to London, and his love of money drew him back to the country, where he probably did more good both as a physician, and a natural philosopher, than he would have done in the more extensive circles of the metropolis. At length, a final period was put to his labours by an attack of inflammation of the lungs, of which he died in the seventy-second year of his age, leaving an affluent fortune. Among his bequests, we notice that of his museum to the Linnæan society, upon condition either of its being kept separate from all other collections, or of being sold, and the produce dedicated to the purchase of a medal, to be presented annually to the author of the best botanical paper, read to the society. Thus do the petty feelings of vanity look beyond the awful period of death, and the self-gratification of the testator is guarded almost from his own view by an imposing veil of beneficence, or public spirit. The life is concluded by an eulogium, of which we cannot pretend to determine the

justice. It is, however, sufficiently ample even for the fervency of friendly enthusiasm; though some excuse for a little exaggeration may be found in the universal practice of biographers, whose extatic praises few read, and none believe.

The next part of the work before us, 'the general View of the Writings of Linnaeus,' has been long known and esteemed by the scientific world, and it was undoubtedly, when first published, a valuable compendium of botanical knowledge. At that time it was useful in a manner in which it cannot now operate, by drawing attention to the writings of the Swedish philosopher. The name of none of the favourite sons of science is at present, however, more known in this country than that of Linnaeus. So far therefore this work can no longer afford the same advantages as at a former period; and arguing on these grounds, we have heard some censure thrown out upon the republication of Dr. Pulteney's 'View.' But to us it appears that a more ample consideration of the question will shew that there is still great benefit to be derived from this performance, which it cannot be doubted compresses into a moderate bulk, we wish we could add at a moderate price, a great deal of most useful information respecting the science of botany. He who can and will, may no doubt draw the greater part of this knowledge from the fountain-head of Linnaeus' writings. But while inability to procure a variety of expensive works, and want of time or activity to consult them, retard the studies of so great a proportion of mankind, we feel disposed to receive with gratitude the assistance of an able compendium. Upon the whole, we cannot refuse to Dr. Maton a due share of credit for his additions and corrections to this part of the volume, which, though not without errors and inaccuracies, is altogether very respectably executed, and may now really be called with justice a *general View* of the Writings of Linnaeus, since it contains a notice of every work of that immortal botanist. Having already extended our observations on the life of Dr. Pulteney to a considerable length, and proposing to bestow some attention on the 'Diary' of Linnaeus, we are unable to enter into minute details of this part of the work, to do which indeed is here the less necessary, that this part is the one which contains the least novelty, and regarding which the public opinion has been long settled.

The most singular and most important division of the present volume, is that which has been styled by the editor, the *Diary of Linnaeus*, though for what reason we do

not pretend to discover, since so far from containing a notice of every day's transaction, months and years are passed over without the 'rude memorial' of a line. Not being willing, however, to dispute about the meaning or application of a word, we shall leave Dr. Maton in quiet possession of his Diary. With regard to the appearance of this relict of a writer of botany at so late a period as the present, we give the following account given by the editor in his preface. At the latter end of the year 1799, M. Fredenheim, son of Dr. Menander, Archbishop of Upsala, came over to Robert Gordon, Esq. merchant at Cadiz, a number of manuscripts to be printed in England. Mr. Gordon dying, however, the publication did not take place in the manner intended, but the manuscripts were disposed of (could they be sold?) to Dr. Maton, with the consent of M. Fredenheim's heirs. Among these papers was found a folio manuscript book, in Swedish, entitled, *Vita Caroli Linnæi*, to which are affixed, in the inside, M. Fredenheim's coat of arms. So far it is well, though we do not learn by what means the archbishop's son does not bear his father's name. Our ignorance of Swedish customs, however, prevents us from resting much weight upon this objection. Let us proceed with the account of the circumstances in which this Diary is presented to the public as an authentic document. A memorandum is extracted from the Swedish manuscript, by M. Fredenheim, which states that Linnaeus, in 1770, sent to Archbishop Menander, his *Curriculum vitæ*, which we suppose means the Diary, though it has already been styled the '*Vita Caroli Linnæi*.' It is also asserted in some very complex and obscure sentences, to have been dictated by Linnaeus himself, and partly translated into Latin by the archbishop. Some extracts of copies of letters are likewise given, in one of which, Linnaeus appears to have sent this Diary, in 1762, to his friend, in another not till 1770, and this inconsistency is the most striking circumstance of the doubt-exciting kind that we perceive. The manuscript itself also is chiefly written, as Dr. Maton asserts, by Dr. Lindwall, a pupil of Linnaeus, but different hand-writing may be discerned. On these grounds rests the authenticity of this production; and though some stumbling circumstances may be pointed out, they are not so great as wholly to invalidate the authority of the Diary, though sufficient to give reason for some suspicion. Nor are we sure that, upon the whole, the proving of the authenticity of this Diary will add greatly to the honor of its composer, though the public will without all question,



from motives not always the purest, relish the entertainment.

After an introduction describing the native place and ancestors of Linnæus, which passage, we suppose, is Dr. Maton's addition, the birth of the hero of the tale is announced with minute particularity, as having happened between 12 and 1 o'clock in the night dividing the  $\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{2}$  of May, 1707, which in a style resembling that of the modern French calendar, is described as a delightful season between the months of *frondescent* and *florescent*. His botanical turn of mind is ridiculously stated to have commenced when he was four years of age, and some tolerable praises are bestowed on his infantile abilities. In due time, he was put to school, and bitter complaints are made of his ardour being changed to disgust by the severities of his masters. These severities, no doubt, have their just bounds, but we believe more learning has been whipped into boys than was ever whipped out of them. Linnæus, however, proceeding from school to the gymnasium, still persisted in his preference of the study of natural science, and his neglect of the theological pursuits for which he was intended, and in consequence he narrowly escaped being sent by his father to be apprenticed to a shoemaker. Having, however, happily avoided this fate, he speedily became distinguished for his progress in science and his backwardness in other knowledge, and was sent to the university with a very scurvy certificate implying that he had done so ill at the gymnasium, that his only chance was to try another method of instruction.

Linnæus then went to the University of Lund, which he afterwards quitted for that of Upsal, where he lived in great poverty, eat when he could, and patched his own shoes with folded paper. By an accident he became acquainted with Celsius, who received him into his house and relieved him from the pressure of want. He then began to obtain pupils, and formed connections with the most rising men of the university; in a short time also he was appointed to lecture on botany. This situation, however, by envy and intrigue was rendered unpleasant to our author, and he accepted the offer of going to Lapland, for the purpose of making observations and discoveries in natural knowledge. This journey he performed, and after running great risks and suffering many hardships, on his return to Stockholm he was presented by the academy of sciences with ten pounds. Linnæus then obtained an exhibition of five pounds a year, and delivered lectures on assaying at seven shillings a head; by which means he succeeded in attracting a numerous

audience. From this employment, however, he was dislodged by the envy of Dr. Rosen, and was obliged to accept the governor of Dalarne's offer, to travel in that province, which occupied him for a little time. By the advice of his friends, Linnæus now made a most unscientific effort to obtain a rich wife, that he might travel for his improvement, and afterwards settle in Sweden. The lady was willing, but her mother was not, and he was forced to set off without his bride. He went to Holland, with fifteen pounds in his pocket, and took his degree of Doctor, and contrived, by the patrons whom his talents gained him, to obtain pecuniary supplies. He there became acquainted with various eminent men, and made great advances in botanical knowledge: in 1736, he also passed over to England, and afterwards visited Paris. From Holland, to which Linnæus returned, he was suddenly called home by a report that a friend of his own was laying close siege to his betrothed in Sweden, upon which account he set out on his journey as soon as he was cured of an ague, which he took from fear of his rival's success. During his three years residence in Holland, we are assured Linnæus did more in botany than any body had done before in his whole life.

On his arrival at Stockholm, he could find nobody to employ him, which was very natural; but by dint of confidence, he at last got two patients, and through his success with them, very soon obtained a certain share of practice. After this, Linnæus's progress was more rapid, and he speedily was appointed to a professorship of natural science. Having conducted him to this point, it becomes less necessary to pursue a minute detail. But Linnæus belied the adage that a prophet has no honor at home; for never was a man more caressed and distinguished than our author. Medals were struck to immortalize his memory; he was pensioned, ennobled, and made a knight of the Polar Star. His pupils became numerous and distinguished, and by their travels in every part of the world enlarged the limits of science, and illustrated the Swedish name. Throughout every part of this performance, Linnæus appears in the character of a vain man, much more so than his friends would desire. Undoubtedly he did much, very much, to promote the knowledge and facilitate the study of the various branches of natural science, but he was according to this document conscious of the fullest extent of his merit. As far, however, as it is possible to judge of style through the medium of translation, we are disposed to think, that there is a considerable resemblance between the language of this document, and that of

the unquestioned parts of the works of Linnaeus. At this part of the volume we observe a childish story of curing the gout by eating strawberries, which is surely inconsistent with all experience of the power of that fruit.

Towards the end of the Diary, Linnaeus becomes very amusing; 'Diet,' he assures us, 'nobody has treated in a more solid and satisfactory manner.' He piques himself also on his discovery of the mystical powers of the number five: he found that there were five bodily vices, five nervous vices, and five sapida and odora, with as many contraries. 'He proved all this by examples. *What can be stronger?*' Students, he asserts, were lucky, who before his time could learn much. He proved the sexes of plants so clearly as to silence all his adversaries, 'and who could do it better than Linné?' We could fill whole pages with such extracts, and yet leave abundance to gratify the curiosity of the reader, who would peruse the work himself.

His description of his own person is singularly diverting. He proceeds to give the generic and specific characters of every limb and member, as if he had been employed to compare the genealogy of a horse with his personal qualifications, and affords a specimen how far a great man will go when he talks of himself. Immediately following this description, are a great number of short and pithy sentences, in which with great piety and particularity he enumerates every good thing of body and of mind that had ever befallen him. Indeed, Linnaeus seems to have possessed a genuine spirit of devotion, and to have left his aversion to theology at the threshold of his college. The style of this part may be conceived from the subjoined specimens.

'The Lord has led him with his own almighty hand;

'He hath caused him to spring from a trunk without root, and planted him again in a distant and more delightful spot, and caused him to rise up to a considerable tree;

—— 'Hath inspired him with an inclination for science, so passionate as to become the most gratifying of all others;

—— 'Honoured him with the titles of

'*Archiatre,*

'*Knight,*

'*Nobleman,* and with

'*Distinction in the learned world,*

—— 'Protected him from fire,

—— 'Preserved his life above sixty years,

—— 'Given him a greater knowledge of natural history than any one had hitherto acquired.

'No person has ever had a more solid knowledge of all the three kingdoms of nature.



‘ No person has ever proved himself a greater botanist or zoologist ;

—— ‘ So completely reformed a whole science and created therein a new æra ;

—— ‘ Become so celebrated all over the world ;

—— ‘ Sowed in any academical garden so many seeds ;

—— ‘ Discovered so many animals (in fact he discovered as many as all preceding naturalists put together.)’

He then proceeds to congratulate himself on being styled *Princeps Botanicorum*, and vindicates himself from a supposed charge of having an itch of writing, to which, however, the best answer is to be found in the utility and excellence of his various productions.

The most remarkable thing of this Diary is, that Linnæus should have given it to the archbishop Menander to be corrected, ‘ *pro tua sapientia*,’ to be translated into Latin, and presented or read to the French Academy—a procedure, considering the contents of the Diary itself, not easily reconcileable with that modesty, which generally is the attendant of genius. But it appears that the author, at the age of sixty, began to forget proper names, for which he makes the apology that no man ever before had so many in his head, and as the greater part of this autobiography was the work of subsequent years, we ought, in fairness, to make some allowance for the decay of mind, which may reasonably be supposed to have occurred. And in truth, had all this been said by any one but himself, it would in our opinion, and we believe in that of the greater part of the lovers of natural knowledge, have been regarded, rather as an inadequate than an excessive tribute to his genius, to his acquirements, and to his unparalleled and astonishing industry. Perhaps, however, there is something not very favourable to our sentiments of this great naturalist, in the eulogium which he has pronounced upon his own merits, considerable as these confessedly were, and it would be a bad example set before the lower ranks of the scientific world, to receive with unlimited approval this self-enunciation of praise. In an inferior man indeed it would have been so completely ridiculous, as to have altogether defeated its own ends and purposes, and to have converted the shield of the defender into the spear of his enemy. We need not fear, therefore, that this practice should become general, and may allow the manes of Linnæus to repose undisturbed by the biting taunts of enraged criticism. With regard to the authenticity of this document, we have already stated our grounds of opinion, and though there may be some inconsistencies, which it is the business of the editor to reconcile if he can, we are disposed to believe the greater part to be really the composition of the

author to whom it is attributed. To this judgment we are induced, by the respectable manner in which it is brought forward, by the evidence with which it is accompanied, and by the similarity of style and sentiments which we imagine that we discern in this to those of the undoubted compositions of Linnæus.

The whole work is a modern quarto, that is, a book of high price, containing little matter. Every part of this publication might have been readily compressed into a moderate octavo, in which case it might have been a convenient, and desirable ornament to the libraries of many, who will shrink from the enormous size and heavy expence of the present work. If the public, however, will purchase works of this description, we see no remedy for the misfortune. We must content ourselves with an occasional remonstrance against a practice, the very generality of which, is one of its principal evils.

ART. VIII.—*Επεα πτερόεντα*; or, *The Diversions of Purley; Part II.* By John Horne Tooke. 4to. Johnson. 1805.

THE author of this work, with no common abilities and extensive learning, with an indefatigable spirit of intrigue, and with the art of covering private views with public pretences, has acquired considerable celebrity.

Having been many years the pupil and the associate of John Wilkes, one of the most consummate impostors that Britain ever produced, he became early a master of that system of popular delusion which has been called patriotism, which interests the multitude in all the movements of the impostor, which provokes slight inconveniences and sufferings to heighten that interest, until he is either purchased by the government he has been opposing, or provided for by the dupes of his pretensions.

It is not our intention to impeach the noble but rare virtue of patriotism. Those who, standing themselves within the lines of the constitution and the law, resist and check the occasional encroachments of power; and those who would undermine that constitution, and shake the foundations of all law, are characters totally different. The views of the former are directed to the public happiness; those of the latter are confined to their own interest, and to their own spurious renown and fame.

The author of this work has appeared in all the great contentions with government from the commencement of the

American war, to that of the French revolution ; and though the professed patriots never bestowed on him what he wanted, the lead and the command—he yet contrived to obtain detached parties, and acted always in the true spirit of a partizan, sometimes harassing the enemy, and sometimes his pretended friends.

In one of these enterprizes he was taken, and *General Mansfield* would not let him have his liberty on his parole, from a misconception, or, as Mr. Tooke affirms, from the perversion of the meaning of a conjunction, that conjunction having no meaning in the Anglo-Saxon, and another, or perhaps no meaning, in the modern English.

Mr. Tooke insisted and clamoured that he ought to have had the benefit of an Anglo-Saxon interpretation; Mansfield, who was a Scotchman, and had left his Anglo-Saxon on the northern side of the Tweed, adhered to the English dialect, and strictly as it was spoken at St. James's.

Mr. Tooke then resolved, in the manner of his master (John Wilkes), to appeal to the public, and he published his 'Letter to Dunning,' which contains the germ of the present work, and which made a considerable impression on etymologists, as it announced something like a discovery, that conjunctions, prepositions, &c. had each an appropriate signification, and were not indebted for a meaning to their places in a sentence.

The advantage of this impression was immediately felt by Mr. Tooke ; the arts he had exercised in the common tracks of patriotism, were transferred into a new path ; and the credulous apostles of pseudo-patriotism were sent forth to proclaim, that though wicked governments had withstood clubs and associations, they would sink under an army of Anglo-Saxon conjunctions and prepositions, when disenchanting from their unmeaning and torpid state, each formed into a genuine *Wimbledon hero*, and all conducted in battle-array by John Horne Tooke.

The old miser of Purley put his hand half-way towards his pocket, but contented himself with a promise of the house and estate of *Purley*, the ancient residence\* of the regicide Bradshaw ; and it was resolved that the projected work, developing this mighty undertaking, and the ancient habitation of the regicide, should share in the admiration of future ages.

---

\* We do not undertake to vouch for the authenticity of this fact, although it is generally believed.



The first volume accordingly appeared, and has been noticed under the former conductors of the Critical Review.

Why it was written in dialogue, by a writer who has too much egotism to forget for a moment that he is writing or speaking himself, and too much contempt, bordering on hatred, for other men, to personate them in any tolerable degree—why he should choose for his mock-antagonist, one of the most conforming, cautious, and prudent prelates of the age, without touching any of the peculiar features of his character, we cannot discover, even if we thought the discovery worth any trouble.

The *Diversions of Purley*, however, in a large quarto, proved only a dilatement of the small pamphlet addressed to Dunning, as far as the disenchantment of conjunctions, &c. was concerned. But it was seasoned with so much personal satire; with so many allusions to his own *unprovoked* injuries; and the hopes of increasing effect from the second and third parts were so artfully kept up, that his immediate adherents and apostles increased in number, and a subscription for an annuity for the author, (the old Tooke having died without leaving him *Purley*,) was opened, in conjunction with that for the projected work; which, being recommended with zeal, and comprehending political as well as literary views, succeeded beyond the expectations of his blindest and most implicit admirers.

Notwithstanding the leisure afforded by this annuity, and the partial reception of the first volume, several years elapsed; those of the public who thought at all on the subject, imagined that Mr. Tooke would forget his promises; and even the faithful and credulous messmates of 'the *Feast of Censure*, and the *Flow of Bile*,' held sacredly at Wimbledon on Sundays, had nearly collected courage to express their doubts, when the second part appeared; and that second part is the subject of our present critique.

In this volume, Mr. T. has dropped his episcopal antagonist, who, we may suppose, could not, even at an imaginary whipping-post, think himself, his profession, or the credit of the church to which he belonged, very safe in the hands of a man who, to serve any of his own views, would have used little ceremony with either. He has therefore exchanged him for Sir Francis Burdett, the most docile and implicit of his pupils, except the sage and *profound* Bosville, who, it is said, will stand the master's buffeting in the third and last part, which is to be called the '*Diversions of Wimbledon*,' and in which all systems, metaphysical, political, and moral, will be levelled with the dust.

The present volume begins with a dialogue between the sages, Horne and Burdett, which should have concluded the first part, for it applies what Mr. Tooke calls his discovery in language, to the warmly controverted and most important doctrine of THE RIGHTS OF MAN; and to that application the remainder of this article shall be devoted, as a test of the author's high pretensions to decide in controversies, and to dictate the law in an important province of the literary world.

After playing upon words, and exclaiming, 'To the ears of man what music sweeter than the rights of man?' he turns to his convenient antagonist, and asks, (p. 3.)

'What do you mean by the words RIGHT and WRONG?

'F. What do I mean by those words? What every other person means by them.

'H. And *what* is that?

'F. Nay, you know *that* as well as I do.

'H. Yes; but not better, and therefore not at all.

'F. Must we ever be seeking *after* the meaning of words?

'H. Of important words we must, if we wish to avoid important error. The meaning of these words especially is of the greatest consequence to mankind, and seems to have been strangely neglected by those who have made the most use of them.

'F. The meaning of the word RIGHT—why—it is used so variously, as substantive, adjective, and adverb, and has such apparently different significations, (I think *they reckon* between thirty and forty,) that I should hardly imagine *any one single* explanation of the term would be applicable to all its uses.

We say a man's RIGHT—a right conduct—a right reckoning—a right line—the right road—to do right—to be in the right—to have the right on one's side—the right hand.'

After ridiculing and abusing the definitions of Johnson, as *false, absurd, and impossible*—the reader will remember that Johnson is out of hearing—the sparring pair, like Mendoza and a pupil, seem to approach a decision.

The master founds his oracular decree not on any of the Gothic dialects, which, no doubt, must be at all times decisive in philosophy, the Goths being philosophers by inspiration; but from the Latin, a language intelligible to every scholar.

#### BEHOLD THE ORACLE.

'RIGHT is *no other* than the *Rect-um* (Regitum) the past participle of the Latin verb *Regere*. Whence in Italian, we have *RITTO*; and from *Dirigere*, *DIRITTO*, *DRITTO*: whence the French have their ancient *DROICT*, and the modern *DROIT*. The Italian *DRITTO*, and the French *DROIT* being *no other* than the past participle *DI-RECT-UM*.'

This is extended to *just* from *jubere*, to *decree*, *edict*, &c. At last, (p. 8,) he says,

‘When a man demands his RIGHT, he asks only that which it is *ordered* he shall have.

‘A RIGHT conduct is that which is *ordered*. A RIGHT line is that which is *ordered* or *directed*, (not a random extension, but) the shortest between two points.

‘The RIGHT road is that *ordered* or *directed* to be pursued (for the object you have in view). To do RIGHT, is to do that which is *ordered* to be done.

‘To be in the RIGHT is, to be in such situation and circumstances as are *ordered*.

‘To have RIGHT or LAW on one’s side is to have in one’s favour that which is *ordered* or *laid down*.

‘A RIGHT and JUST action is such an one as is *ordered* and *commanded*.

‘A JUST man is, such as he is commanded to be; *qui leges juraque servat*; who observes and obeys the things *laid down* and *commanded*.

‘The RIGHT hand is, that which custom and those who have brought us up, have *ordered* and *directed* us to use in preference, when one hand only is employed; and the LEFT hand is, that which is *leave’d*, *leav’d*, *left*; or which we are taught to *leave out* of use on such an occasion; so that LEFT, you see, is also a past participle.’

It would be tedious to follow Mr. Tooke through his minute illustration of RIGHT and LEFT, to which we may recur; let us hear with attention his application of his doctrine, and of the fruits of his etymological skill, to the RIGHTS of man. This will enable us to estimate the philosophical merit of his whole work; that of his etymologies will always be useful in the correction and formation of future dictionaries.

P. 12 ‘F. Every thing that is *ordered* and *commanded*, is RIGHT and JUST?

‘H. Surely. For that is only affirming that what is *ordered* and *commanded*, is *ordered* and *commanded*.

‘F. Now, what becomes of your vaunted RIGHTS of man? According to you, the chief merit of them is obedience; and whatever is *ordered* and *commanded*, is RIGHT and JUST! This is pretty well for a democrat! And these have always been your sentiments?

‘H. Always. And these sentiments confirm my democracy.

‘F. These sentiments do not appear to have made you very conspicuous for obedience. *There are not a few passages in your life*, where you have opposed what was *ordered* and *commanded*. Upon your own principles, was that RIGHT?

‘H. Perfectly.

‘F. How now? Was it *ordered* and *commanded* that you should



oppose what was *ordered* and *commanded*? Can the same thing be at the same time both **RIGHT** and **WRONG**?

'H. Travel back to Melinda, and you will find the difficulty most easily solved. A thing may be at the same time both **RIGHT** and **WRONG**, as well as **RIGHT** and **LEFT**. It may be *commanded* to be done, and *commanded* not to be done. The *law*, that which is *laid down*, may be different by different authorities.

'I have always been most obedient when most taxed with disobedience. But my **RIGHT** hand is not the **RIGHT** hand of Melinda. The **RIGHT** I revere, is not the **RIGHT** adored by sycophants; the *ius vagum*, the capricious *command* of princes or ministers. I follow the **LAW** of God (what is *laid down* by him for the rule of my conduct) when I follow the **LAW**s of human nature; which, without any human testimony, we know must proceed from God, and upon these are founded the **RIGHT**s of man, or what is *ordered* for man. I revere the constitution and the constitutional **LAW**s of England, because they are in uniformity with the **LAW**s of God and Nature; and upon these are founded the **RIGHT**s of Englishmen. If princes or ministers, or the *corrupted sham* representatives of a people, *order*, *command*, or *lay down* any thing contrary to what is *ordered*, *commanded*, or *laid down* by God, human nature, or the constitution of this government, I will still hold fast by the higher authorities. If the meaner authorities are offended, they can only destroy the body of the individual; but never can affect the **RIGHT**, or that which is *ordered* by their superiors.'

In this quotation we have pointed out to the reader, the strong holds of Mr. Tooke, as a philosophical etymologist, and a philosophical politician.

The art with which they are constructed is fallacious, the etymology is a deception, and the inferences, assuming the forms of dogmas on the **RIGHT**s of **MAN**, are absolute sophisms. It has been hoped that the melancholy lessons of the French revolution would have directed the minds of men generally, to the true origin of our social ideas of **RIGHT** and **WRONG**. But there are still persons of abilities and learning who rake the embers of sedition and discord in the ashes of the institutions they have consumed.

The vulgar sarcasms of Paine, the dreams of Godwin, Holcroft, and Brothers, are gone off like vapours on the winds of heaven. But the sophisms of Mr. Tooke are fortified with learning, and with consummate art of persuasion and quibble.

Such talents, so employed, have a constant effect, not of a beneficial nature, on the public opinion and the public peace. It is evidently the great object of the present writer to apply his skill in etymology, and to employ the force and credit of the '*Diversions of Purley*,' to support the political doctrines of the classes of reformers with some of which he has suffered.

If this object be taken out of his work, it is a mere compilation for dictionaries. We shall therefore meet him on his own ground, in our next Number, and we are greatly mistake nif we do not chase him off.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. IX.—*Madoc, a Poem. By Robert Southey. 4to. Longman. 1805.*

MR. SOUTHEY has adopted a style of introduction to this poem, of which the modest Virgil was supposed to have set the example, till the hand of judicious criticism removed the lines which had been spuriously prefixed to the *Æneid*, and thereby cleared away a blemish, which disfigured the purity of that poet. Where an author is the editor of his own work, he does not leave it in the power of any critic to suppose for the sake of his reputation, that the introductory or any other verses were printed by mistake: he does not blush for himself, and it is therefore in vain for his friends to blush for him. Mr. Courtier\* (another modern bard) has ushered a second volume of poems into the world in the same manner, that is, with a prefatory boast of what he has already done. We know not which of these gentlemen is the inventor, or which is the imitator; but as they have no decent prototype in antiquity, and as they are the first modern writers who 'have been caught in the fact,' we feel it our duty to enter our protest against this practice in general, not only as an unseemly and arrogant custom (for no man enumerates what he has done, without thinking that they are exploits of which he may justly be proud), but as a cheat upon the tax-office, which is by these means robbed of a duty, which would otherwise have been paid for a similar newspaper-puff. Mr. Courtier's verses are tolerable in themselves, and we may be induced to pardon the vanity of them, upon the same principle as we can forgive the conceited smile of the coquet, for the sake of the beauty which it exhibits: but Mr. Southey's verses have no charms that can disarm censure; independently of their affectation, they are really contemptible. They are intended as a kind of epitaph upon himself, but they have neither the dignity of the lapidary, nor the simplicity of the inscriptive style.

Far be it from us to assert that ridicule is the test of

\* See Critical Review for November, 1805.

truth: we are aware that the sublimities of Homer may be travestied; but we have annexed to Mr. Southey's introductory verses, a puff in the style of Doctor Solomon, and not jocularly but seriously ask our readers to decide, which of the two blank verse advertisements is the most modest, or most poetical.

*Mr. Southey.*

Come, listen to a tale of times of old!  
Come, for ye know me! I am he who sung  
The Maid of Arc, and I am he who framed  
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.  
Come, listen to my lay, and ye shall hear  
How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread  
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean ways,  
And quelled barbarian power, and overthrew  
The bloody altars of idolatry,  
And planted in its fanes triumphantly—

—————Come listen to my lay.—————

*Dr. Solomon.*

Come, listen to a list of cures performed!  
Come, for ye know me: I am he, who cured  
Maids of their aches, and I am he who framed  
Of Balm of Gilead the wondrous power.  
Come, listen to my cures, and ye shall hear,  
The learned Doctor Solomon came o'er  
From Germany. At his approach the gout,  
Catarrh, rheumatic pains, and all the host  
Of nervous qualms and fits were cured, and fled.  
One half-a-guinea bottle will suffice  
To heal all ails. Come, listen to my cures.

'COME, FOR YE KNOW ME.' Alas! here the puff poetical has a fatal resemblance to the puff medicinal. The patient, who has not been benefited by the first phial, is not very eager to purchase a second; and he, who has read the 'wild and wondrous' tale of Thalaba, is the least likely person to peruse a production of the same author. Nay we positively overheard the following soliloquy by a person who was perusing the above quoted passage: 'Come, for ye know me! I am he who framed Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song. Are you? Then I will not waste my money by purchasing your Madoc.'

Mr. Southey wears THALABA written on his forehead as a phylactery, which is to work a kind of charm in repelling censure, and in exciting admiration. He thus provokes us to examine a claim which might have passed unnoticed, and to enter into a discussion, which would otherwise have been unnecessary.

In poetry, as in philosophy, there have been various epochs, which have been marked by characteristic differences. About the beginning of the seventeenth century appeared a race of writers, who from their strange and far-fetched conceits were denominated by Dr. Johnson, 'Metaphysical Poets.' In the latter end of the last century it was our lot to see a tribe of bards spring up, whom we venture to distinguish by the name of REVOLUTIONARY. At the precise period when rebellion was abroad among the people, and when they were in a state of mind which regarded all order and decency as subjugation and restraint, she also reared her head among the poets, many of whom threw off the fetters of measure and rhyme, and issued a manifesto, which declared the laws of verse, as they had hitherto existed, to be vile impositions, degrading oppressions, barbarous manacles on the energies of mind. A sort of club was instituted, in which mutual honours were bestowed, and very strong resolutions were passed against those, who persisted in shutting their eyes against the new light. Praises were reciprocally interchanged among themselves, and the opinion of the world, the *unlightened* world, was set at defiance.

The imagination is fond of giving form and body to its own creations: hence poetry has been depicted on the canvass, and sculptured in marble, as a beautiful female, her form elegant and adorned with every grace, her robe spread in ornamental folds, her tresses flowing, but not dishevelled; one hand holds a musical instrument, and while the other sweeps the chords, she seems listening to the voice of inspiration, which comes from heaven. The painter or the sculptor must not so represent the muse of the close of the eighteenth century: she is a subject for the humbler art of caricature: her aim was to captivate the hearts of *sans-culotte* admirers, and she exhibited herself in rags, and *sans chemise*. Her votaries formed themselves into a society, which is now dispersed, and which would not have been recalled by us to the reader's recollection, if Mr. Southey, who is the 'child and the champion' of this sect, had not, in proud defiance of criticism, pointed to the 'wonderous' tale, which bears on its title-page, as on a shield, the motto of the hero, and of his brave companions in the bold adventures of wild verse: Ποιμάτων ἀκρατος ἢ ἐλευθερία, καὶ νόμος εἰς, τὸ δόξαν τῷ ποιητῇ. Poetry is free, and subject to no law but the will of the poet.

By quoting this single passage from Lucian, without connection and without comment, an insult is offered to the



good sense of that author. It is well known that by such garbled quotations, the sacred writers may be made advocates for every breach of the moral law; and thus Lucian is made to sanction a dereliction of all order, and rebellion against the laws of metre; whereas that sagacious philosopher's meaning is widely different. It is very distinct from that, which by prefixing the sentence to the wild song of Thalaba, Mr. Southey would wish to attach to it. Lucian is giving precepts concerning the proper mode of writing history, in which he warns the historian against neglecting the truth for the sake of ornament, against indulging in flights of fancy instead of narrating the true circumstances of facts. He tells him, that the heroes, whose exploits are described by the historian, must be faithfully represented with all their weaknesses, their imperfections, and their vices, but that the heroes of poetic song may be endowed by the poet with all the qualities and powers of gods. He appears, by the whole tenor of his argument, to have an high idea of the graces and ornaments of poetry, and therefore observes, that if the narrator of real facts should dress history with the decorations of poetry, it would appear as absurd as the finery of a female on the naked image of a wrestler. The great pains which he takes to caution the historian against poetic embellishments, are proofs of his sense of their value in their proper place, but the INVENTIONS of the poet he allows to be unrestrained, and without any other bounds than those of the poet's genius. His conception of the unlimited range of poetical imagination, may be represented in spirit by a similar passage from Shakspeare:

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

But with respect to the laws of metre, he was so convinced of their charming and sweet influence, that he is apprehensive lest the historian should desert the plain path of truth, and the unadorned style of narration, in search of heightened graces, which will render his history like "prose upon stilts." Mr. Southey refers to Lucian's authority as an IMPRIMATUR for his own "prose run mad," and in a spirit of (what perhaps he would wish to be thought) simplicity, he informs us that 'what has been foolishly called heroic measure, is nothing more than a regular Jew's-harp twing-twang.' If the lines of Dryden and of Pope are to be compar-

ed to the twing-twang of the Jew's harp, Mr. Southey must not accuse us of want of good manners, if we should compare some parts of his *Thalaba* to the grinding of the hurdy-gurdy, some to the dissonant clang of marrow-bones and cleavers, and some to the rapid rapping harmony of the salt-box. If Mr. S. be resolved that the 'wild and wonderful song' shall retain a motto from Lucian, he need not travel out of the same page for one, which would be much more appropriate.

Οἱ μὲν πολλοὶ ἴσως ταῦτα σου ἐπαινέσονται· οἱ ολίγοι δὲ ἔκκεινοι, ὧν σὺ καταφρονεῖς, μάλα ἢ οὐ καὶ ἐς κόρον γελάσονται ὁρῶντες τὸ ἀσύρρητον, καὶ ἀνάεμνον, καὶ δυσκόλητον τῷ πρᾶγματος.

We will translate the above passage by again calling in the aid of Shakspeare. 'This wild, unmetrical, and unconnected song, though it may make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve.'

We cannot with justice close this dissertation, which has arisen from the frontispiece of *Madoc*, without giving due praise to the engraver, whose vignette is beautiful.

From the frontispiece we pass to the preface, which concludes in the following manner: 'This poem assumes not the degraded title of epic, and the question therefore is not whether the story is formed upon the rules of Aristotle, but whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.' What does our author mean by the 'degraded title' of epic? Does he allude to his own endeavours to degrade the epic muse? if so, is not this cruel? is it not adding insult to injury? Or does he allude to the numerous epic poems, which are now as frequent as Christmas charades, and is it his intention to warn the world against mingling *Madoc* with the herd? Perhaps he means to say, "I know that epic poet is a title of dignity, but, like the young Roscius, I find so many competitors usurping the name, that it is really no distinction: if you regard me, gentlemen, as a mere epic poet, I do not thank you:—my service to you. I am no imitator of Homer, or Virgil; none but myself shall be my parallel. I am Mr. Southey, verse-maker in general." There is something very flippant in all this. The author prejudices the reader against him: his greatest admirer must peruse the few first leaves with a sigh, and lament that the dignity of Mr. Southey's talents should be mixed with such littleness, and that with so much pure gold there should be so much dross.

Human nature was once exalted by the talents of a man, the effulgence of whose genius even Mr. Southey cannot behold with undazzled eyes. Let us hear the words of such a man, when he ventured on the perilous task of estimating

his own powers. 'By labour and intense study, which I take to be my portion in this life, I hope that I may leave something so written to aftertimes, that they shall not willingly let it die: but this is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs, till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation.' Oh! how superior is this calm and subdued, yet fervent and exalted confidence of pious genius to the pert assurance of the modern bard, who tells you that he is among poets what Polonius's actor was among the heroes of the sock and the buskin. 'Either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-comical, scene undividable, or *poem unlimited*; for the law of writ and the liberty, *I am your only man*.'

'This poem assumes not the degraded title of epic. The question is not therefore whether the story is formed upon the rules of Aristotle, but whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.' While Mr. S. makes this declaration in a vaunting manner, he forgets that he voluntarily lets go 'the first praise of poetic genius,' and saves his critics a great deal of trouble. We are not to try this poem by the common rules of our court; we are not to examine whether it has a beginning, a middle, and an end; whether the episodes are naturally introduced, whether the machinery is appropriate, whether the characters are well preserved, whether the subject is great, and whether the moral is good: we are simply to observe whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry. The purposes of poetry are of various degrees; they are sometimes answered by a sonnet, or by a ballad, in the same manner as a hovel or a shed will answer the purposes of a house, or as a fig-leaf will answer the purposes of an embroidered petticoat: but if in all those arts which adorn life, we are to study only this tame sufficiency, then all the various improvements, which have rendered man's social abode a theatre of wonders, may be quietly given up, and all our pride and all our honors be lowered to the ground.

The same eccentric defiance of common opinion follows our author in the choice of his subject. A Welchman is supposed to be the discoverer of America. We give the facts, on which the poem is founded, in Mr. Southey's own words.



'On the death of Owen Gwyneth, king of North Wales, A. D. 1169, his children disputed for the succession. Yorwerth, the eldest, was set aside without a struggle, as being incapacitated by a blemish in his face. Hoel, though illegitimate, and born of an Irish mother, obtained possession of the throne for a while, till he was defeated and slain by David, the eldest son of the late king by a second wife. The conqueror, who then succeeded without opposition, slew Yorwerth, imprisoned Rodri, and hunted others of his brethren into exile. But Madoc, meantime, abandoned his barbarous country, and sailed away to the west in search of some better resting place. The land which he discovered pleased him; he left there part of his people, and went back to Wales for a fresh supply of adventurers, with whom he again set sail, and was heard of no more. There is strong evidence that he reached America, and that his posterity exist there to this day, on the southern branches of the Missouri, retaining their complexion, their language, and, in some degree, their arts.

'About the same time, the Aztecas, an American tribe, in consequence of certain calamities, and of a particular omen, forsook Aztlan, their own country, under the guidance of Yuhidthiton. They became a mighty people, and founded the Mexican empire, taking the name of Mexicans, in honour of Mexitli, their tutelary god. Their emigration is here connected with the adventures of Madoc, and their superstition is represented the same which their descendants practised, when discovered by the Spaniards. The manners of the poem, in both its parts, will be found historically true.'

The discovery of another hemisphere is certainly a noble and important subject, and we regret that, with powers adequate to a theme of this high nature, Mr. Southey has chosen to neglect the real hero of this grand event, and to bind the unfading laurels, which his genius can bestow, around the brows of an imaginary being. The adventures of Madoc are certainly a fairy tale, and therefore Madoc himself may be regarded as a creature of the fancy. This has undoubtedly given a wider scope to Mr. Southey's invention, and has enabled him to diversify his work with many wonderful and delightful fictions; but the true history of Columbus is so full of miraculous enterprise, of magnanimous exploit, of strange adventure, and of deep-toned sorrows, of great success, and sad reverse, of all that can excite admiration or touch the heart, that Mr. Southey would have found ample scope for his poetical powers, and he might have done that justice to the memory of Columbus, which America has withheld. A great many incidents have been borrowed from the history of that illustrious navigator, such as the discontents of the crew, the indications of land, and various other circumstances, which must naturally be drawn from that



foundation of truth. We could have wished that the whole had been derived from the same source, and that our poet had recorded the fame of the great actor in that truly great event, the discovery of half the world, instead of giving splendour to the adventures of a second Sinbad the Sailor.

After this account of the subject of the work, it remains for us to give our opinion of its poetical merits. The preface caught our eye, and excited those uneasy sensations from its flippancy, which we have so fully expressed. Like the fiend in Sir Joshua's well known picture of Cardinal Beaufort, it thrusts itself upon our view, and arrests that attention, which would otherwise have been fixed in admiration on the beauties of the whole piece. *Madoc* is a noble effort of genius: the characters are well delineated, the illustrations from physiology are beautiful, and the harmony of the verse is exquisite. Here Mr. Southey has shewn himself a complete master,

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

There is scarcely a single page without some striking beauty, without some sublime description, some delightful picture, or some forcible appeal to the heart: but as a poem it is defective in plan and in arrangement. Characters are introduced, and their history is related, but the reader soon parts with them to meet no more. They are as independent of the story, as sheep sometimes are of the landscape in which the painter gratuitously introduces them. The poem is full of long 'passages which lead to nothing.' *Madoc's* adventures in Atzlan have so little reference to the circumstances of his family in Wales, that the two parts, into which Mr. S. has divided his work, might be sold separately as two distinct poems. The first part, which describes the revolutions of the hero's family, is very confused, and at the same time it is so circumstantial and so minute on some particular points, that we are naturally led to expect, that some future events will hinge upon them: but the heir of the house of Owen

took his way  
A lonely traveller on the moonlight sea.

And whether he was drowned before he reached the shore, or by a favorable revolution was seated on the throne of his ancestors, we shall never know, till perhaps a Third Part comes out, which, as Mr. S. pays no attention to unity of design, may very probably be expected. This is one advantage of the *POEM UNLIMITED*. Each book is so unconnected with the others, that an enumeration of the beauties of the

poem and of its faults, cannot be given without a minute analysis of every section. It would be a task similar to that of a critique on the papers of the *Spectator*, where every page creates fresh matter for observation. The great fault is the want of unity of design, which harasses the reader's memory, and distracts his attention: the banners are gay, the pomp is magnificent, the actors are of noble mien, and appropriately attired, the music is harmony itself, but the whole procession is badly arranged. Mr. Southey himself would become immediately sensible of this, if he would take the trouble of placing a chapter of contents at the head of each book. There cannot be a more sure or more easy criterion than this; but (whether from idleness or design we cannot tell,) Mr. S. has dexterously avoided this species of analysis, by prefixing a bare list of the *dramatis personæ* at the beginning of the volume. There are other faults of lesser moment. Madoc's reproach of his brother (p. 15 and 27) at the board of festive hospitality, where he was kindly received, is very ill-timed and unnatural. If David was the eldest son by a second wife, he certainly had a better claim to the throne than Hoel, who was illegitimate. If Llewellyn was the right heir, this certainly should have been stated in the preface, or so clearly explained in the beginning of the poem, that the reader might be able to form some conjecture of the real cause of David's jealousy and suspicion of his brothers: instead of this we are suddenly surprized by the appearance of Llewellyn. The family quarrel is, like most family quarrels, a very confused piece of business. We hear a great deal of 'Owen's race,' but Owen had put out his nephew's eyes with red-hot plates, and therefore we do not perceive what reason they had to be proud of having sprung from such an stock. Owen was a usurper, and the recital of his cruelties is very unnecessary and ill-judged. Cynetha's circumlocution for blindness is very quaint:

---

it had been worth  
The wealth of worlds, if he could then have seen  
Their ruffian faces.

The anxiety, and the alternate hopes and fears of Madoc on his voyage, are highly wrought; the whole passage is written by the hand of a master: it is too long to be quoted, and by curtailing it of a single line, we should rob it of a beauty; but when he reaches the long-wished-for land, Oh! what a falling-off is here. We follow Madoc over the unknown ocean with enthusiastic sympathy; but, when his voyage is completed, we are most miserably disappointed.

'I stood upon the deck and watched till dawn,  
But who can tell what feelings filled my heart,  
When like a cloud the distant land arose  
Grey from the ocean, . . . when we left the ship  
And cleft with rapid oars the shallow waves,  
And stood triumphant on another world?'

By a reference to Robertson's History, our readers will see how far the poet here falls short of the historian. Mr. S. has evidently consulted Robertson's work; why has he omitted the natural and deep-felt repentance of the sailors for their ungenerous mistrust of their chief? We cannot follow Madoc without thinking of Columbus.

The whole narration of Baldwin the prior cursing the corpse of Madoc's father, from p. 152 to p. 163, inclusive, might very properly be omitted. It is a dull episode, and introduced we cannot tell why, nor guess wherefore, unless Mr. S. happened to have been reading the curses of Ernulphus in Tristram Shandy. Perhaps there is a deeper reason: Mr. S. does not seem to be fond of priests; in Wales and in Atzlan his priests are ferocious.

The second book of the second part is tedious. The description of the serpent is a noble part of the poem; it is frequently sublime; but the mode of destroying the monster is too minutely told; there is too much of contrivance and cunning in the scheme: a set of tailors could not have devised a more ingenious mode of killing a mad dog. If this exemplification of what we mean should be thought too degrading, we would say that Madoc and his companions kill the serpent exactly as you would expect the crafty Ulysses and his associates to have done the deed, if they had met with such a reptile after escape from the giant's care under the sheep's bellies.

The proper names are in general "confounded hard words:" as Mr. S. enjoyed the liberty of naming the children of his own fancy, we think he might have had a little more mercy on his readers. The heroes of the Iliad have given names to our modern race-horses, dogs, and ships; but this honor cannot be expected for the heroes in Atzlan, viz. Yhidthiton, Coanocotzin, Mexitli, Tezozomoc, and the Aztecas. The following line has not its parallel in any poem of note, but we recollect one very much resembling it, which was written by a school-boy:

————— first he donned

A Gipion quilted close of gossampine.

The boy's line is equally pretty—

Where splendid conchs do micque upon the shore.

The story of Coatel's discovering the young Hoel in the cave, is borrowed from the Arabian Nights, with the exception that a vulture is here substituted for the fox.

Malinal's and Goervyl's defence against the Hoamen, in the 16th book, is tediously and too minutely descriptive. It may be accurate, but it is the accuracy of an old nurse's tale. Indeed there is too much *fighting* through the remainder of the volume: it is quite a gazette.

Is the following passage 'adapted to the purposes of poetry?' We are willing to try it by Mr. Southey's own criterion. We think that it is not, and therefore we have not quoted it in the *shape* of verse, at the same time we challenge even the admirers of *Thalaba*, to read it in such a manner, that 'its flow and fall shall be perceptible.'\*

'And on he went toward Goervyl, and with sudden turn, while on another foe her eye was fixed, ran in upon her, and stooped down and clasped the maid above the knees, and throwing her over his shoulder, to the valley straits set off: ill seconded, in ill attempt; for now his comrades are too close beset to aid their chief, and Mervyn hath beheld his lady's peril. At the sight, inspired with force, as if indeed that manly garb had clothed a manly heart, the page ran on, and with a bill-hook striking at his ham, cut the back-sinews. Amalahta fell: the maid fell with him; and she first hath risen, while grovelling on the earth he gnashed his teeth for agony. Yet even in those pangs remembering still revenge he turned, and seized Goervyl's skirt, and plucked her to the ground, and rolled himself upon her, and essayed to kneel upon her breast, but she clenched fast his bloody locks, and drew him down aside.' P. 341.

The sport in Atzlan, of the Flyers, who mount the pine, is almost unintelligible. A slight alteration in the concluding lines would clear it of obscurity. The 'mazy dance' and other games are well described. Mr. S. in general conquers the intricate difficulties of description with admirable skill.

We are surprized not to find the horse introduced in Atzlan. This animal was to the first settlers in America, such an instrument of wonder and of power, that their exploits, when related even in the sober narrative of truth, have an air of romance and enchantment. We naturally expected to see this noble creature forming a part of the inferior machinery.

The beauties of *Madoc* are great and many. We have not quoted any particular passages, as every reader of taste,

---

\* Vide preface to *Thalaba*.



who reads the poem, (and what reader of taste will not read it?) will be forcibly struck with them.—Praise which is extorted by merit, must be sincere. We confess that the flip-pant pertness of the introductory matter, prejudiced us against the author. If a philosopher enters into company with the air of a coxcomb, he must not be astonished if he is not received with respect, and treated with reverence.

The excellent parts of this poem are like elegant devices in the work-shop of the sculptor: their effect is in great measure lost from want of due light and shade, position and arrangement. Their individual value increases the regret of the observer, that the hand of the master has not formed them into a monument of poetic art, grand in its design, and harmonizing in its parts, which might have endured for ages a model for imitation, and the pride of English literature.

ART. X.—*Travels through Italy in the Years 1804 and 1805, by Augustus Von Kotzebue, Author of Travels in Siberia and in France, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. 4 Vols. 1l. Phillips. 1806.*

IT were devoutly to be wished that the same authority which introduced Augustus Von Kotzebue to an acquaintance with the wildernesses of Siberia, had been pleased to commute that memorable year of exile for ten years of rigorous abstinence from pen, ink, and paper. We are fully aware how tremendous an infliction this must have been to the unhappy sufferer; but our care for the public would have stifled our commiseration: and we should gradually have lost all recollection of the painful privation to be endured by the individual, in contemplating the chance that so long a suspension might at last have entirely corrected that mischievous habit of publication, which has now, it is to be feared, become quite incurable.

The commonwealth of letters, however, is unhappily without the benefit of this arbitrary, though wholesome interference of civil authority. In open contempt and defiance of the impotent thunders of all our literary tribunals, this confident and incorrigible offender is again before the public, and boldly challenges their attention to four volumes more of dulness and impertinence. That our decrees should not be very actively promulgated, or very punctually obeyed in the German states, can scarcely indeed be regarded as extraordinary. They have, of course, tribunals of their own of competent jurisdiction; and the maxims of their critical jurispru-

dence are probably more favourable to the merits of Mr. Kotzebue, than those by which our sentences are usually regulated. With them, an affected style, a studied contempt of all usual modes of thinking, an undisguised renunciation of all the constituted authorities of taste and science, and marked disrespect for all religious opinions, may possibly amount to no moral or literary misdemeanor. We confidently trust, however, that the good sense of the English nation will reject the pompous trifles of this strutting sentimentalist, though repeatedly assured by the newspapers that Mr. Kotzebue is 'the most enlightened traveller of the present age.'

Prefixed to the work before us we have not a preface, (that would be a servile compliance with established modes, unworthy of the independent mind of Mr. Kotzebue,) but we have something which is '*to serve as a preface.*' This prolegomenon is in every respect correspondent with the character of the performance which it introduces to the notice of the world. It commences with a list of those who are to be excluded from the inestimable privilege of reading this book. The first class of those who are thus excommunicated consists of 'all artists, or judges of the arts, *as they are termed*;' whom Mr. K. proceeds to separate from himself by the following modest distinctions:

'They consider the arts as the mere creation of form, but I as the transfusion of mind: they, as proving the expertness of the eyes; but I, as the occupation of the soul: the form being the first thing with them; with me, the last.'

The next class stigmatized with this mortifying prohibition, consists of those 'who really love the arts and are fond of viewing performances of merit, but not of reading descriptions of such things.' Mr. K. graciously condescends to promise that he will not be offended with such readers of this class as shall be tempted, notwithstanding this clause of exclusion, to take up his work, and shall find themselves obliged to pass over the greater part of it.

Thirdly, those who expect, among other things, a dry catalogue of curiosities, or an exhibition of sentimental pictures, are warned, on pain of grievous disappointment, not to open these volumes. Were we not, to our sorrow and vexation, familiar with the former productions of Mr. K. we should have been somewhat surprized, after such a declaration, to find the greater number of his pages filled with a tedious enumeration of paintings, statues, relics, coins, medals, gems, cameos, and antiquities of every description; and the rest liberally stuffed with sentiment, after the very newest fashion of the present sensitive race of philosophic travellers.

We may safely add a fourth class of readers, who will act wisely in abstaining from any intimate communication with Mr. Kotzebue; those who seek in the publications of travelled men, for enlightened views of the moral and political state of mankind, or who hope to find in their labours the materials of improvement, in science and philosophy. Indeed the plan adopted in the fabrication of this book, leads us to expect little that can render it permanently valuable. We are informed that the author took no notes of what he saw immediately, but rose every morning, long before daylight, and spent two or three hours in transcribing faithfully *all he had seen, THOUGHT, AND FELT, in the preceding day.*

The tour commences with a diatribe of some six pages on the instinctive passion for variety, to which Mr. K. is seriously disposed to ascribe the propensity of man to visit remote countries, and in which he seeks for an apology for his own impatience of home. We are then taken at a prodigious rate through Riga, Berlin, Leipsig, Nuremberg, and Augsburgh into the Tyrol; during which very rapid progress Mr. K. finds leisure to pronounce a panegyric on Alexander Emperor of Russia (by whom, he is anxious to inform the reader, that he does not mean Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia)—to describe a tremendous storm on the Veipus lake—to discuss the difficulty of play-writing—to prophesy that the time will come when amorous intrigues shall be conducted, and besieged towns victualled, by means of air balloons—to consider very minutely the state of the posts between Petersburg and Naples—and to describe courts of justice, town halls, libraries, churches, playhouses, dungeons, escutcheons, paintings, &c. &c. &c. We then are conducted into the Tyrol, the picture of which is, on the whole, by no means uninteresting: to the imagination of the author it is so irresistibly enchanting, that it betrays him into a daring violation of his solemn vow against the mortal sin of picturesque description.

‘On descending the hill from Lermos to Nassereit (says he,) let the traveller alight, and walk slowly;’ Mr. K. then conducts us through rugged rocks, purling springs, woods, shrubberies, ruined castles, dark lakes, foaming torrents, majestic streams, and blooming plains, till at last suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaims:

‘No! I have many times declared that I would never enter into descriptions of scenery; but whoever has a taste for the truly sublime, may believe me, that on this journey tears will more than once involuntarily start into his eyes.’ P. 88, 89. VOL. 1.

Mr. K. then proceeds to Verona, and thence towards Flo-

rence, extremely out of humour with the wretched police of Italy, and with the vexatious regulations respecting passports. At Bologna he stops only to give a long account of the ascent of that daring aeronaut Zambecari, faithfully abstracted from the Report of the Academy of Sciences there. The delights of a morning spent amidst the Apennines is described in a silly letter from Barberini, a dreaming enthusiast, and a great lover of coffee. As the feelings of Mr. K. appear to be in perfect unison with those of his correspondent, we shall present our readers with a few lines of this egregious drivelling, as exhibiting a tolerably correct specimen of what the modern race of weeping travellers substitute for thought and description. Having mentioned the state of his accommodations at the village ale-house at which he lodges for the night, he proceeds :

‘What is now to disturb me, but the thought of how I shall fare in the morning,—here is no coffee to be had! Yet I knew how to supply this necessity. My good wife, (for be sure not to travel without a female companion,) unpacks the sugar and coffee—I fetch from my travelling case a lamp filled with spirits of wine—set our own coffee-pot upon it—and before the end of half an hour, the dear hands which have attended me through life, prepare my morning’s comfort on the Apennines. I now lay myself quietly down to sleep, with my rushlight burning, and my repeater by my side. Towards morning, half asleep, I catch up my watch with my eyes closed, make it repeat, and it strikes three—I spring up, light my lamp—set the coffee-pot on it, and while my coffee is warming, I eat grapes :—and opening my window—(yes—opening my window on the 18th October!)—I lean out of it half dressed, in order properly to inhale the mild Italian air, and survey the charming country illumined by the dawn. The bubbling noise of the coffee behind me rouses me from my sweet reverie: I leave the window with *moistened eyes*, (for I had in the universal stillness directed my thoughts as well as looks to the spot that is rendered dear to me by all it contains,) seat myself, drink, and write this letter to you as calmly and comfortably as I should have done at Berlin.’ P. 142. &c.

With these contemptible and doting trifles, the expectations of all sober and rational readers are perpetually mocked in the pages of this class of travellers. While we are pressing forward impatiently in hopes of instruction and entertainment, we are suddenly stopped to contemplate the spot where Mr. Karamsin sighed and wept, where Mr. Kotzebue was ‘overwhelmed with a chaos of inexpressible feelings,’ or where Mr. Barberini boiled his coffee!

‘It is fortunate for me, (says Mr. K.) that I have made no promise of describing Florence. I can now travel on to Ancona without making any apologies.’ It would have been



fortunate for his readers if he had persevered in his resolution: for, notwithstanding he hopes 'that they will be contented with a remark or two,' he cannot prevail upon himself to dismiss them without a copious enumeration of every thing that has been seen and described before a thousand times. But our charge against the author in this and in every part of his work, is not confined to his tediousness and dullness: he watches with malignant vigilance for every opportunity of placing all religious prejudices and images in a ludicrous point of view. We believe that the offensive and indecent levity with which he treats every sacred subject in all his former productions, has been visited by the severe and unanimous censure of all the literary journals, in this country at least. It is unquestionably the duty of every critical fraternity to resent this insult to the public as often as it is repeated. The mischievous diligence with which he seizes on every occasion afforded by the ignorance, the folly, or the superstition of mankind, to make our holy faith the object of insipid and blasphemous drollery, deserves to be stigmatized with emphatic reprobation. It is with extreme reluctance that we submit to the nauseous task of transcribing some of the despicable witticisms which disfigure the pages before us. The church of the Annunciation at Florence suggests to Mr. K. the following impious reflection: '*A tolerably natural association of ideas* nas here, as in almost all Italy, occasioned the foundling hospitals to be dedicated to the Annunciation.' VOL. I. P. 150. In the same page, we are told that a performance of Bandinelli's 'represents a dead Christ in marble, whom God the Father (figured by a little old long-bearded man, with a bad physiognomy) holds on his knee.' In the same manner, whenever any of the objects of our adoration are unskilfully and injudiciously presented to our senses by unenlightened zeal and preposterous taste, it is sure not to escape the perverse industry of Mr. K. Who can bear the abominable familiarity with which he alludes to objects which others only name with trembling reverence? A picture in the church of Spirito Santo, at Naples, raises his admiration—and he observes with pleasure, that 'the child Jesus has a great likeness to his lovely mother.' VOL. II. P. 114. In another picture, we are told, that 'the Queen of Heaven is represented as armed with a cudgel, with which she has just been beating Satan severely.' Ibid. In another place, the 'Queen of Heaven is sitting in a corner, and is distributing rosaries—and the child Jesus in her lap does the same.' P. 130. Again, in page 162, we hear of a painting, in which 'the infant Christ resembles much a spoilt child.' Whenever he has occasion to

mention the infant Baptist, he cannot find a more respectful appellation for him than the 'little John.' We know not whether these expressions may be more decorous in the original, or not: but as Mr. K. professes himself a heretic (a term by which he seems to understand a dissenter from all religion which professes to be founded on revelation), we are not disposed to fix much of the guilt on his translator.

The cathedral at Sienna raises in the mind of our traveller this eminently contemptible joke:

'Formerly it (the cathedral) contained a group of the three Graces, but these have been removed on the pretext of indecorum: what indeed have the Graces to do in a church, where even councils have been held?' VOL. I. P. 173.

It is scarcely to be expected that Mr. K. should preserve any command over his imagination when he approaches Rome. It might be foreseen that the sight of the Coliseum would bring on one of his paroxysms. Indeed he appears sensible that the fit is approaching, and feels it necessary to apologize for any extravagance he may commit during its continuance.

'I must be pardoned (says he) any bold expression; whoever can speak coolly or sentimentally on such a subject, for him I do not write.' VOL. I. P. 180.

Having at last torn himself from the Coliseum, he invites the reader to accompany him in a walk along the ancient Via Sacra, and 'then comes his fit again,' and while it lasts 'he does not talk after the wisest.' His imagination transports him into ancient Rome.

'What (he exclaims) is the meaning of that mixed crowd, proceeding slowly by the Temple of Peace? They are pious countrymen who are conducting a lamb to the habitation of the sacrificer. But the tumultuous noise and wild shrieks issuing from the next streets? Is a sudden commotion begun? No; the inhabitants of that street are holding their frolicksome dispute with the inhabitants of the Via Sacra, concerning the head of a horse, &c. &c. But we will not stay here any longer.' &c. &c. VOL. I. P. 197, 198.

The latter part of the first, the whole of the second, and part of the third volume are occupied with a description of Naples and its vicinity; and some parts of this picture are not wholly without animation and interest. We are not aware, however, that it presents any thing that has the recommendation of much novelty, or that shews more than a superficial observation of national character and manner. The eating and drinking of the Neapolitans appears to have occupied the minutest attention of our author; and if with-

out insulting the taste of future generations, we might suppose that his work could live till the leaders of the nineteenth century shall become subjects of antiquarian investigation, we must at least do him the justice to allow that it may afford considerable materials towards a learned dissertation 'de re Culinariâ Neapolitanorum.'

The streets of Naples appear to resemble more nearly than any place on earth the lunbo of vanity. No other city in the world perhaps can exhibit a greater variety of costumes, and what is more singular, they are all of them Italian. This strange motley collection must exhibit a very lively and curious spectacle to the traveller. His contrast between the streets of Naples and those of Paris deserves to be transcribed.

'In the variety of dresses the streets of Naples afford more diversity than those of Paris, but in another respect the latter are more entertaining. In Paris we find the walls covered with every kind of writings, but at Naples not at all. At Paris every one has something to propose, to offer, to communicate to the public—but here nobody. The French endeavour to bring men of all ranks and descriptions into connection with each other: the Italians try to individualize them,' &c. &c. VOL. I. P. 277.

Mr. K. had an opportunity of visiting Vesuvius after an eruption, and his account is not altogether destitute of strength of colouring. In descending he accepted the hospitality of a hermitage on the side of the mountain, in which was a memorandum-book filled with the names of all who had visited the volcano, and the impertinent trifles with which they had recorded their excursion.

'This medley (says Mr. K.) was to be found in all languages: but I confess that on a slight perusal it seemed to me that *the Germans* had written the most nonsense; at least had affected the greatest sensibility!'

Is it necessary to remark, that this excessive candour of Mr. K. has betrayed him into a singularly just and accurate delineation of himself? Had he always written as reasonably as in pages 26, 27, he might securely have ventured to censure the vicious taste and morbid sensibility of his countrymen. He is speaking of an eruption of Vesuvius which happened during his stay at Naples; we recommend the passage as a favorable specimen of his performance, though our limits do not allow its transcription.

No inconsiderable portion of the second volume is devoted to a laborious enumeration of pictures and statues, in the course of which the author is perpetually proclaiming

the independence of his taste and judgment, and his exemption from the manacles of vulgar criticism. He exults much in the spirit of the self-righteous Pharisee; he appears thankful that he is not made (as other men are, the passive echo of traditional approbation or censure. We must, however, venture to distrust this original and unborrowed illumination of Mr. K.'s genius. All taste and feeling, unimproved and unsupported by systematic study and observation (except in some very few illustrious instances), are meteors which infallibly lure their followers astray, and at last engulf them in the mire.'

The following account of the professions of letter-writers and letter readers at Naples is curious, and we believe new:

'There are half a dozen small tables in the street by the post-office, and as many men sitting before them holding pens in their hands, with a folded letter-case before them, ready to write letters of any conceivable purport to any quarter of the habitable globe. A second chair opposite to theirs invites the needy letter sender to sit down and communicate his thoughts to one who will give them the polish of good diction.' VOL. II. P. 138.

'All this correspondence is commonly conducted in such a loud and public manner, that the post office has no occasion to break open the letters; it need only dispatch a few idle persons with good ears among the populace. Soldiers and sailors proclaim their affairs to the world without hesitation. Their gesticulations while dictating are none of the gentlest, and they often beat with vehemence on the table of the writer.' P. 141.

'These men of genius, however, have not erected their pulpits in the streets for the dispatch of letters only, but also to decipher such as arrive for those who cannot read. On the day when the post comes in, a different scene is exhibited from that which we have just enjoyed. All pens are at rest, the lips only are in motion; and, as may be easily conceived, there is another interesting supply for the curious observer. The fixed attention with which the hearer hangs on the lips of the reader, the varying passions, the accomplished or defeated hopes of the former, are well contrasted with the perfect indifference of the latter, and the unchanged voice with which he proclaims both joyful and melancholy news.' P. 142, 3.

In VOL. III. P. 60, a very curious fact is mentioned, to which, unless it were ascertained by the personal knowledge of the author, we should give but a very tardy belief:

'It is a singular custom, but which places the credit of the Neapolitans in a very unfavourable light, that when you make any agree-



ments with a Neapolitan, for instance for a vetturino, for the journey to Rome, you do not pay him part of the money in advance, as is customary in other countries, but he deposits a sum in your hands. If you omit this precaution, you are not safe. The unknown stranger, therefore, has more credit than the resident native.'

At Rome, which is again visited by our author on his return, he is as industrious as usual in compiling a catalogue of artists and their works; equally ambitious of distinguishing himself by his exaltation above the grovelling level of vulgar taste; and equally watchful for every topic of indecent sarcasm on sacred subjects. Thus the picture of Nathan and David calls forth the following criticism:

'The artist has likewise succeeded in giving David a somewhat majestic, but yet ambiguous physiognomy, exactly such as the *pious old rogue* may be supposed to have had.' VOL. III. P. 3.

'I cannot forbear mentioning here a singular phenomenon in the history of artists. Kaysermann, is at the same time a painter and a dealer in pigs. He is accustomed in spring to purchase many thousand swine, which he keeps till they are full grown, and sells again to great advantage. He is likewise the proprietor of many of the goats, which are driven about at Rome from house to house to be milked.'

We are indeed aware that the kings and princes of antiquity were feeders of sheep and drivers of cattle; and we have the authority of that *δῖος ὑποργός*, that divine feeder of hogs, parson Trulliber, in modern times, for an union of the spiritual character of pastor, with the temporal and perhaps more lucrative one of a fattener of pork. But we imagine, this is the first instance of a pig-dealing painter; Mr. Kaysermann is of course very ambitious of bringing his pigs to market in the highest order, or, in other words, *perfect pictures*; he will thus be gratified by hearing the approbation of the public expressed in terms which convey a compliment at once to both his professional characters.

The account of the chambers of the dead in the church of the Capuchins will be found to be a very strong experiment on the credulity of the reader. These dreary mansions of mortality, we are told, consist of neither church-yard, vault, cellar, or cavern:

'In a lower story of the convent, not quite under ground, there is a range of arched chambers, provided with niches. In each of these niches, we discover a dead Capuchin, dressed in his capouche, and with a long beard; *for the dead bodies buried here do not suffer putrefaction, but only dry up.*'

'The apartments for this purpose are very small, yet harbour hundreds of such tenants. They lie here till they are dried up,

when they are brought to light again, in order to yield their former spaces to their successors.'—'We raised the capouche of one of the corpses, and discovered underneath it a skin very much like yellow parchment.' VOL. III. P. 257.

We wish Mr. K. had condescended to inform us to what cause the preservation of these bodies from putrefaction is to be ascribed: for it does not appear from his account that they are protected from the air, or that they are submitted to any of those processes which are usually applied for the purpose of counteracting animal corruption. We must therefore suspend our belief till we are further enlightened on this subject.

The fourth volume, we think, has more pretensions to the character of rational and entertaining, than any of its brethren, though it 'stands accountant' for a considerable share of trifling; of which the following are egregious instances:

'Terni is the native town of Tacitus, and the theatre of an extraordinary wonder of nature. The cascades of Tivoli are beautiful; the fall of Terni is great and majestic. There Tacitus would probably have been a poet; here he could have been no other than an historian; and his style could not but be simply nervous and rugged like these rocks.' VOL. IV. P. 158, 9.

The academy of arts at Modena is in possession of a very interesting rarity, namely, the skull of Corregio. This venerated relic suggests to Mr. K. a variety of reflections and questions which he professes himself unable to resolve.

'For example, may we not hence deduce a tacit confession on the part of mankind, that materialism is an opinion implanted by nature in the mind; and that notwithstanding all they have learnt about the nature of the soul, they still consider the head as the organ of reason? Further:—Is it not surprising, that as the skull of a highly distinguished personage is an object of uncommon interest to every individual, so few skulls of that kind have been preserved; and that, as far as I know, only two academies of painting, and Dr. Gall, of Vienna, have conceived the idea of rescuing this most precious relic of an extraordinary man from the dreary bosom of the earth? Why should this idea have occurred only to painters? &c. &c. Why are not libraries decorated with the skulls of great writers and poets? Why are not arsenals embellished with the skulls of heroes? Why are not thrones surrounded with the skulls of virtuous princes?' VOL. IV. P. 249.

And why, we may add, is not every paper-mill decorated with the cranium of some indefatigable scribbler like Mr. Kotzebue?

We shall conclude our account of these 'thin and flimsy

designs,' by transcribing what we conceive to be the most interesting passage in the whole work. The hardy courage and generous loyalty of the Tyrolese are well known; an animating picture of both is exhibited in the following narrative, which, at this moment, must create a mournful interest in the bosom of every loyal Englishman. These intrepid and patriotic mountaineers are now become the vassals of France. At a period when all Europe appears on the point of crumbling into fragments under the iron mace of that colossal dominion, when mankind is threatened with a bondage which may perhaps for ages obstruct the progress of human improvement and the diffusion of all honourable sentiment, it is a melancholy duty to collect and record every exertion of virtuous bravery which has dignified the last struggles of independence. Posterity may thus be informed that sentiments and feelings once existed, which, had they been carefully encouraged and judiciously directed, might have saved their ancestors from the grinding fangs of military despotism, and preserved to themselves the blessings of moral and intellectual liberty.

'This tribe of herdsmen appeared to me to be more brave and less corrupted than their neighbours, who cultivate the vine. What might not have been expected of them during the late war! With what courage they waited for the coming of the French! At Branneken, two posts from Brixen, they had not heard of the arrival of the enemy till he was almost at their gates. They immediately sent to General Sporke, who commanded a corps at no great distance, to inform him they were ready to fight if he would come and support them. The general promised to comply with their invitation. More than four thousand country people assembled, armed themselves, baked bread for the Austrians, procured wine, and waited for their leader. He came not: he sent them word, that his orders obliged him to return over the mountains. This message the honest peasants could not understand. They were acquainted with their mountains; they knew that, especially in spring, it was not possible to cross them, at least not with artillery. They wondered why the general should choose rather to throw his cannon into the water, than to bring it to their defence; and they still maintain that if this had been done, if they had been organized, and had any one to head them, not a man of the French would have escaped. Whoever has seen the country and its inhabitants, will give them credit for the assertion. The answer they received rendered them not dejected, but indignant. All the officers of government withdrew, leaving the people to shift for themselves. But whenever they met with one of these fugitives, they seized him by his queue, dragged him back, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Scoundrel, there is the enemy!"

'Had, at that moment, a man appeared among them, endowed by

nature with military talents, he might have given the state of affairs a very different aspect, and have acquired great renown. Now their force was dispersed, but even in this situation they made head against the French. In a small town, a body of them assembled at the gate, merely opened a small door from time to time, fired, killed at each time a number of the enemy, and then instantly drew back their heads again. The French might threaten and storm as they pleased; the little troop continued to defend themselves in this manner, and at length compelled them to retire. Even in a village situated on a rock, the inhabitants resolved to oppose the entrance of the invaders. The women armed themselves as well as the men, and the children rolled large stones down upon the French, who made a halt, and then proceeded farther. On their approach to Branneken, the peasants ascended the mountains, kindled some hundreds of fires in the vicinity, and so alarmed the numerous army of the enemy, that he entered into a capitulation with this open town, the articles of which were faithfully observed. These brave herdsmen were therefore indebted to their courage alone for not being plundered. The word *peasant* was a terror to the French, and frequently restrained them from committing excesses. The heart of a German patriot bleeds, when he sees what a two-edged sword government then had in its hand without daring to draw it from its scabbard.' VOL. IV. P. 275.

Again, speaking of the inhabitants of Lienz, the last frontier town of Tyrol :

'Deserted by those who ought to have protected them, unprovided with arms, except such as the troops had thrown away in their precipitate flight, they seized these, placed an innkeeper who had once been a serjeant at their head, boldly attacked the advanced guard of the French which had entered their little town, and drove them from street to street, out at the gate, and beyond the bridge, strewing the whole way with the bodies of their enemies.' IBID. P. 283.

'It would certainly be worth the while of a good historian to reside for a few months in Tyrol; he would there have an opportunity of collecting the most extraordinary particulars of a war, the individual occurrences of which must appear incomprehensible to posterity. They will not be a little astonished to learn, that the military manifested a kind of hatred (I cannot possibly call it *envy*) against the brave peasantry: and that they went so far as to call the gallant General Laudon, by way of ridicule, *the idol of the peasants*, because he was the only officer who knew how to avail himself of the courage and energy of the Tyrolese; and who, let it be well remarked, himself fought at their head.' IBID. P. 284.



## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*Second Thoughts on the Trinity, recommended to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, in a Letter addressed to his Lordship, by Edward Evanson.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnson. 1805.

THESE *Second Thoughts* of Mr. Evanson consist partly of remarks and animadversions on the language and argument of what may be called the metaphysical division of the Bishop of Gloucester's Treatise, partly of observations on his scriptural testimonies; and the remainder is occupied in an appeal to the book of the Revelation of St. John, as sanctioning Mr. E.'s views on the doctrine of the Trinity, and some other generally accounted fundamental tenets of the christian scheme. We mentioned ourselves, in our review of that article, that we could by no means give an unqualified approbation to the skill and caution of the Right Reverend Prelate, in his metaphysical arguments. And yet we cannot affirm that Mr. Evanson, by his desultory observations, has in any degree presented us with an adequate and satisfactory exposition of all the blemishes which are contained in the bishop's performance: while, in exposing the errors of another, he has not taken sufficient care to keep himself free from blame. In the part which respects the scriptures, there are so many *previous questions* to be settled betwixt Mr. Evanson and his readers, that any mention between them of such a doctrine as that of the Trinity must, excepting in the case of a very few individuals, be quite premature. If that doctrine be supported at all, it must be by the evidence of scripture. What then can we do in such an argument with a man who has reasoned himself into a disbelief of the authenticity of so great a part of the sacred volume as Mr. E. has done, and who seems to repose an undoubting confidence scarcely in any portion of scripture, excepting the Apocalypse? Truly, the gentleman has greatly the advantage of us. We want common principles and materials of debate. "We shall be unto him that speaketh, barbarians, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto us."—"The far greatest number" of the Bishop's scriptural testimonies, Mr. Evanson tells his Lordship, 'are no more the works of any writers of the apostolic age, than these *Thoughts* of your Lordship which now lie before me; and therefore I certainly shall not think it of any use to take particular notice of them, until your Lordship, or some other advocate for their authenticity, shall have produced rational and sufficient evidence that they were in existence before the reign of the Emperor

Hadrian.' (P. 20.) The subject of debate then is quite changed—it becomes a discussion of the canonical authority of the scriptures: and to him who entertains any doubts upon that subject, till they are removed, all both First and Second Thoughts on any Scriptural Doctrine, are altogether in vain.

To us, and we presume to most common readers, Mr. Evanston's apocryphical speculations appear in a great degree visionary; and exemplify very strikingly the fact how often credulity and scepticism are united in the same bosom. They remind us forcibly of honest Will. Whiston, and his darling apostolical constitutions.

Yet, let us not deprive Mr. Evanston, (though he is now like cut of the reach of our praise and our censure) of his deserved commendation. The tract bears marks of acuteness and of learning, and is written, generally speaking, in a sober and serious frame of mind, and with much less unbecoming flippancy and intolerance, either with regard to the subject on which he writes, or the person of his antagonist, than is but too frequent among controversialists.

The most orthodox need not be ashamed to admire and to imitate the piety and seriousness of the concluding observations:

'Whether my feeble efforts on this, or any other occasion, may prove productive, in any manner, of such salutary effects as I fondly presume from them, depends entirely upon the will of the supreme Disposer of all human events. He knoweth that I am actuated in them solely by benevolent, and, as far as concerns this world by the most disinterested motives. And to his gracious, paternal disposal, I cheerfully resign myself and every thing that is mine.' (P. 60.)

ART. 12.—*An Essay on the internal Evidence of the Religion of Moses. Published in Purcance of the Will of the late Mr. Norris, having gained the annual Prize instituted by him in the University of Cambridge. By Thomas Broadley, A. M. of Trinity College. 8vo. 2s. Cadell and Davies. 1805.*

IN this short essay the reader will naturally look for arguments few, select, and popular, rather than for any thing very novel or profound. The writer, however, has performed his part in a manner which does not discredit the character in which he appears before the public. He first briefly discusses the genuineness of the Pentateuch, and of this he conceives we have the same evidence which the natives of modern Europe have of that of the Iliad of Homer, or the British inhabitants of India, of that of the writings of Bacon and Newton. The internal evidence of the religion is examined under two general divisions; one relating more especially to the character of its author, or, more properly speaking, its promulgator, and the other to the nature and character of the religion itself. In this latter part, the writer might have found a wide field for the exercise of his pen in an exposition of the noble arguments, so intimately connected with his subjects, of those great men, Spencer and Warburton. But

here, as in other parts of this Essay, we have to complain of deficiencies, which compel us to remind Mr. Broadley of the old precept, *Qui studet optatum, &c. Nil sine magno Vita labore dedit, &c. &c.*

ART. 13.—*The Plain Man's Epistle to every Child of Adam, or the Voice of Earth to his Brother Dust.* 12mo. Jones. 1805.

PLAIN enough!

ART. 14.—*Sermons on various Subjects, by Alexander Hewat, D.D. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 447. Cadell and Davies. 1805.*

AN account was given of the first volume of these Discourses in the Critical Review for January, 1805. We are by no means disposed to detract from, but would rather enlarge and extend the praises which were bestowed upon Dr. Hewat on that occasion. We have perused this second volume with feelings of almost unvaried satisfaction. Nor do we hesitate to say, that to our taste, and according to the principles which we hold concerning the eloquence of the pulpit, Dr. Hewat is one of the most respectable preachers of his day.

But let us not be misunderstood. His readers must not expect in these Discourses to be borne away by torrents of irresistible eloquence, to have their fancy amused and surprised by extraordinary allusions, or by any uncommon variety and felicity of illustrations; they must not look to be overawed by profound and extensive learning, or to be challenged to pursue the author through long and subtle trains of argumentation. These are not the praises to which Dr. Hewat lays claim. But, which shews his pretensions to still higher commendation, he recalls forcibly to our minds the declaration of the great apostle of the Gentiles: 'we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.' There will be found here no elaborate display of ornament, no toilsome efforts to catch praise and popularity; but all is plain, practical, simple, sincere, and pastoral. We shall rejoice to find that the number of such preachers increases: and it will give us great pleasure to learn that Dr. H. is induced by the patronage of the public to favour us with more of his Discourses. They cannot fail to improve the religion, the morals, the good sense and taste of their readers.

#### MEDICINE.

ART. 15.—*Observations on the Nature and Cure of the Gout; on Nodes of the Joints; and on the Influence of certain Articles of Diet, in Gout, Rheumatism, and Gravel. By James Parkinson. 8vo. 5s. 6d. Symonds. 1805.*

THE author, being himself subject to attacks of the gout, has been led both to practice and to meditate on this disease, with particular interest and attention; but he was chiefly incited to publish

CRIT. REV. Vol. 7, January, 1806.

H

his meditations by the perusal of Dr. Kinglake's Dissertation.\* He has accordingly dedicated his last chapter to the refutation of Dr. K.'s doctrines, and to prove that many cases unquestionably occur, in which the speedy suppression of gouty inflammation is followed by alarming symptoms, constituting what has been termed retrocedent gout. It would appear, however, that in his own person, the refrigerant plan has been always attended with the success which Dr. K. avers that it invariably produces; and we do not think that Dr. K. would desire a more pointed example to illustrate the treatment which he recommends. It appears to us that the author does not employ the term, *cure*, in the sense in which it is generally used in speaking of the gout; and that hence that difference of his doctrines from those of Dr. K. and some others, is rather verbal than real. The latter apply the term *cure* to a single paroxysm; the author seems to apply it to the removal of the gouty diathesis, or to the *prevention* of the disease.

The great object of the present treatise, however, is to demonstrate that the disposition to gout consists in 'a peculiar acrimony' of the fluids. The nature of this acrimony is not absolutely pointed out; but it is supposed to be either the uric or lithic acid, or an approximation to that acid which contaminated the circulating fluid. This hypothesis principally rests upon two facts. First, on the discovery of Dr. Wollaston, that arthritic concretions consist of *lithate of soda*; and secondly, of the circumstance ascertained by Drs. Cullen, Cadogan, and others, and particularly exemplified by the author, that alkaline medicines are efficacious in removing or diminishing the gouty diathesis. The author, however, has followed up the doctrine with a great many arguments drawn from collateral circumstances, which give an air of considerable plausibility to his hypothesis. Yet we do not apprehend that our knowledge of gout and its cure will be greatly advanced by this dissertation, to which nevertheless we must award the meed of praise due to ingenuity of discussion. The utility of alkaline medicines has been long ago ascertained, but it will be vain, we believe, to attempt to correct the acrimony of a gouty habit by the feeble aid of a drug, while it is constantly and copiously generated by intemperance in all its forms. The author indeed lays considerable stress on the necessity of avoiding acid and acescent articles of diet.

Nodes of the joints arise, in the author's opinion, from the same prevalence of acid acrimony in the habit; and the same medicine and regimen have been found effectually to counteract their formation, and to remove them when formed.

We wish that every *hypothesis* in medicine was submitted to the same test as is recommended by Horace for an epic poem; '*nonum prematur in annum.*' The aid of experiment and observation might then be employed to strengthen or to invalidate the suppositions of the

---

\* See Crit. Rev. for April, 1805.



mind. There is an appearance of crudity and immaturity in this work, from a deficiency of this sort of evidence ; and too much is taken for granted, to leave any satisfactory impression of solidity on the reader.

ART. 16.—*A Manual of Anatomy and Physiology, reduced as much as possible to a tabular Form, for the Purpose of facilitating to Students the Acquisition of these Sciences.* By Thomas Luxmoore. Small 8vo. 8s. 6d. Highley. 1805.

THIS little volume may be as useful, as some others that are published, on the table of the student in the dissecting room ; for which purpose its brevity and tabular form recommend it. But in comparison with the excellent compendium of Mr. Fyfe, it is very jejune and superficial. The term Physiology, indeed, might have been omitted in the title page, without injustice to the work ; for on this head little or nothing is to be found in it. No mention, for instance, is made of a gastric fluid, or of digestion : nothing is said of the nature or use of the bile, of the pancreatic juice, of the saliva, &c. not a word respecting the changes of the air in the lungs, or the purposes of respiration. The descriptions, however, are in all instances marked by great perspicuity ; the tables of the muscles, in which the situation, name, origin, insertion and use of each, are seen at one view, are particularly clear. In this point the dissector will find the manual possessed of some advantages.

#### DRAMA.

ART. 17.—*The Delinquent ; or, Seeing Company : a Comedy, in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.* By Frederick Reynolds. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman. 1805.

WE leave the fable of this drama to the perishable tomb of those ephemeral publications which have already enshrined it with more splendid obsequies than we should be inclined to afford. To say that it resembles other modern trash, were doing great injury to that trash. It is infinitely beneath the notice of the most frivolous. The Young Roscius, the Young Roscia, the Melo-Dramas of Mr. M. Lewis, and the comedies of Mr. Reynolds, direct the *taste* of the day. We shall scarcely venture to contradict the decision of the public, and therefore shall close this short critique with an appropriate quotation, never desiring more ‘ *to See the Company of the Delinquent.*’ (Vide epilogue.)

‘ *Enter Young Doric hastily.*

‘ *Y. Doric.* Phleugh ! I’m out of breath, I’ve run so fast to be beforehand and fore-tell my partner and this sailor——Sir Arthur, you’re restor’d to liberty, Sir Edward has releas’d his debt, Doric and Co. have done the same, and should there still remain one who’d enforce the outlawry, I and the Major here, will give a ball, will pay the Savage with his own bank notes, or if that fails, hark’ye, (*taking*

*the Major aside*) 'tis but to open the wrong chariot door, and Rollo-like we'll shove him in a Hermitage.

'*Mrs. Aub.* Restor'd to freedom ! Olivia, unite with me again in thanking him.

'*Olivia.* I do,—with heartfelt gratitude and joy.

'*Delin.* Sir, you remember that when last we met—

'*Y. Doric.* I do, Sir Arthur (*in a melancholy tone.*) I remember I left you out of my party, but if I luckily should get a wife and a more roomy mansion, speak—(*aside to Major again*) and I'll ask you to the wedding supper.

'*Major Tor.* He'll ask me to the wedding supper ! What say you, Olivia ? But here's the man.' P. 72.

We had almost forgot the Prologue and Epilogue. The Prologue was written by a 'Friend;' and in a very friendly manner, we allow, he has amicably determined not to eclipse Mr. Reynolds. The Epilogue, which is no better than the Prologue, was penned by Mr. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Fitzgerald has occasionally written some good verses, but he is no poet.

## POETRY.

ART. 18.—*The Penance of Hugo, a Vision on the French Revolution. In the Manner of Dante, in four Cantos. Written on the Occasion of the Death of Nicola Hugo de Basseville, &c. &c. Translated from the original Italian of V. Monti into English Verse, with two additional Cantos, by the Reverend Henry Boyd, A.M. &c. London. 1805.*

IT was indeed a great *Penance* to toil through this book. Here then we stand, in a white sheet, with a taper in the right hand, and the 'Vision on the French Revolution' in our left, and we declare it to be the most heavy, dull, and uninteresting performance we ever reviewed. We read the book—we own we read the book—indeed we will never do so again—and we hope that our present confessional apology, will superinduce a forgiveness of our sin. We bend to the respectable inquisition of the public, and are ready to expose before that tribunal the erroneous opinions and heresies of the '*Penance of Hugo.*' It beginneth with the devil, and endeth with 'the blest confines of eternal light.' The book deserveth purgatory. A few words more of palinodia, and we have done.

Hugo Basseville was an agent in the French service, employed on the mission of revolutionising Rome. The '*quisquilie*' were a little savage on the occasion : they dragged him out of his carriage, and killed him in the street.—According to poetical justice, the soul of this gentleman ought to have gone to a place which is hinted at in every page of the *Vision*—but no such thing ; he was not quite bad enough for that ; so the poem opens with a sight of our hero, which makes us shudder for his spirit,

'O'er the abyss with feeble pinions hung.'

Icarus's wings would have melted in a moment, but Hugo's are made of asbestos, and must manage to hold him up through 137 pages. The following stanza is terrific and obscure: the essence of the sublime!

'The minor spirit, and the parted shade  
To the great guardian of the crozier paid  
Obeisance due; and, mounting on the gale,  
Instant arrived with momentaneous flight,  
Where, foaming high beneath the shades of night,  
The Sardinian billows laved the rocky pale.'

So much for Monsignor Monti—now for Mr. Boyd. A gentleman by the name of 'Anancus' (from *Ἀνάγκη*, necessitas.)

'First of the gnomes is he, who wings his flight  
Accompanied with airs from ancient night.  
And, Hades, wafted on his murky wing,  
Frore on the shivering nerves his influence falls,  
His gorgon look the stoutest heart appals,  
And leaves the bosom dead to honour's sting.'

Gentlemen, you have probably had enough. The poem is in the manner of Dante only inasmuch as it is full of hell, devils, 'murky stinks,' 'noisome fumes' and 'Stygian fumes.'

The notes are taken from old newspapers—and the whole closes with the 'Witch of Lapland in Imitation of Gray's Descent of Odin.' The friend of Gaul, in a very apposite and complimentary manner to the witch, takes a metaphor from her broomstick, and says,

'Give me a wind,' the Demon cried,  
'To sweep the broad Atlantic tide.'

Then the petticoat of the witch is elegantly described:

'The crone her crimson flag unfurled.'

But peace to thee, spirit of Hugo!—peace to thee, witch of Lapland!

ART. 19.—*Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia Minor, Syria, &c. Embellished with two Views of the Source of the Scamander, and the Aqueduct of Simois. By the late J. D. Carlyle, B.D. F.R.S.E. 4to. White. 1805.*

WHEN the Earl of Elgin was sent ambassador to the Porte in 1799, it was thought desirable that his Lordship should be accompanied by some person of eminent learning, who might improve the facilities then offered by the friendly disposition of that court of ascertaining what treasures of literature were to be found in the public libraries of Constantinople. Mr. Carlyle was selected for this service without any solicitation on his part. The scenes which engaged his attention in Asia Minor and in the islands and shores of the Archipelago, suggested the subjects of the principal poems contained in this small volume. They did not receive the finishing hand

of the author, who died very soon after his return. The languor and depression of sickness interrupted his literary employments, and finally prevented the revision and correction of the present poems, which under these circumstances are offered to the candour of the public by his sister. Her duty as an editor has been performed with pious care. With sisterly affection Miss Susanna Maria Carlyle appears to have regarded this little volume as a monument of respect to her deceased brother's memory, and she has therefore decorated it with all the elegance that the press can bestow.

It is sufficient for us to observe that these poetic trifles are such as might be expected from a person, who with a cultivated mind, but without any of the fire of poetic genius, should choose to write memorandums of his travels in measured lines rather than in prose.

Until we read the tale of 'Hopus, Mopus, and Tropus,' we could not have conceived it possible for a composition to be written so exactly in the spirit of Gray's Long Story. There is humour, but we do not smile; and there is wit, but it does not make us laugh. It is a merry story related by a very grave doctor. The 'Salted Cherry,' is a salted cherry; we do not relish it.

ART. 20.—*The British Martial, or an Anthology of British Epigrams.* 2 vols. 12mo. Phillips. 1805.

THE editor of this collection has prefixed a host of names of authors, from whose works he has selected the contents of two volumes, which contain 1052 epigrams, or lines with rhymes at the end, which he pleases to call by this name. He professes to have ransacked the writings of our most celebrated poets, from Prior and Pope down to Piozzi and Pye: we trace his researches also in paths of literature which he does not explicitly profess to have trodden, and to which he owes obligations which he ought particularly to have acknowledged: we allude to the Quiddities of Quintus Quoz, the Fun-box broke open, the true Air Balloon Jester, and Timothy Grig's Delight; but we cannot say that he has reaped those advantages from the labours of others, which he might have done, or that his selections are discriminate and judicious.

That the reader may be apprized how far the editor is qualified to perform the task which he has undertaken, he informs us, that a 'natural taste for quips and quiddities has led him at an early period of life to turn over all the books in ancient and modern languages, in which he was likely to find either wit, point, or humour.' This we can pardon: we can readily excuse the mistake, which most men are apt to make in estimating their particular genius: but we cannot so easily forgive a positive falsehood, because the limits between truth and error on real circumstances of fact are clearly definable, and can be at all times ascertained with precision. Every moral man before he admitted a book of this kind into his library would naturally look into the preface, to see whether, according to the professions of the editor, he might safely leave this collection to the perusal of casual curiosity; and upon reading the following



passage, he might perhaps present the book for the amusement of his children. 'I have made Martial the godfather of this my native collection by giving my bantling his name; and if I have uniformly studied to avoid his grossness and indecency, it was no part of my design, I do assure thee, to declare war against wit and humour; as far as they were strictly compatible with morals and religion, for which I not only profess, but feel a devout regard, as must be visible to thy perspicacity. I have rejected very many smart things, solely because they seemed to my sober and chastised taste to border too much on forbidden ground.' Now if indecency be forbidden ground, we do hereby declare the above assertion to be *false*. As reviewers of style and of argument we may sometimes be caught napping, but as *custodes morum librorum*, we should deem it a most foul disgrace to be found asleep on our posts.

The following epigram is placed as a **FINALE** at the end of the second volume:

'Those epigrams my friends commend,  
That with a turn least thought-of end;  
Then sure a tip-top one they'll call  
This, which concludes with none at all.'

For the above we would substitute four lines, which, like Ben Jonson's reply to Silvester, if not witty, are very true:

Of epigrams full fifty score  
Are printed in these volumes twain:  
This half we've often read before,  
And that we'll never read again.

**ART. 21.—*Nelson's Tomb, a Poem.* By W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq.  
4to. pp. 18. Price 2s. 6d. Alawman. 1806.**

A bare list of the various productions of the Muses to honor the memory of our departed hero, would fill a very large volume; they were of course written on the spur of the moment, and are to be treated with that indulgence, which is due to extempore effusions. We must not therefore be too strict in examining such lines as those, with which this poem commences.

'Oh! did a muse of fire to me belong  
Like Shakespeare's ardent, and like Dryden's strong,  
I'd snatch a feather from the wing of fame,  
And write immortal verse on Nelson's name.  
Then should my muse obtain the poet's crown,  
And share some portion of his high renown.  
But since an humbler lot attends my fate,  
I will be natural if I can't be great!  
And if the critic should refuse his praise,  
The heart's applause shall consecrate my lays.'

The eight first lines are the worst in the whole poem, and we do not wonder that in the ninth and tenth Mr. Fitzgerald begins to shrink from

examination, and to deprecate the severity of criticism. As we are not fond of the smell of *burnt* feathers, Mr. F. must not be surprized, if we view the attempt of a muse of fire to make a pen with a quill from Fame's wing, '*cum naso adunco.*'

We particularly admire the two following lines:

'The flags of empires are the victor's pall,  
Won from the Dane, the Spaniard, and the Gaul.'

The following lines also are good, '*mutatis mutandis*:'

'Egypt's proud pyramids, for ages found  
An useless wonder on a barren ground,  
Now stand the monuments of British fame,  
Inscribed by glory with her Nelson's name;  
These, on the tomb must rise in lofty pride,  
*Sea-marks* of triumph! peering o'er the tide.

Mr. Herschell's telescope is not portable, and, if it were, we believe that the pyramids could not be seen through it from the quarter-deck of a man of war. We recollect to have seen an idea somewhat similar, but more correctly appropriate, in a song which was written on the victory at Aboukir:

Why seven months He gave the Nile, your wonder does it raise?  
He knew the Nile must one day speak the British seaman's praise.

The distinguishing feature of Mr. F.'s poetry is energy: it is indeed oratory in verse abounding with emphatic point, and laboured antithesis. His imagination is subservient to his ear.

ART. 22.—'*On Earth Peace.*' *An Invocation to Truth, upon a desirable Event supposed to be near at hand.* Second Edition. By John Duncan, D. D. Rector of South Warnborough, Hants. 8vo. pp. 24. Cadell and Davies. 1805.

OUR contemporaries and our predecessors have generally concurred in bestowing due encomium on the laudable spirit which has actuated the writings of the venerable Dr. Duncan. His arguments have chiefly been employed in urging the reconciliation of christians to each other, of whatever denomination they may be; in exhorting and convincing the infidel; and in preaching both in prose and verse; throughout a long life, '*peace upon earth and good-will towards men.*' We have been delighted by finding his efforts crowned with this success at least, that he has received in several instances the tribute of praise from the pens of sectaries, widely differing from each other on doctrinal points. We trust indeed that his pious labours have met with a farther reward; and that the consciousness of a life dedicated to acts of benevolence, has already whispered to him the '*earnest of eternal peace.*' We give our author's reasons for writing his '*Rhapsody*' in his own words:

'A scanty outline of the following *Rhapsody*, as it may not improperly have been styled, (though not without a plan) found its way to

the press in November 1804. It was faintly traced, at the impulse occasionally made on the mind of an old admirer of peace, particularly of the conciliatory influence of calm impartial reasoning, in opposition to the violence of controversy, religious or political. He was induced, at that distracted period, to express his genuine independent sense of the gross offences against truth, peace, and good order, notoriously current in all ranks and from almost every press at home and abroad. Some recent circumstances had just then turned his thoughts to a subject more consonant to his natural disposition. They had impressed him with a strong presentiment that the desirable event, indicated in the title-page, must of necessity be near at hand. He has had the mortification to lament the subsequent occurrences, which have thrown the accomplishment of his soothing prediction to a remoter distance.' P. 1.

Notwithstanding the reasonable pleasure we must feel in hailing these professions, and however we approve the loyal and useful tendency of the whole of Dr. Duncan's pamphlet; unwilling, moreover, as we are to exert the severity of criticism on subjects exclusively dedicated to the cause of 'moral truth,' we cannot but express a wish that the author of this second edition had been contented with the sale of the first. Such verses as the following should not have escaped the precincts of the bureau :

'Thence his goodness o'er numberless worlds we proclaim,  
Thro' all change, in grace, harmony, order, the same;  
There explain'd we discern of the woes we endure,  
Of our crimes, errors, wars, the permission, the cure.' P. 11.

'These the glory to God, peace and good-will to man,  
Turn to malice, war, blasphemy, curse, all they can;  
Reason, conscience, the miscreant fanatics desert,  
Holy love to unnatural hate they pervert.

'When the dastardly bullies thus blust'ring assume  
In God's name to denounce of their brethren the doom,  
We, afflicted thy gospel's plain tenor to see  
Thus disgrac'd, turn to right-honest reason and thee.

Man, his prime work, our Maker proclaims '*very good*,'  
They, a sad foolish riddle, no more understood;  
God and man they calumniate alike. The Supreme  
As defective in word as in deed they misdeem.—

'Impious?—No—They're but crazed. What? if they shun the  
light,

Must the gospel's last glimmer be vanishing quite?  
Truth divine, thou hast sworn, that as righteous the cause,  
It shall ever maintain its beneficent laws.

'Dimm'd by fits, lo! relumed in miraculous day,  
They our Maker, our Judge, Father, Saviour display.  
What but good can betide us from God's holy mount?  
Be it thine, Truth, his mercies o'er all to recount.' P. 14.

We have done. From this specimen the whole 'Invocation to Truth' may be judged. We shall pass no farther sentence : and we think ridicule herself will repent, when she reads the close of the preface :

'From these superficial remarks, no pretension to the display of political sagacity must be imputed to the writer. All who know him well, will do him the justice to believe his assertion, that his purpose was of infinitely higher importance. The establishment of such fixed principles, religious and moral, as no vicissitude of outward circumstances can ever cancel or impair, as have respectably stood the severest scrutiny of every intelligent and liberal censor, has alone tempted him to resume a pen, which time admonishes him to discard. He resigns it now with this last intimation : that in delivering to oblivion what claims regard only as a sort of posthumous tract, the reader will consult his highest interest, if led piously to keep in mind the eternal truths there inculcated, which in all party controversies, have almost always unconsciously been, are still, and while man is man, will continue to be unaccountably violated.'

#### NOVELS.

ART. 23.—*Belville House, a Novel.* 2 vols. 12mo. Chapple. 1805.

THIS novel does not keep the curiosity of the reader awake by intricate plot, or surprizing *denouement*. It is rather a collection of desultory sketches, in which there are many instances of good writing. The characters are drawn with a slight, but discriminating outline, partaking sometimes of the nature of caricature. The moral is good ; because vice is punished by deep remorse, and consequent misery. Henry Dormer's visit to the place of his nativity, which he had not seen for sixteen years, is feelingly described : we could with pleasure have quoted the whole letter, but shall content ourselves with referring to it as a specimen of interesting description.—The sensations of the philomisanthropic Montford in retirement, after quitting the bustling gaiety of dissipated life, are well expressed.

'When I resided in town, my senses were in continued agitation ; but of what could really be called pleasure, I experienced little. When I was at length settled, my constant feelings were those of quiet, calm content ; but a susceptibility of enjoyment soon followed which I had thought the exclusive privilege of youth, and had lamented as gone for ever. To those who pass their time amidst the vortex of worldly pleasures, the delineation of my sensations can raise no idea ; they have no correspondent feelings. To me existence itself became happiness : without the aid of external influence, I felt life itself a luxury :—it was neither reflections on the past, nor hopes for the future, which caused the delicious emotions I am stating. They seemed to form a part of my nature, to emanate from my being.'



This pleasure, which arises from *life itself*, has been stated by Paley. It is an idea which every reader imagines that he has seen before; but we never remember to have met with it in any other writer.

The names of 'Non Ens,' 'Junior Soph,' 'Wrangler,' &c. are very familiarly used by this author, but we will venture to assert, (and we stake our critical sagacity on the assertion) that he never was a member of the University of Cambridge: we judge from internal evidence. Could the following passage have been written by a Cantab?

'To expect the notice of a Soph or even a Junior Soph was, as yet, above my hopes. I waited, however, patiently: the hour would one day come—when I, like them, should be deeply imbrued with mathematical lore.'

It is very common to see people most exposing their ignorance where they wish to be thought particularly wise.

Our author is no friend to a pipe.

'I quietly followed Dr. Somerville to his beloved little arbour. Was it with Aristotle and Thucydides, and Xenophon, and Virgil, and Pliny he there communed?—No such thing—a pipe—a mug of excellent ale.'

Both very excellent things in our opinion; but our author is so offended with Dr. S. for sometimes quitting the pages of Aristotle to indulge in a pipe, that he determines not to be pleased with *works* which gave rise to such affectation and hypocrisy. What! are classical taste and learning incompatible with a whiff of tobacco? Certainly they are not. Among a host of smokers! we appeal to the manes of Paley, of Toup, of Milton, and of Raleigh. We appeal to the two greatest scholars of the present age, who are very *fond of a pipe*, and who regard it as the sceptre of criticism, as the purifying alembic of the brain. For ourselves—we explicitly avow, that a whiff of tobacco inspires us, as the Delphic vapour did the Pythian priestess of old; that, as she could not prophesy, we cannot criticize, till we have inhaled the miraculous fume; and that the motto of our club-room is, *EX FUMO DARE LUCEM*.

**ART. 24.**—*Deeds of Darkness, or the Unnatural Uncle, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century*, by G. T. Morley. 2 Vols. Tipper.

'WATCHING with straining eyes the painted canvass her fears were at last confirmed, and, dreadful to behold, it was slid back, and a man, masked and armed, stepped softly through the aperture, followed by three others!

'The terrified and trembling Josephina could scarcely believe her eyes, and with difficulty drew her breath. The men, all of whom were masked, beckoned silence to each other, and advanced towards the bed, when our heroine, giving a faint scream, fainted. Lifting her up, they seized upon their prey, and bore her through the panel, closing it after them, and extinguishing the lamp.'

As our fair readers must burn with impatience to learn the fate of the unhappy Josephina, we beg leave to inform them that they may safely gratify their curiosity, for (as is our bounden duty) we have taken care to ascertain that the sentiments in this tale are proper, and the moral is good.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 25.**—*Remarks on the Report of M. Chaptal to the Consuls, or former Government of France, with an Examination of the Claim of M. Guyton de Morveau to the Discovery of the Power of the Mineral Acid Gases on Contagion. In a Letter addressed to Wm. Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. &c. By James Carm. Smith, M. D. &c. pp. 50. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Callow. 1805.*

THESE remarks discover a truly liberal and moderate spirit, much more honourable to the author than all the merits of his own, or Dr. Johnstone's discovery, of the means of destroying contagion. This controversy, or rather demonstration of Dr. J. C. Smith, respecting Chaptal's assumption of the discovery of the means of disinfecting air, by L. B. Guyton, formerly de Morveau of Dijon, we think sufficiently decided. The facts are nearly thus, although Dr. Smith has either been ignorant of, or wilfully neglected them. The antiseptic power of acids having been long known to the chymists. Sir John Pringle made some attempts to apply it to medicinal purposes in 1750. Dr. Johnstone, it appears, used marine acid in 1756; from which period, the experiments of Watson, Macbride, Alexander, Priestley, and Black, tended to develop more completely the nature and influence of the acids. From Dr. Black's discoveries, about 1769, particularly that of fixed air, Morveau gleaned his *Moyens* in 1773, which he was afraid to call a discovery, lest his plagiarisms should be immediately detected. In 1780, the Academy of Sciences recommended the *precaution* proposed by Morveau of marine acid vapour: at the same period, Dr. C. Smith was making *real* experiments, not speculative verbal recommendations, at Winchester. Guyton, when chief of the Jacobins, and member of all the murdering committees, again unsuccessfully attempted to recommend his marine fumigation in 1794; and in 1795, Dr. J. C. Smith published his description of the jail distemper, recommending the use of this discovery of nitrous acid gas, as the best destroyer of contagion. This is a brief outline of the history and progress of the means of destroying contagion, which M. Chaptal, with his usual indifference to national veracity or justice, claims as a French discovery, although he well knows from whom Guyton learned the power of marine acid, and that no Frenchman ever imagined or heard of the power of nitrous acid gas, before the publication of Dr. J. C. Smith. The facts here adduced shew in the most unequivocal manner, that Dr. Johnstone was the first who applied the muriatic acid vapour to purify hospitals; and that Dr. J. C. Smith was likewise the first who discovered and used

nitrous acid vapour for the same purpose. Dr. S. asserts, that every unprejudiced chymist will readily admit that the nitrous is more practical than the muriatic acid ; this is all he claims as his own discovery, and we see no reason to deny him that merit, however trifling it may be in the present state of chymical knowledge.

**ART. 26** — *Reply to Dr. James Carm. Smith, containing Remarks on his Letter to Mr. Wilberforce, and a further Account of the Discovery of the Power of Mineral Acids in a State of Gas to destroy Contagion. By John Johnstone, M.D. pp. 281. 8vo. 5s. Mawman. 1805.*

DRS. Johnstone and Smith are agreed in facts, but not in words. Dr. S. admits that the father of our author discovered the utility of marine acid, and Dr. J. 'thinks the discoveries of Dr. S. more remarkable for novelty in the means, (i. e. nitrous acid) than originality in the principle.' As to the originality of principle, we cannot allow that either Dr. J. or Dr. S. have any claim to a discovery, which was long previously made by the chymists, whose labours our disputants affect to be ignorant of, and to despise, although both are unquestionably indebted to them for the principles of their respective discoveries.

**ART. 27.**—*A Treatise on the Chymical History and Medical Powers of some of the most celebrated Mineral Waters ; with practical Remarks on the Aqueous Regimen and Observations on the Use of Cold and Warm Bathing. By Wm. Saunders, M. D. F. R. S. and S. A. &c. Second Edition, enlarged, pp. 570. 8vo. Phillips and Fardon. 1805.*

IN the Critical Review for October, 1801, there is an account of the first edition of this work, which is now considerably improved, with the addition of 'a chymical account of the chalybeate spring near Brighton, by Dr. Marcet.' We are not surprized that the good sense and practical knowledge displayed in the original volume, should have accelerated the demand for a new edition ; and we rejoice in the reappearance of a work that so well combats the modern spirit of quackery, whether it be dressed in the garb of literary dissertations on particular cases, or adopt the system of posting bills in the streets. Dr. S. has stripped all our fashionable watering-places of their magical curative powers, to place them on the basis of reason and experience ; and his observations tend to prove that, notwithstanding all that has been said and written by interested individuals, the cures performed at these places are more owing to the change of air, of habits, copious draughts of water, and medical temperance, than to the peculiar medicinal qualities of the waters.

It is too hastily concluded that 'the composition of water has very little concern with the chymical knowledge of mineral waters.'



We ought not to suppose from our apparent success in analyzing these waters, that the fluid produced by the chemical union of hydrogen and oxygen is merely a menstruum, in which all the other substances are but mechanically suspended. It is well known that there are tertiary as well as binary compounds, and that considering the slow and gradual process of nature, compared with the rapid one of our laboratories, we may presume that there frequently exists a chemical union between more substances than oxygen and hydrogen, in many of our natural mineral waters. To prove this fact by experiments, would lead us beyond our present limits; and we can only observe that the agency of water, in various processes of nature, must remain inexplicable, upon the supposition that its capacity is no greater than that of a simple menstruum. Chymists and even physicians have also relied too implicitly on the supposed power of chymical affinities, subjected to the action of living organized matter. We know scarcely any thing of the efficient cause of animalization, or how vegetable is converted into animal matter by any fancied means of chymical affinity in the animal economy. The chymical pathology is perhaps no less injurious to the progress of the healing art, than the humoral was to philosophical observation. The minute and accurate attention to the effects of medicines, and the changes they produce in the living animal, has rendered the knowledge of English physicians an object of grateful admiration throughout the christian world; a circumstance which ought still more to stimulate their exertions in this department.

We regret that we cannot extract some of Dr. Marcet's very original experiments on the water of the 'chalybeate spring near Brighton, commonly called *The Wick*.' His application of succinat of ammonia, as a test to precipitate alumine from magnesia, will doubtless be found a very useful expedient in a delicate analysis, and is evidently much more convenient than boiling with potash. From the general result of Dr. M.'s numerous and apparently very accurate experiments, we learn that a pint of the Brighton chalybeate water contains  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cubic inches, or  $\frac{1}{13}$ th part of its volume, of carbonic acid gas, and 8.5 grains of a solid residue dried at the temperature of  $160^{\circ}$ . Of this residue 1.80 grains are sulphat of iron (equal to 3 grains of crystallized green sulphat;) 4.09 sulphat of lime; 1.53 muriat of soda; 0.75 muriat of magnesia; 0.14 siliceous earth; and 0.19 loss. The temperature of this spring was at  $54^{\circ}$  when the thermometer stood in the air at  $68^{\circ}$ , and it is never known to freeze. Its specific gravity is 1001.08. The Wick water, when quite fresh, has a peculiar faint smell, not uncommon in ferruginous waters, and a strong, though not unpleasant chalybeate taste. Its spontaneous decomposition, even at the end of two months, only amounted to the slight deposition of a yellow sediment, and a diminution of its peculiar taste and smell. It appears that this, in common with most mineral waters, produces some degree of nausea and a sense of weight in the stomach, when taken cold; but if drunk moderately warm, no such effects take place. This is a somewhat



singular and important circumstance, as its analysis shews that it may be heated a little without losing any of its properties, provided it be done quickly, and in vessels which expose but a small surface to the action of the atmosphere.

On the general merit of this volume, it must be observed, that had Dr. Saunders, or his friend Mr. C. R. Aikin, subjoined an original analysis of the different waters, (at least of those in Great Britain,) to the accounts published by writers, many of whom lived long prior to the adoption of the delicate agency of tests and more accurate process of pneumatic chymistry, the work would have been of much greater importance to the speculative chymists, and certainly not less interesting to the practical physician. But the mere collection of incoherent experiments made by different experimentalists, and with very dissimilar apparatus, is too much in the modern encyclopedian style, not to merit the severest reprehension of candid criticism.

ART. 28.—*A Treatise on the constructing and copying all Kinds of Maps.* By Thomas Dix. 8vo. 3s. Scatcherd. 1805.

A CLEAR and easy introduction to the art of mapping. In the stereographic projection of the sphere on the plain of a meridian, the meridional arcs are treated as circular, and the length of their respective radii are calculated from three points in them. But might they not be represented as they really are, namely semi-ellipses? and might not these be described by stretching a loose thread round two pins, fixed in the proper foci calculated from the proportion between the major and minor axes?

ART. 29.—*Fables Ancient and Modern, adapted for the Use of Children from Three to Eight Years of Age. Adorned with Thirty-Six Copper-Plates.* By Edward Baldwin, Esq. 2 vols. small 8vo. Hodgkins. 1805.

FABLES have been long considered as the happiest vehicle which could be devised for the instruction of children in the first period of their education. The stories are short; a simple and familiar turn of incident runs through them; and the medium of instruction they employ are animals, some of the first objects with which the eyes and the curiosity of children are conversant. Yet these advantages are too often defeated by the manner in which fables are written.

In those before us, Mr. Baldwin uniformly represents himself as relating the several stories to a child, and expressed them in such language as he should have employed, when he wished to amuse the child and arrest his attention to the subject on which he was talking.

Those who have carefully applied themselves to the important task of education, will be aware that it is no easy matter to render the path to knowledge smooth and delightful, and to clothe their ideas in such an agreeable dress, as is proper to strike the minds of youth, and will be very ready to make favourable allowances, when Mr. Baldwin fails in his intention, which indeed he rarely does.

**ART. 30.**—*Etymological Exercises on the Latin Grammar, in Two Parts.* By the Rev. William Johns. 12mo. Longman. 1805.

THIS little book was a desideratum in school-teaching, and may be considered as taking much trouble from the master, and facilitating the improvement of the scholar. It were, however, much to be wished that in a future edition Mr. Johns would give the Latin words at the bottom of the page, as we think dictionaries are seldom given into the hands of scholars so young as those for whose use this work is designed.

**ART. 31.**—*An Arithmetic Dialogue between a Master and his Pupil, &c.* By W. Buttermann. 12mo. Bingham. 1805.

WE see no material improvement in Mr. Buttermann's Dialogues above other elementary books of arithmetic, unless it be in the article entitled, 'Purchasing funded property,' which is useful and clear. We were surprised to find no multiplication-table.

**ART. 32.**—*The Circle of the Sciences, consecrated by the Cross, &c.* 12mo. Williams. 1805.

THE religious application of science must ever be approved, and a little school book pointing out the marks of design in the most familiar appearances of nature, is, we think, a desideratum. But to execute this judiciously, and with a freedom from all *cant*, requires a certain little supernumerary science, which has been rightly called 'fairly worth the seven.' It is assuredly desirable that our physical studies be attended with a due regard to the truths of Revelation; but the immediate and direct end of them is to impress the mind with a belief of the existence of one Supreme Intelligence. When once a habit is formed of attending to the marks of design around us, and of inferring from thence the necessity of a designing mind, to use the words of Cowley,

Like Moses, we may then espy  
In every bush the radiant Deity,

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

---

Vol. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1806.

No. II.

---

ART. I.—*Sylloge Confessionum sub tempus reformandæ Ecclesiæ editarum, videlicet, Professio Fidei Tridentina, Confessio Helvetica, Augustana, Saxonica, Belgica; subjiciuntur Catechismus Heidelbergensis et Canones Synodi Dordrechtanæ. Oxonii, e Typographeo Clarendoniano. 8vo. pp. 424. 6s. in sheets. Payne and Mackinlay. 1804.*

THE title-page, which we have transcribed, will convey to persons who are not altogether strangers to the subject, a competent notion of the general contents of this volume. It will be understood by such readers to bear a close resemblance to a work intitled *Corpus & Syntagma Confessionum fidei*, printed at Geneva in the year 1612, and a second time, at the same place, in 1654; which itself was little more than a republication of another volume denominated, *Harmonia confessionum fidei orthodoxarum et reformatarum ecclesiarum*, (Genevæ, 1581,) in a different form. The contents of the volume which is now before us, are all contained in the *Corpus* of which we speak, excepting two articles, the *Professio Fidei Tridentina*, and the *Catechismus Heidelbergensis*, and excepting further that the Oxford editors have given us a different edition of the *Belgic Confession*: though, according to a practice not easily excuseable, they have both omitted to mention this fact, and have left us to make out for ourselves their reasons for so doing. In addition to those parts which are common to both volumes, the *Corpus* further contains *Confessiones Anglicanam, Scoticanam, Polonicam, Argentinensem, Wirtembergicam, Friderici St<sup>ui</sup> comitis Palatini, Bohœmicam, Basiliensem*. We are referred to the preface by the Clarendon editors, for the reasons by which they have been directed in the selection which they have made: but whatever reasons may be given in behalf of those Confessions which they have admitted, we find none assigned for their many rejections, nor any account tendered to us why the selection did not extend further.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 7. February, 1806.

I

But so thankful are we for this publication, that we gladly accept of it from the learned editors without any further demur, and upon their own conditions.

The Profession of Faith of the Council of Trent, we are told in the preface, (which, we argue solely from the internal evidence, betrays, if we mistake not greatly, the hand of a very learned prelate, and head of a house in the University of Oxford.) was selected as containing a brief and undisguised declaration of those principles, in which the Romish church, after much investigation and long controversy with the reformers, was willing to intrench herself. The Helvetican, Augustan, and Belgic Confessions are each of them the authorized books of doctrine of three divisions among the most eminent of the reformed churches. The Saxon is, as it were, a repetition and revision of the Augsburg Confession. And the Canons of the Synod of Dort may be of use to shew with how little reverence man will dare to agitate the most abstruse religious doctrines, and to intrude himself into the councils of the Deity, when inflamed and instigated by party and controversy. In addition to these particulars, it might not perhaps have been amiss to inform us, that, notwithstanding its great intrinsic excellence, and its value and authority in other respects, the Saxon Confession has never been regarded as one of the symbolical books of the Lutheran church; and that the Heidelberg Catechism, concerning which, although an insertion of their own, the editors are almost intirely silent, has always been considered as of high authority among the reformed, in contradistinction to the Lutheran churches, and was expressly received, authorized, and approved by the Synod of Dort, as one of the symbolical books of the Belgic churches. It might have been mentioned also, that the *Professio Fidei Tridentina* may be found in the *Catechismus ad Parochos*, (p. 518-22, Edit. 1676,) that the historical particulars here given respecting it, are taken from that volume (p. 518,) and that its date is 1564.

But in spite of these, and some other deficiencies of which we might justly complain, the *Sylloge Confessionum* is undoubtedly a valuable and well-timed publication. From the authoritative documents which it contains, we may learn, as from the life, the gross corruptions and errors with which the Romish church deformed and defiled the fair face of christianity; we may learn to emulate and copy the truly evangelical principles of those great and holy men, who at the imminent peril, or with the loss of their fortunes, and of life itself, preached, taught, and defended those weightier



matters of the gospel, which must ever be the life and ornament of the christian church; and we may learn to avoid those rocks and shallows, those precipices and thickets, into which the pride of human reason, an ill-regulated passion for change, an affectation of extraordinary purity, and a fanatical claim to peculiar intercourses with the Deity, did, in but too many cases, hurry, to the great disgrace and scandal of their cause, large portions of the most zealous reformers.

Another valuable purpose of this volume, and which perhaps was more immediately in the contemplation of its present editors, as highly necessary and profitable for these times, is, that we should know, understand, and imitate that diffidence, that moderation, that forbearance, that tolerant and catholic spirit, which was maintained, in *different* degrees indeed by some, but in a very laudable and exemplary degree in *all* the public confessions of all the reformed churches at the period of the reformation, respecting those arduous and mysterious doctrines, which are connected with the divine predestination, with the will and powers of the natural man, and the operations and offices of the Holy Ghost. Whosoever shall compare these Confessions with the nine Lambeth articles, with the determinations of the Synod of Dort, and with those of the assembly of divines at Westminster, will be competent to determine, whether those teachers, who would lead their followers through all the windings of these intricate doctrines, and claim the propagation of them according to the Calvinistical system, as the indispensable duty of every minister who professes to reverence and to teach the doctrines of the reformation, do indeed approximate so nearly to the views of those times which they claim as peculiarly their own, or do not rather bear a much greater affinity to the degenerate, because polemical, dogmatical, and scholastical decisions of Lambeth, Dort, and Westminster. It is well observed in the preface, that a distinction is to be made between the private sentiments and writings of Luther, Melancthon; or Calvin, and those works which they were induced to compile for public use and acceptance; "for the avoiding of diversities of opinions, and for the stablishing of consent touching true religion." In the former the mind exults in a wider and more liberal range: it delights to wander at large, to penetrate deeply, to distinguish nicely; to display its strength in the vanquishing of great difficulties, and its subtilty in detecting and displaying the little. But when the consent of multitudes and of ages is to be courted, when all are to

learn 'to speak the same thing,' he who has sense and integrity enough to look for common sense and common honesty in other men, will content himself with narrower bounds, will take truth in its masses, will be satisfied to inculcate what is generally important and salutary, and to prescribe extensive or acknowledged evil; and, while he sets his hand to no error, and patronizes no corruption, will be far from complaining, though he cannot find a place for the introduction and approbation of *all* truth, as truth is according to *his* judgment, nor a willing acceptance of some favourite notion or dogma. He, therefore, who has learned to consider that all public forms of doctrine *are* and *must* be compiled (when compiled as they ought to be) upon catholic and enlarged principles, will be directed himself, in the *application* of those forms, to adopt in some degree a similar spirit of tolerance and forbearance. Let him entertain his own opinions, let him have advanced further, and have prosecuted truth into deeper recesses than has been done by other men; yet let him be contented with that praise, or at least let him beware that on no account, in his zeal for the reception of those opinions, he shall have recourse to unlawful practices; that he do not find them inculcated where they are not, that he do not avail himself unduly of some plausible but inadequate terms and phrases, to attach his own opinions to the established creed, and seek a way for their admission under the shelter of that sanction; and endeavour to silence all opposition by loud outcries of apostacy and degeneracy from the old paths and line of sacred duty, in his adversaries, whose opposition perhaps is both as conscientious as his own efforts, and founded moreover, not in pride, but in constancy and in truth.

'Proponit simplicibus' (says the writer of the preface,) 'religio Christiana quod omnes et intelligere et facere possint; de difficultatibus quæ suboriuntur, quarum nonnullæ captum humanum omnino exsuperare videntur, illud Christi usurpandum est, *οὐ πάντες γινώσκουσιν*. Haud nefas esse credimus, sapientibus et doctis in his se exercere, modo id quod certum est firmiter teneant; qui autem occasionem exinde arripiunt ecclesiam in partes scindendi, qui hæc necessaria esse ad salutem, et omnibus primo in loco propinanda volunt, viderint, ne in errorem inciderint, qui præ omnibus ejusdem generis maximus est et nocentissimus.' (p. v.)

But he who is interested in the investigation of the genuine principles of the *church of England*, may derive yet more satisfaction and instruction from this volume than other men. Besides the important advantages which it will

afford, for the general illustration and exposition of our public and authorized books of doctrine, by putting us into fuller possession of the opinions and the phraseology of those days; by shewing us the exact errors which were combated and renounced, and by familiarizing us with the very mien, habit, and language in which truth displayed herself by degrees to the earnest search and solicitations of her enamoured and illustrious votaries of those days; we shall feel a peculiar gratification in perceiving, that in the high and lofty arguments in which the piety and reverential awe, the prudence, moderation, and charity of all were laudable and admirable, these virtues were pre-eminently and peculiarly conspicuous in the heaven-blest and favoured reformation of the English church. But this subject having been very well enlarged upon by the Bishop of Bangor, in a discourse before the University of Oxford, (Feb. 14, 1802,) we shall be contented with remarking, that the conclusions to which it tends, deserve to be holden in continual remembrance during the agitation of the Calvinistical controversy.

We shall only further observe at present, in immediate reference to the *Sylloge Confessionum*, that it is neatly, and for any thing we have yet perceived, correctly printed.

But there are other relations in which we wish to introduce and recommend it to our readers. It is valuable for its connections and dependencies. It does not stand alone, but forms one link of a chain and series, on the merits of which we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity a little to enlarge.

In the year 1792, a work intitled 'Enchiridion Theologicum, or a Manual for the use of Students in Divinity,' was published at Oxford, under the care of, and with a preface by, Dr. Randolph, then and now King's Professor of Divinity in that university, and now Bishop of Oxford. The tracts comprised in the five duodecimo volumes of which that work consists, are King Edward the Sixth's Catechism (in English); Bishop Ridley's Protestation in the Divinity schools at Oxford, (A.D. 1555); his Treatise against Transubstantiation, otherwise called 'a briefe Treatise upon the Lordes Supper;' Jewell's Apology and Nowell's Catechism, both in Latin; Bishop Taylor's Advice to his Clergy; Bishop Pearson's *Annales Paulini*; some Discourses of Bishops Stillingfleet, Gastrell, and Coneybeare; Bishop Gibson's first, second, third, and part of the fourth Pastoral Letters; Leslie's short and easy Method with the Deists; and Dr. Bentley's Remarks on Free-thinking: making all together an exceedingly interesting and valuable collection. Whether



this collection is to be considered in all respects as a part of that design of which we are speaking, we are not sufficiently informed. But however this may be, we should rejoice greatly to see it reprinted, with a few improvements, in the octavo size, and taking, which it would do, a very distinguished place in that series.

Since the year 1792, above specified, a succession of publications has been issuing gradually from the Clarendon press, which may be considered, if we estimate literary efforts by the good they are calculated to produce, as constituting together one of the most valuable and honourable exertions in that way to which modern times have given birth. To describe their nature in general terms, they are republications of important works in various branches of theology, most of them very interesting to all readers, but many of them more peculiarly designed for the instruction and improvement of the members of the English church; and especially of its ministers, and the candidates for admission into its ministrations. The Homilies of the Church, to which are subjoined the Canons, and Thirty-nine Articles, the works of the judicious Hooker; the Exposition of the Creed by the prince of English divines, Bishop Pearson; the *Origines Sacrae* of Stillingfleet; a selection in two volumes, from the Sermons of Dr. Barrow; Burnet's Exposition of the Articles, and Wheatley's Illustration of the Common Prayer; Jones on the Canon of the New Testament; Wells on the Geography of both Testaments; Dr. Trapp's Notes on the four Gospels; Dr. Ridley's Sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture; with a few other articles; besides the *Syntagma Confessionum* now before us, constitute the principal part of this pious and excellent design. To those who are not intire strangers to English literature, a very large portion of this series cannot need any recommendation from us. They are works of the very first rate importance and excellence. Many of them are not easily to be met with; scarcely any are published in so advantageous and agreeable a form as they appear in from the Oxford press. He who has made these his own by long and habitual meditation, will be well qualified to maintain, with inestimable benefit to others, and with unspeakable satisfaction to himself, the exalted character of a minister 'rightly dividing the word of truth.' A very small sum would confer the possession of this intire treasure; he therefore who has the means, and yet neglects so golden an opportunity, cannot easily be acquitted of serious blame. Nor do we know any gift to the young student in theology, which might be ex-



pected more to be followed by the divine blessing, and to answer the affectionate wishes of friends, or the pious intentions of the benevolent and charitable, than the enriching his library with the whole collection which we have just enumerated. The curators of the Clarendon press deserve, therefore, the thanks of all true friends to sound learning and religious education, for the pains which they have taken in the institution and prosecution of this excellent design.

But we should have been much better satisfied, if we could have given the same unqualified approbation to the particular execution of all the subdivisions of this laudable undertaking, which we rejoice to give to the general scheme, and to the general wisdom and propriety of the selections which have been made for republication. Nor let it be understood that we blame the exterior constitution of these volumes. The printer, generally speaking, has discharged his duty well. The type and paper are good. The volumes are at once very cheap and sufficiently handsome, and very convenient for use. It is not the printing office that we are dissatisfied with; but there is great reason to complain that a little more skill and industry has not been displayed in the capacity of editorship. We might make the catalogue of abuses very extensive and numerous. From this, however, we shall forbear; and yet enough will appear sufficiently to substantiate the weighty charge which we are compelled to prefer. We are desirous that our remarks may put the meeting of delegates more upon their guard for the future; and we are desirous in some little degree to remedy and compensate to the owners of these books, the negligence and oscitancy of the Clarendon editors. Our remarks will, generally speaking, be confined to those parts of the undertaking which we regard as of the highest importance.

We have already intimated a doubt, whether the *Enchiridion Theologicum*, not being stated as printed at the Clarendon press, is to be looked upon as a part of our materials on the present occasion; but as we wish greatly that it should constitute an item in the series, we shall take the liberty of mentioning our expectation, that in another edition, no reader will have to puzzle himself about the abrupt conclusion of Dr. Bentley's Remarks; and that while 283 pages are given, one only, which would preclude all perplexity, and is on other accounts important and curious, shall not be withholden, but that the reader shall be favoured with the concluding advertisement: and with still more importunity do we intercede against the mutilation of a work every way so valuable, and now so scarce, as Bishop Gib-

son's Pastoral Letters. But to proceed to the undoubted materials of our animadversions. Our observations shall commence with, that which was first published, the works of Hooker.

The second leaf recalls to our minds a remarkable property of these editors, which is their extreme and almost invincible taciturnity. It might have been both serviceable and satisfactory if they would have vouchsafed to prefix occasionally a few prefatory remarks, to detail the reasons which may have induced them to the republication of this or that work, in preference to others which treat of the same argument; to give some account of the author or his book; and to add such other observations as their learning and experience might easily have supplied, and which could hardly have failed of rendering the several volumes more interesting and profitable, especially to youthful readers. A few notes here and there interspersed to elucidate the difficult, or to restore the corrupted passages, to warn against some latent error, to point out peculiar excellence, or to supply any remarkable deficiency by better arguments or more extensive references, might also have conferred a great additional obligation on the public. The only note, however, which we recollect to have observed in all the volumes which we have specified, is one consisting of something less than two lines; nor do we remember that there is any thing like preface prefixed to any one of them, excepting to these of Hooker, to the *Sylloge Confessionum*, and to the *Geography of Dr. Wells*. The advertisement which has prompted us to these remarks is a bare extract from the "*Alliance of Church and State*" by Bishop Warburton, but is so excellent in itself, and so pertinent to the situation in which it is placed, as to occasion a lively wish that we had been much oftener gratified in a similar manner.

But it is not of *deficiencies* merely which we have to complain: it is a greater fault when that which is undertaken is not executed well. We will not say that *no* care has been exerted in *any* instance, that a good edition and a corrected copy should be put into the hands of the printer for his direction: but most certain we are that in many instances this care has been very inconsiderable and very unsuccessful: and yet we might have expected that it should not be necessary, at this late day, to inculcate to editors in the name of a great university, that there is much more advantage and credit in printing from a complete and corrected copy, than from one full of imperfections and errors.

The editions of Walton's Lives, it is well known, differ very much one from another. 'In order to give a good edition of them, it will be necessary, (says Dr. Johnson,) to collect all the editions of them;' (Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. 2, p. 461.) and again, in a letter to Mr. Boswell, 'Pray get me all the editions of Walton's Lives. I have a notion that the republication of them with notes will fall upon me, between Dr. Horne and Lord Hailes.' (vol. 4. p. 112.) We have collated several parts of the Life of Hooker, in this edition, with two other copies; and thus much we can say, that they differ very considerably from each other, and that this of Oxford, we do not affirm is the worst extant, but is very inferior to both those with which we have compared it. For besides that the verbal discrepancies are exceedingly numerous, (several in each page,) the Oxford edition is both *incorrect* and *defective* in matters of fact: of which latter we need give no further instance, than that it does not contain a word respecting Hooker's having been appointed to the honourable office of reading the Hebrew lecture in his university, and the still more interesting information of his expulsion from college—particulars which are specified at length in both the other editions which we have consulted. The additions to this life by J. S. are valuable, and we are therefore glad to see them retained in this edition. But it might further have been satisfactory to inform us, what is far from being generally known, that this J. S. was honest John Strype, the ecclesiastical historian, as appears by his Life of Whitgift, p. 175.

But further, the typographical errors both of the life and the works are numerous and important to a very disgraceful degree: errors too, not imputable to the printer, who has in general very faithfully followed the copy with which he was intrusted, but to the curators, who ought to have provided against so discreditable and injurious an event, by a careful collation with the best, which are the most ancient, editions. So numerous are these blemishes that we are confident, from the singularity of Hooker's style, that he, who enjoys the opportunity of having recourse to no other edition than that of Oxford, will be harassed by continual doubts, whether he has the real text of his author, or some modern corruption before him. We shall specify a few of these errors, most of which materially affect the sense.

Vol. 1. p. 60. line 18, for "are not surer," read "are surer."

— 64 — 29, for "they prove," read "they may prove."



Vol. 1. p. 71, line 6 from bottom, inexplicable, except by correcting the punctuation.

————— 75 — 19, “ complied with us,” read “ with *by* us.”

————— 110 — 4 from bottom, after “ with them” insert,  
“ is accounted of their number ; whosoever in all other points agreeth with them, yet thinketh.”

————— 113 — 5, “ should be girt,” read “ shod, begirt :”  
but this is an error of all the printed editions, unless, perhaps, of Dr. Zouch’s.

————— 156 — 14, “ reject an eldership,” read “ erect.”

All these may be found without going beyond the life and preface, and not one of them is noticed in the table of errata subjoined to the third volume. It is not consistent with our design to proceed further : but we beg leave to submit to the delegates of the Clarendon press, whether even now it be too late, to make what reparation they can to the purchasers of their edition of Hooker, by causing an accurate collation to be made with some better editions, and by distributing this collation *gratis* to those who may chuse to make application for it.

In our next number we shall see what report is to be made of their edition of the Homilies.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. II.—Επεα πτερόεντα ; or, *The Diversions of Purley.*  
(Continued from p. 72.)

WHEN we affirm that the etymologies in the Επεα πτερόεντα are fallacious, we mean in the intention and application, and not in the mere derivation of the words.

We have no doubt that Mr. Horne Tooke, with his usual address and circumspection, has chosen the words most favourable to his theory, and in order to shew that *we can take the bull by the horns*, we will adopt the words he has chosen.

‘ Right is no other than RECTUM (*Regitum*) from *Regere*.’ P. 7.

In the next page he explains his meaning, that to demand what is right, is to demand what is *ordered* ; to do right, is to do what is *ordered*, &c. &c. According to authorities quoted in a common dictionary, and superior on this occasion to that of Mr. Tooke, *Regere* is *to rule, to govern, to manage, to guide, to hold strait, to keep down, to set right, to admonish*, &c. and for any thing that can be rationally alleged to the contrary, the first constructors of the Latin language might have made



*Regere, to whistle.* The word is the arbitrary sign, not the natural and invariable REPRESENTATION, as Mr. Tooke alleges, of any idea; and there is no prejudice with which Mr. Tooke can harshly criminate the amiable Harris—as much his superior in real learning, as in the great virtues of an excellent mind—so groundless, so extensively injurious to the just application of language, as that of words being the *representations of ideas*.

If the verb *Regere*, or the participle *Rectum*, had been in Latin the sign, or, as Mr. Tooke may call it, the representation of a single determinate idea, the etymology would have been more direct and satisfactory, but would not have decided the future meaning of all its derivatives and dependent through all the cross-breedings of twenty dialects. This is demonstratively impracticable, when the words are transferred in portions and fragments, to serve as signs of ideas formed on various and contradictory systems of religion, policy, and manners.

A *right* action, under the government of Romulus, and under that of Trajan, like a brave action on Wimbledon Common, and in the Old Bailey, are of a nature directly opposite; and yet they were *ordered* by similar powers, and in the same language.

‘The right hand (says our author, p. 10,) is that which custom, and those who have brought us up, have ordered and directed us to use in preference, when one hand only is employed; and the *left* hand is that which is *leered*, *leav'd*, or *left*.’

His disciple, Bardett, with a docile and convenient sagacity, observes, that he remembers to have read in a voyage of De Gama's to Kalecut, ‘that the people of Melinda, a polished and flourishing people, are all *left-handed*.’

This is a fact which, like a two-edged sword, would operate two ways on Mr. Tooke's interpretation of *Rect-um*, and on the doctrine of words as the representations of ideas. But we doubt the fact, as it is solitary in history and a traveller's story, and because in other languages (we may have occasion to shew Mr. Tooke that the study of the Anglo-Saxon is not a sufficient claim to despotism in language,) RIGHT, as applied to the hand, implies a preference from the construction of the human body. If his friend Mr. *Cline* would give the author some ideas upon this subject, he would overpay him for all the information he has received on the principles of national reform and national representation, which he now understands as well as his Wimbledon master, i. e. as experience has proved—not at all.

In the Celtic—with which Mr. Tooke seems to be wholly unacquainted, and therefore thinks it expedient roundly to affirm that the English has borrowed nothing from it—the word **DEHEU**, signifying **RIGHT** when applied to the hand, signifies **SOUTH** when applied to the heavens; and in both cases it is understood to imply a preference ordained by nature: the one arising from the construction of the human body; the other, from the useful and beneficial operation of the sun from the southern parts of the heavens. The same word by analogy is applied to any kind of dexterity, superior aptitude, &c. The opposite word **CHWITH**, always means the reverse. Now, no journey to Melinda, no effect of custom on education, could convert **DEHEU** into **CHWITH** in the Celtic, any more than in English **LIGHT** could be put for **DARKNESS**, or **BITTER** for **SWEET**.

Mr. Tooke, we are aware, may quibble, and say that the words are convertible: but besides that such artifices deserve no notice, words convertible are arbitrary, and not representations of ideas; and to trace a term of importance to a radical word that has no meaning beyond that which is assigned to it by custom, is doing nothing more than has been done by numerous compilers of dictionaries, before the *wise* Dr. Beddoes had an opportunity of hailing Britain and the present period for having produced this great work of Mr. Horne Tooke.

But the Doctor may allege—we avoid the blessing—the application of it to the darling doctrine of modern reformers. Behold that application.

‘*F.* How now? Was it *ordered* and *commanded* that you should oppose what was *ordered* and *commanded*? Can the same thing be at the same time both right and wrong?”

We desire that all faithful democrats, all believers in the **DUTY** of **INSURRECTION**, and the sacred powers of affiliated clubs directed by scrupulous consciences, may attend to this answer. It is the decided and infallible Wimbledon oracle! It has been often pronounced and received, with extended ears and open mouths, by the devoted cabal; and it is detailed, like a portion of the Koran by faithful Mussulmans, to all who will afford attention to the mystical epigrams of their master.

Hear the words of the oracle, good people! not only as they contain the essence of a ponderous work, but the real principle, if it may be called principle, of all democrats, and all political philosophists.

‘*H.* Travel back to Melinda, and you will find the difficulty most easily solved. It may be *commanded* to be done, and *commanded* not to be done.

"I have always been most obedient, when most taxed with disobedience. But my RIGHT hand is not the RIGHT hand of Melinda. The RIGHT I revere, is not the RIGHT adored by sycophants; the *ius vagum*; the capricious command of princes or ministers. I follow the LAW of God (what is *laid down* by him for the rule of my conduct), when I follow the laws of human nature, which, without any human testimony, we know must proceed from God; and upon these are founded the RIGHTS of man, or what is *ordered* for man."

This is the principle, or rather this has been the pretence of all the sectaries which have infested the world, under all the forms and establishments of its religion. They have always pleaded the WILL OF GOD, in opposition to the WILL and LAWS of the community.

We hope to avoid the appearance of blasphemy even in chastising blasphemy. But who is the God of these partisans, and where is his will to be found? Mr. Tooke says, in the laws of human nature: and where is the code of those laws? Is it to be found in the cabals of sectaries, political or religious? or in the deliberate councils and established laws of societies and nations?

When the Puritans seceded from the English church, though only for external ornaments and kneeling at the sacrament, they pleaded the will of God, and some of them became martyrs to that pretended will. As their numbers increased, they made new discoveries of what they called the divine will, until they overturned the constitution of their country, and plunged it into military slavery.

That event broke their general phalanx into small, but numerous parties, each having its particular God at its head: sometimes extremely hostile to each other, and all at enmity with the constitution and establishment of their country. Those who retain any religious pretences, as the religious dissenters of all denominations, declare Christ to be their lawgiver; and each sect, or the leader of each sect, to be the interpreter of his laws. Those laws therefore appear in perpetual contradiction to each other, and instead of bringing peace on earth, they would, if they were to prevail, be the occasions of perpetual warfare.

That the reader may not suppose we write satire, we would refer scholars to a well-written Apology for the Dissenters, by the Rev. J. Pearce of Exeter; but it should be perused in the original, (Latin). His successor, Mr. Toogood, finding a learned and argumentative book of very limited effect, wrote a pamphlet of much less merit, but of more effect, entitled Letters from a dissenting Gentleman to Mr. White.



These books, although their authors did not always escape the fangs of subdivisions of their sects, are considered as holding out the general and justifiable principle of dissent—that the will of Christ (their only lawgiver) interpreted by themselves, is a sufficient reason for disobedience to the law of the land, not only in private opinions and actions, but in the formation and regulation of public societies.

As they gradually lost their veneration for their Christian law giver, and became Socinians, Deists, and Atheists, they shifted their allegiance, some to phantoms whom they denominated Gods—some to the LAWS of human nature, bestowed on it by necessity or by chance.

The principle of disobedience, however, was preferred, and the word of God generally retained; but the idea annexed to it was modified by the tenets and views of every sect, and the God of each apostle was exactly such an one as himself.

There can be no difficulty in ascertaining the meaning of these men, whether they lead congregations of sectaries, or clubs of jacobinical loungers, taylors, and cobblers.

Who are the Gods they acknowledge? Phantoms formed after their own images, or, in other words, THEMSELVES. Where are the laws of human nature dictated by such Gods? They are the dogmas of their own minds.

The God of Horne Tooke and the God of Thomas Paine are essentially different beings, though both are denominated the God of Nature. Paine reads his will in his works, wholly in the modern English dialect. Mr. Tooke pronounces Paine a fool, on a level only with Stephen Duck, and affirms that no man can understand the Divine Will but in the Anglo-Saxon.

Godwin soars above these little pretences, and having no God at all, i. e. having nothing in his estimation worthy of bearing his likeness in heaven or on earth, he simplifies the origin of RIGHT and JUST by referring them directly and wholly to the effusions of his own mind.

But the most consistent of all these advocates of private, in opposition to the public will, are Swedenborg and Brothers. They acknowledge God, and allow him an indefinite superiority to themselves; but they claim a particular and immediate correspondence with him, and they dictate laws and precepts to their disciples, in consequence of his immediate inspiration.

The real laws of God or the laws of nature, produce their general and sometimes apparently partial effects, in the constitutions of civil and political societies, and in the



minds of individuals : these effects become important causes, and operate reciprocally on each other. But the order of nature and the happiness of the world evidently require that the laws of nature which have formed communities, should have the precedence of those laws of nature which have formed any individual human mind.

Here the question is always at issue between reformers and the public will ; and it is by the determination of this question, and not by the derivation of a word from Latin or from Anglo Saxon, that Mr. Tooke's philosophy must be justified or condemned.

No man has declaimed with more asperity than Mr. Tooke on the necessity of submitting to the *general will*, while he entertained any hope that his own private opinion might be substituted for it. Like all political partizans, whether orators or intriguers, he has always attached to his own character exaggerated degrees of importance, and would represent politics as objects of exclusive study, sacred to the initiated, and to be detailed in dogmas to the credulous populace. But he mistakes for science, the *grammar of its language*, and substitutes for principle, attachment to a leading partizan.

If he were asked the meaning of the word *WILL*, he would turn over his dictionaries and lexicons, until he arrived at some remote jargon that would justify the definition he wished to give. But was it ever imagined by the rude inventors of early dialects, that future philosophers would be convinced that, speaking accurately, there is nothing spontaneous in our knowledge ; and that there cannot exist a real and actual opposition between the divine will, and the will of a community which is organized, and which must act, according to some laws founded in nature ?

The public will is produced by the connection of all individuals, variously formed into clans, municipalities, companies, &c. the sources of public ideas, and the instruments of public action. And as facility of what is called voluntary exertion, distinguishes man from brute, and man from man ; so political bodies are also distinguished by their greater or lesser portions of a similar quality, but all constructed according to the laws of nature ; and Mr. Tooke might as well reprobate a nettle for not being a sugar-cane, as the government of Morocco for not being that of England. Whether his friends Thomas Paine and Dr. Beddoes might, the one by destruction, and the other by analysis, convert the nettle into a sugar-cane, or an established despotism into a system of liberty, we leave to the decision of

the followers of such vain pretenders, if the French revolution should not have satisfied them. We can assure them, however, that the partizans and pretended apostles which have lately appeared in the cause of liberty, are not of God: that the will of Thomas Paine, of William Godwin, and John Horne Tooke, is not the will of God; that the RIGHTS of every member of every community are not to be ascertained by a grammar or by a dictionary, or by a meaning affixed to words in remote antiquity, but by the laws, the customs, and the manners of their own country; and that those demagogues and orators who would seduce them to disobey those laws and customs, to follow *their* directions and *their* will, on a presumption that they are more agreeable to the laws of God and nature, are either wild enthusiasts, or designing and mischievous impostors.

We should not have entered so fully into the political views of this writer, if we had not considered the work before us, though professedly grammatical, as the vehicle of his political creed; intended to propagate his particular principles, and to justify his public conduct.

Mr. Tooke has quitted the duties of his original profession to become a public man; and he is indebted to that circumstance for most of the observations we make on his work. Public men are responsible to their country, sometimes to the universe, for the professions they disseminate, and for the obstacles they may create, intentionally or unintentionally, to the general happiness. The *missioned* Tooke, like every other *missioned* sectary, or declared reformer, must expect on all occasions to have his language analysed, and his purposes examined. How audacious is the sophistry of the following declaration!

‘I revere the constitution and the constitutional LAWS of England, because they are in conformity with the laws of God and nature; and upon these are founded the rational RIGHTS of Englishmen. If princes or ministers, or the corrupted *sham* representatives of a people, *order, command, or lay down* any thing contrary to that which is *ordered, commanded, or laid down* by God, human nature, or the constitution of this government, I will still hold fast by the higher authorities. If the meaner authorities are offended, they can only destroy the body of the individual, but never can affect the RIGHT, or that which is ordered by their superiors.’

If this sophism were to be a rule of action, papists and non-jurors in religion might plead it in full justification. Nay, Mr. Tooke's neighbour (Abershaw), dangling in irons, must be considered as a martyr. The papists and non-

Jurors openly plead their consciences and the word of God; and Abershaw might have pleaded that the law on which he was condemned and executed, was enacted by a parliament not reputed incorrupt.

When Lord North was informed that Mr. Tooke meant to plead the invalidity of law enacted against reason, he wittily observed, 'A man of that opinion will be convinced of his errors when he is going to be hanged, on one of them.'

'They may kill my body,' says Mr. Tooke, 'but they cannot kill the RIGHT.' They are not incommoded with the abstracted idea of the RIGHT. It was the body maintaining that RIGHT, which they deemed WRONG, which incommoded them and injured the community, and of that body they think fit to dispose.

But these circumstances leading to abstractions, we must defer our observations to another article.

(To be continued).

ART. III.—*A Northern Summer; or, Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and Part of Germany, in the Year 1804. By John Carr, Esq. Author of the Stranger in France, &c. &c. 4to. Phillips. 1805.*

'I WRITE from my feelings,' exclaims Mr. Carr in the beginning of his book; 'and as I propose that my reader shall travel with me, it is reasonable that he should share *some* of the inconveniences as well as enjoyments of the excursion. If he will not commence the tour upon these terms, it will be best for both parties that we should not wander together over another page.' Best indeed; as the one will thereby escape disgust, and the other reprobation.

Mr. Carr, from the above extract, will appear not only to be a sentimental, but a peevish traveller. If his reader will not bear with his unmeaning rhapsodies, he must be dismissed from a perusal of Mr. Carr's valuable Travels. We heartily advise *our* readers to take him at his word. We, alas! are compelled by our office to wade with him through regions, where he is ridiculous enough, as an author of travels, to say, that he has '*endeavoured to form a nosegay of Polar flowers!*'

Were we not credibly informed that there does exist in *rerum naturâ* such a person as Mr. John Carr, we should conceive, from the particular sort of infantile absurdity



exemplified in this phrase, 'nosegay of Polar flowers, that we were reviewing a work of the gentleman who usually denominates himself the Gleaner,\* under some new addition to the numerous false titles which that author already has assumed.

'I cannot quit England,' says Mr. Carr—would that he never had! or at least been silent upon his return—'I cannot quit England, without casting a lingering look upon my favourite little town of—Totness.'—We are persuaded that the alliteration of 'town and Totness,' was the chief cause of Mr. Carr's affection; for as he proceeds, we shall find that he has no attachment to one place more than to another, but to every place all over the globe in an equally rapturous degree. He is a cosmopolite and a philanthropist; that is, as a cosmopolite, he loves that spot best which he himself is in at the moment; and, as a philanthropist, he loves himself better than any other creature in the world. Here indeed he is not singular; but his pretensions to universal benevolence are hypocritical. Let us to the proof.

'The angry decrees of renovated war had closed the gates of the south,' vociferates Mr. Carr; 'the north alone lay expanded before me.' To the north accordingly he went; or, rather, *they went*: that is, Mr. Carr, and *his companion*, as he delicately expresses himself. We shall pass over his idle effusions in the churchyard at Harwich. It was after dinner that he walked among the tombstones, and observed the ridiculous epitaphs, written, as he says, 'by the village school-master and the sexton, *those prolific mortuary laureates*.' we will therefore in charity suppose him and *his companion* to have been fuddled with Harwich ale. We will even forgive him his verses upon the man who died by the bite of a mad dog, although they really are 'the very foolishness of folly,' to use a strong expression of the wisest of men.

'As I am one of those unhappy beings,' proceeds Mr. Carr, 'who,' (are 'all nerve,' we expected) 'like Gonzalo in the Tempest, would at any time give one thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—and as there *may* be many more who *may* find the rocking of the ocean somewhat unfriendly to the regularity of appetite, let me advise them to lay in some anchovies, lemons, oranges, and a little brandy.'

We should not have noticed the offensive stupidity of this passage, had it not been for the martyrdom which Shakespeare

---

\* Mr. Pratt. See Critical Review for June, 1805.



suffers in it. It is the curse of genius to have unworthy admirers; persons, who really do not deserve to feel the energy of a poet's language. Mr. Carr is one of these; we have sufficiently proved out of his own mouth, that his panegyric is the grossest insult. Yet in every page of his *Northern Summer*, (can our readers endure even the title?) does he bespatter Shakespeare with his degrading praises.

'Helogoland,' says Mr. Carr, 'is a vast, lofty, perpendicular rock rising out of the ocean, and distant about forty-five miles from the nearest shore: it is only one mile in circumference: yet upon its *bleak and bladeless* top, not less than three thousand people live in health, prosperity, and happiness.'

'Its *bleak and bladeless* top!' This is the sublime of alliteration—'no less than three thousand people!'—a good round number, larger, we have every reason to believe, by much, than that at which the *Helogoland poll-tax* estimates its inhabitants—but the three alliterative words were irresistible.

Our readers will *begin* to be tired of Mr. Carr, if we do not more rapidly discuss his merits.

Fortunately this author has furnished us with a clue for more quickly dispatching him, by the extreme imbecillity displayed in the contents of his chapters. Knowing that the world loves variety, he fancied it would be pleased with a continual change of subjects, however dull in themselves, or totally unfit to follow each other in close succession. At the head therefore of every page, he places an epitome of the weak nonsense which is to be found in it.—For instance, 'The Village Wonder—Musical Postillions—Snaps—Farm-Houses and Inn—The Post delivered—(a long quotation from Cowper, that most inharmonious of poets) A Conspiracy.'

The 'conspiracy' is too strikingly childish not to be mentioned.

'When I had retired to my chamber at Hensborg,' says Mr. Carr, 'the constant dashing of the fountain in the court-yard, the frequent crowing of a little hoarse bantam cock, two cats making violent love, and a party of foraging fleas, united their powers most successfully to keep 'tired nature's sweet restorer' from my *lids* the greater part of the night.'

This passage almost induces us to believe that we are again mistaking our object, in attacking *Mr. Carr's* tour; we do not mean that we still suspect him to be the *Gleaner*; but that we really fear we have been levelling our shafts at a work which should excite our pity rather than our

reprehension: with this idea prevailing over our indignation at the size and splendor of an useless and unentertaining volume, we shall accompany Mr. Carr good humouredly through his journey.

Not that we can in common decency pay him the compliment of tracing his steps, and retailing his observations through every petty town which he visited; but we shall waste a few moments of commiseration and laughter with him at the metropolis of each kingdom, that he cursorily surveyed in his '*Northern Summer*.'

At Copenhagen he tantalizes his readers with an account of a most luxurious dinner.

'Soups, *top and bottom*; Norwegian beef boiled, ham strongly salted, fish, pigeons, fowls, stewed spinnage, and asparagus. Creams, confectionary, and dried fruits followed: the wines were various and excellent. Our party were composed of English, Norwegians, Flemish, Swiss, Russians, Danish, and French: would to heaven that their respective nations could for ever be as cordial and joyous as was this checkered collection of their merry natives!'

Here we see the pure philanthropist. But mark what follows in the very next page. The battle of the second of April.

'Then,' says the *benevolent* Mr. Carr, 'the invoked vengeance of the British nation, with the fury and velocity of lightning, fell with terrible desolation upon a race of gallant people, in their very capital,' &c. &c.

Here we see the philanthropist exulting in bloodshed.

But it is superfluous to prove inconsistency, where we have presupposed a very adequate cause for something still less reasonable. Let us rather smile, without gall, at '*Valour facetious*,' which is the opening title of one of the chapters. It means, that Lord Nelson, by the same ship which carried the dispatches containing an account of his victory at Copenhagen, wrote to his wine-merchants, 'trusting they would pardon his not having sooner sent a cheque for his bill, on account of his having been lately much *engaged*.' We do not quite give credit to Mr. Carr's authority for this anecdote; and should have omitted it entirely, did it not elucidate the very sensible expression above of '*Valour facetious*,' which is in this writer's happiest style.

'I was much disappointed,' asserts our author, 'in not having the honour of being introduced to the Crown Prince, who at this time was in Holstein.' It will be right to apprise the reader, that Mr. Carr is always acquainted with the very first

people in the countries through which he is passing; nor does he ever fail to pay his respects to them, unless they unfortunately happen to be out of the way, like the Crown Prince.

We must here stop a moment, to condole with that illustrious Dane, upon the loss he suffered in not seeing Mr Carr—a loss, perhaps, irreparable; for unless Mr. Carr himself (which is unnecessary) should make another Northern Tour, the Crown Prince will never have an opportunity of conversing with a literary Englishman to real advantage again—an Englishman who has drawn a picture of Hamlet's garden, and so flatteringly quoted Shakespeare upon the occasion; nay, who has told us that his (the Crown Prince's) eyes are of a light blue, his nose aquiline, and his hair almost white,\* like that of an Albino. 'At Copenhagen,' says Mr. Carr, 'I had an opportunity of observing that a Turk in a Lutheran country can get as gloriously drunk as any christian.' And in good truth, this and a few other silly things seem to have been all that Mr. Carr did observe at Copenhagen. His attention was turned either to the grossly ridiculous, or the conceitedly pathetic. He took notice of Turks gloriously drunk, of Danes picking their teeth with a fork; of 'Interesting Prisoners,' 'Excessive Sensibility,' and 'Maria's Delight.' Our readers need not be told that these are some of Mr. Carr's *taking titles*. We shall, in the course of this review, present them with a few more of the same nature—for they really are the fairest specimen of the drollery of Mr. Carr's information. We must, however, premise that nothing explanatory of many of these titles is to be found in the chapter itself to which they are prefixed. For instance—'Floating Merry Faces,' and several others, which indeed \* Mr. Interpreter himself would have been at a loss to interpret. Mr. Carr therefore very wisely does not attempt it. The title is enough for him; it increases the variety of his subjects.

We shall close '*the Copenhagen station*,' (to borrow an expression of our admired Gleaner's) in Mr. Carr's own words. After a long account of the execution of Struensee and Brandt, and a just, but tedious, lamentation over the Queen of Denmark, thus does our tender author wind up his story:

'Farewell, poor queen!

Ah! while we sigh, we sink, and are what we deplore!"

The next chapter begins with a happily contrasted liveliness.

'Cross the Sound—Sweden—Cinderella's Mice—Rapid Travel—

---

\* See the Pilgrim's Progress—a book we would seriously recommend to the perusal of many grown children.



ling—Strange Question—Roof-Grazing—a Discovery—a Caution—a French Hotel.

‘So called perchance,’ remarks our author, ‘because not a soul in the house could speak a word of French. Like Bottom’s idea in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, “I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom’s dream, because it hath no bottom.” So Mr. Carr himself might be called *Lucus, à non lucendo*. And we would submit it to his consideration whether in some future work, instead of the servant-like appellation of ‘John Carr,’ (which sounds like the name of a man drawn for the militia,) it would not be advisable for him to adopt the title of *Lucus Carr, esquire*. We do not, however, wish to be forward in interfering with any gentleman’s private affairs. The above is offered, in Mr. Carr’s own language, as ‘a hint not intended to offend.’

‘Brief Description of Stockholm.’—And is it really *brief*? we involuntarily exclaimed when we read this item, in the contents of the 7th chapter, and began with rapture to count the leaves. Alas, no! with the intermixture of a few desultory materials, we found, upon examination, that it occupied fifteen quarto pages!—This melancholy fact well nigh deterred us from the performance of our duty. However, we *did* read it, and here it is: and first the ‘National Welcome,’—thus *attempted* to be explained by our tourist,

‘In the morning, our slumbers were gently dispell’d.’

Hey day! Mr. Carr; why this is not only the metre, but the very subject of Mr. Simkin Blunderhead; who was welcomed to Bath, as you were to Stockholm, by music.

Nor must we omit to assure our readers, that this similarity is involuntary (and therefore stronger) on the part of Mr. Carr, for he in reality meant to write prose—although, as is most plain, he has stumbled upon the very style of Mr. Simkin Blunderhead. Mark the resemblance still more closely.

‘In the morning our slumbers were gently dispell’d.’

Mr. Carr.

‘This morning, dear mother, as soon as ’twas light,  
I was wak’d by a noise that astonish’d me quite.’

Mr. Blunderhead.

Mr. Carr indeed appears to be more *gentle* than Mr. Blunderhead; but in their filial affection (for Mr. C. says much in the



opening of his work concerning his mother, and we wish, that like Mr. B. he had addressed his communications *solely* to her) they are wondrously alike. And in attributing this *national* custom (of *Bath as well as Stockholm*) to respect paid to themselves, they perfectly agree. Mr. Blunderhead indeed is rather the most modest of the two in his expressions, some of which would almost seem to be prophetic :

‘ I thought, *like a fool*, that they only would ring  
For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of a king,  
But I found ’twas for me that the good-natur’d people  
Rang so hard, that I thought they would pull down the steeple,  
So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,  
And paid all the men when they came from the abbey.’

Here, however, all similarity is at an end. There are no traces of the liberality of Mr. Blunderhead in the conduct of Mr. Carr. He does not appear to have paid his Swedish serenaders one half-farthing. Probably, like Karamsin, Holcroft, or Kotzebue, we forget which, but *n’importe*, with the old beggar woman, ‘ he wrung their hands, and so they parted ;’ or perhaps, like Sterne and the Monk of the order of St. Francis, he sighed aloud, after the musicians were *out of hearing*, and regretted that he had given them nothing.

‘ Queen Christina, the Arsenal, and Sir Sidney Smith,’ Mr. Carr’s ‘ favourite hero,’ allure the reader with their attractive variety, in the *brief description of Stockholm*. ‘ Assassination and Forgiveness,’ ‘ Continence and the Opera,’ follow in their *order*; and swell that mass of senseless incongruities, ‘ the Northern Summer.’

We shall conclude ‘ the Stockholm Station,’ with an anecdote of ‘ Swedish cleanliness.’

After touching at an island (or ‘ little paradise,’ as Mr. Carr calls it) in a voyage up an arm of the Baltic, ‘ where night came on, and all the beauties of the preceding evening, with some variety of new forms, returned; the same bright, bespangled heaven! the same serenity! the same silence!’ (beautiful alliteration,) after touching at *several* islands, and ‘ making Robinson Crusoe repasts,’

‘ One morning as I was looking over the deck from the stern,’ (says Mr. Carr,) ‘ I beheld an operation somewhat ridiculous, but as it originated in rude notions of cleanliness, and moreover is one of the domestic customs of the country, I shall relate it. Our skipper was lying at the feet of a good-natured brawny girl, who was a passenger, with his head in her lap; just as *Goliath* (why not *Sampson*?) sometime since rested his in that of *Delilah*; but the fingers of our fair companion were more kindly employed than those of *the woman of the valley of Sorek*: the skipper had no comb, perhaps never heard of such

a thing, and this kind-hearted creature was sedulously consigning with a humane, because an instantaneous destruction of sensation in every vital part by an equal and forcible pressure, every restless disturber of his peace in that region, which most assuredly must be, though doctors may dispute the point, the seat of reason; the cabin-boy succeeded his master, and in return, with the keen eye and nimble finger of a monkey, gratefully repaid the obligation upon the head of his benefactress. In Italy these engaging little *offices of kindness* constitute the principal delights of courtship.'

We would not have disgraced our pages and disgusted our readers with the above quotation, were it not that we might appeal to their good sense, and ask them whether they do not allow the justice of all we have, perhaps severely, said concerning Mr. Carr's tour, were it supported solely by the above quotation?

Leaving the 'Constant Sleeping-Room,' 'the Idiot,' 'Sancho Panca,' and 'the Volunteer Jacket,' uncensured, except by their own titles, we shall proceed with Mr. Carr to Petersburg. He may thank us for not having dwelt longer upon the cry of the sailors—'There is Abo, there is Abo,' which interrupted his reveries concerning the Royal Academy—the genius of West, of Westall, and of Smirke in history; of the Daniells and of Turner in landscape; and Lawrence, in portrait painting; whose merits were recalled to the mind of Mr. Carr, by his finding a *catalogue* (for which we presume he paid six pence, though he did not pay the Swedish musicians) of the year's exhibition, in his portmanteau!

The table of contents to the chapter upon Petersburg is perhaps as low a specimen of this mountebank method of exciting attention, this custom of hanging out a red flag to call the vulgar together, as any one of those numerous instances of it, which 'the Northern Summer' is eminently infamous for exhibiting. 'Kissing,' and 'Bearded Milliners,' will sufficiently warrant the strength of our assertion.

We cannot avoid noticing Mr. Carr's elegant periphrasis for an alehouse at Petersburg. He calls it—the squalid abode of a *marchand de liqueur*.

'The consummate knowledge,' says Mr. Carr, 'which the Russian shopkeeper possesses of the most complicated calculation, and the entangled caprices of that *chameleon-coloured goddess*, who presides over the exchange, is absolutely astonishing.'

It is 'absolutely astonishing' that Mr. Carr can persevere in such a strain through a long quarto volume.

'A Russian,' remarks our author, 'in the ebullition of passion, may do a ferocious thing, but never an *ill-natured* one.' That is, like the Irishman who said that anchovies grew upon the hedges in America, shot a man for contradicting him, and then exclaimed—'Botheration ! I meant capers ;' so the Russian will break your head, and then give you a plaster ; and certainly it makes much difference to the sufferer whether he be killed in the 'ebullition of passion,' or in cool malignity.

We turned with a mingled sentiment of curiosity and fear to 'the Punishment of two lovely Females.' But the title has no allusion to the anecdote which it is intended to be referred to—like most of Mr. Carr's titles, it is perfectly irrelevant, desultory, and unconnected. The anecdote itself is too indecent to be quoted.

'The present Emperor Alexander,' observes Mr. Carr, 'is about twenty-nine years of age ; his face is full, very fair, and his complexion pale ; his eyes blue, and expressive of that beneficent mildness, which is one of the prominent features of his character.'— His person is tall, lusty, and well proportioned ; but being a little deaf, to facilitate his hearing, he stoops.'

We trust we shall be excused for omitting Mr. Carr's general character of the Russians ; as we will refer the reader to a more authentic source of information—'the Pocket Geography,' printed by that best friend of the rising generation, Mr. Newbery, in St. Paul's churchyard.

Our author has indeed the modesty (and we hail the solitary instance of this virtue in the whole 'Northern Summer') to say, 'that if the reader is not pleased with the portrait of the Russian, the painter is in fault.'

In his account of the dreadful punishment of the knout, Mr. Carr is more interesting than usual—but it will be seen that he is merely so as a translator. It is a subject which would make any author eloquent. We refer the reader to p. 253.

It is but justice, however, to the present emperor, to say, that such scenes have never disgraced his reign—nor, from the humanity of his disposition, are they likely to be witnessed now in Russia. Mr. Carr's instances of Alexander's affection for the English are indeed puerile enough—but they are at the same time pleasing ; and our author does not quote badly—

*'Man is most natural in little things.'*

We wish sincerely we had more to praise in Mr. C., but our



duty imperiously compels us to withhold any thing further than the 'niggard boon' above, until Mr. Carr produces something more worthy of our praise. That duty has also made us speak harshly of our tourist, or rather by his own voice condemn him. Let our readers, however, remember that it not only is his style of thinking and writing which we *exclusively* attack, but only those also as displayed by him in former and in the present travels. It is *the author of the Stranger in France* and the *Northern Summer* whom we are obliged to blame. Possibly in some future work, Mr. Carr may redeem his literary character. We shall welcome its appearance with cordiality.

Meanwhile, after cursorily mentioning (upon Mr. Carr's authority) the Emperor Alexander's passion for Burton ale, and *British* bottled porter; and assuring our readers that under the heads of 'Blue Beard' and 'Bloody Beard,' 'Marine Warblers,' 'and Musical Cowkeepers,' 'Potemkin's Peacock,' and a 'Russian Row,' they will be as much entertained by the humour, as edified by the information of our author; we shall proceed, according to our plan of tracing this tourist through his *capital* absurdities, to Berlin, and here conclude '*the Petersburg Station.*'

We cannot, however, pass Narva, without some notice: even as Englishmen, we have an affection for the name, from the immortality which Chatterton (our glory and our disgrace) has given to it. 'Rehearse the loves of Narva,' &c. &c. must be well known to every poetical reader. And as to the town itself, it is immortalized by the heroism of Charles XII. and the wit of Mr. Carr; for he takes occasion, while at Narva, of telling a story of a British officer, who, 'somewhere or other,' finding, after a battle, that his prisoners greatly exceeded his own troops in number, 'made every prisoner swallow a copious quantity of jalap, and then ordered the waistband of his breeches to be cut; by this *aperient* and harmless policy he placed four men under the irresistible controul of one.'

But now to Berlin. 'Early,' says Mr. C. 'early on the eighth day from my leaving Dantzic, I passed the gate of the wall which surrounds Berlin, and with forty-one ducats discharged my *companion* at the Hotel de Russie.' But let not the gentle reader be in pain for Mr. Carr's *companion*. This was not the person whom he mentions at Harwich in the beginning of his journey; this was a *man*, whom he hired at Dantzic,

Mr. Carr's drawing of the Brandenburg gate at Berlin, is creditable to his knowledge of perspective. We cannot however, say much for the plates in general, which were in



tended to embellish the Northern Summer. Consistency, perhaps, was Mr. Carr's object; and conscious of his want of success in poetry, he determined to be equally unsuccessful also in painting. 'Ut pictura, poesis.'

At Berlin, among other strange articles of intelligence, Mr. Carr prefixes the following facetious title to one of his pages. 'Voltaire, and dogs of Frederick the Great.' It occurs to us from this and other instances of our author's talent for jumbling heterogeneous materials together, that he would excel in inventing odd signs for alehouses, as much as the witty Arthur Griffinhoofe, (alias George Colman) Esq. The tourist has many incongruities resembling that of 'the Gow and the Snuffers.'

Mr. Carr praises with justice the beauty and elegance of the Queen of Prussia, (p. 473.) moreover he adds, 'her charms were heightened by her situation; she was expected in a few days to augment the illustrious house of Brandenburg.' We differ from Mr. Carr in our ideas of beauty.

Our author winds up his travels at Husum; where, 'like the hunted hare,' he says, 'he returned to the spot he first started from.' We could perhaps find a simile in the animal creation equally apposite. However, we will turn with sentiments of unmixed approbation to the piety and patriotism with which the Northern Summer is brought to a conclusion; perhaps, not a little pleased at having ourselves finished our critical labours upon such a subject. Our last advice to Mr. Carr is, not to write, when he writes again, solely 'from his feelings.'

After another allusion to Gonzalo in the Tempest, Mr. Carr thus apostrophizes those who have had the patience to accompany him to the end of his tour; and wishing to leave as favourable an impression as we can be justified in doing, upon the mind of the public with respect to our author, we shall in this, perhaps his best, passage, let him make his own bow at departure:

'If, my reader, after having paid our homage to the merits of other countries, we return together, with a more settled admiration, to that which has given us birth, I shall the less regret my absence from her, and from those who are the dearest to my heart, and to whom I am indebted for all my present enjoyments.

'Having felt most sensibly, in the hour of my return, those prime distinctions of my country, which eminently and justly endear her to all her children, I close the volume with an ardent wish that heaven may graciously render those distinctions perpetual.'

**ART. V.—Description and Treatment of Cutaneous Diseases.**  
*Order III. Rashes. Part I. containing the Varieties of Rubeola and Scarlatina. By Robert Willan, M. D. F. A. S.*  
 4to. 18s. Johnson. 1805.

AS the two preceding Orders of this work have been several years before the public, and those of our medical readers, who are actuated by a common share of zeal for the advancement of the science which they profess, are, doubtless, already acquainted with the classification and nomenclature proposed by Dr. Willan for this obscure tribe of diseases, it will be unnecessary for us to enlarge at present upon the structure, or the general merits of the arrangement. Some methodical plan, followed out with great perspicuity and accuracy in the definitions of terms, and in the diagnostic characters of the genera and species, has long been a *desideratum* in this department of medicine; more especially in what relates to the chronic diseases of the skin. These diseases, being external and obvious, and detracting materially from those personal advantages which mankind have in all ages been anxious to cultivate, (not to mention the old and prevalent opinion, that they imply a state of humoral impurity,) have attracted the attention of physicians from the earliest times. But if the inquirer refers to the volumes that have been transmitted by them for information, he discovers little that is useful or satisfactory. The terms expressive of simple appearances, have no where been accurately defined or understood, and are perpetually misapplied; and the names by which certain congeries of symptoms were designated, have been employed by successive writers, with too little attention to the acceptations adopted by their predecessors, or to the descriptions which they connected with them; and confusion, in short, appears to have been but ‘worse confounded,’ as the number of attempts at elucidation has increased.

Independently, therefore, of the difficulties arising from the nature of the diseases themselves, from the variety of their appearances in different instances, and in different stages of their progress, and from their frequent connection with, and conversion into each other, the impediments to a methodical view of these diseases, resulting from the errors and contradictions of writers on the subject, are great and numerous, and only to be surmounted by an able and attentive observation of the various appearances which the diseases assume.

The execution of the two former parts of this work

reflected no common degree of credit on the industry, the discernment, and the judgment of Dr. Willan; and the part which is now before us will afford similar proofs of discrimination in ascertaining the characters, and in tracing the identity of diseases, through the obscurity of varying names, and imperfect descriptions. We shall confine our attention chiefly to the most novel parts of this dissertation, the diagnostics, and the literary history of the diseases of which it treats. The history of symptoms, which is minute, accurate, and comprehensive, is entitled to much praise, but cannot be abridged: and in the treatment, which is recommended, there is little which is peculiar to the author; it is extremely judicious and simple; the result of his observations tending to curtail the list of useless or pernicious expedients which are too often employed, and to determine the remedies of decided utility, rather than to multiply their number. Perhaps the superiority of modern practice, within the last half century, in febrile diseases in general, (a circumstance fully evinced by the great diminution of their fatality,) has chiefly consisted in a similar proceeding.

Having completed the subject of *papulous* and *scaly* eruptions in the two former publications, Dr. Willan now proceeds to the *Exanthemata* or Rashes, which constitute the third order. He employs the term *Exanthema* in a sense somewhat different from that which has been attached to it by other writers. It seems originally, he remarks, to have expressed an eruption of papulæ, miliary vesicles, wheals, or *petechiæ*. Some medical writers apply it to all eruptive complaints: but modern nosologists confine the word to those eruptions which are attended with fever. It is literally *efflorescence*; and our author uses it 'to express the appearance termed in English a Rash, which is a redness of the skin, varying as to extent, continuity, and brightness of colour, and occasioned by an unusual quantity of blood distributed to several of the cutaneous veins, [*vessels?*] in some instances with partial extravasation.' This order comprises, besides the two diseases here treated of, five other genera; *Urticaria*, nettle-rash; *Roseola*, rose-rash; *Iris*, rainbow-rash; *Purpura*, purple or scorbutic rash; and *Erythema*, or red-rash; which will be the subject of future discussion.

Dr. Willan describes, with his usual discrimination, three varieties of measles, which he denominates *Rubeola vulgaris*, *R. sine catarrho*, and *R. nigra*. The distinction of the two first of these varieties is of considerable practical importance. He details fully and minutely all the symptoms, whether regular or anomalous, which have been observed in



the *R. vulgaris*, or common measles, and enumerates the various terminations and consequences which have been seen to occur, in a manner which evinces much attentive and original observation. The treatment which he recommends is simple and rational. During the eruptive stage, light diet, tepid drinks, and moderate temperature, are chiefly required. He advises the use of the pediluvium, in preference to antimonials and other diaphoretics; and the inhalation of steam instead of the ineffectual palliatives of the cough, mucilages and emulsions. He discusses the propriety of bloodletting at considerable length, and remarks that even when, after the total disappearance of the eruption, the pulmonic symptoms may demand its use, some limitation to the practice is yet suggested by the circumstance, that it does not alleviate those symptoms when they succeed to the measles, in the same degree as when they originate from cold. He justly deprecates the hypothetical recommendation of Sydenham, of bleeding in order to remove the diarrhoea, which frequently supervenes at the decline of the eruption; he considers its occurrence as a very favourable circumstance; and when it does not occur, he advises the use of occasional purgatives, which generally relieve the cough, and allay the inflammatory symptoms, and often supersede the necessity of bloodletting.

The second variety, mentioned by Dr. Willan, in which the characteristic eruption goes through its regular stages without fever or catarrhal symptoms, has not been noticed by any preceding writer, and merits particular attention. It is a circumstance of some importance in the prognostic of the physician, and still more in regard to the future conduct of the patient, that this variety of the measles does not emancipate the constitution from the power of the contagion, nor prevent the accession of the *Rubeola vulgaris* at a future period. The *febrile Rubeola* has never occurred twice in the same individual, in the course of Dr. Willan's long and attentive observation of eruptive diseases. He, therefore, justly suspects some mistake in the cases mentioned by authors, in which the measles are said to have recurred once or oftener, a mistake which is likely to be made, considering how difficult it often is to distinguish the measles from *Scarlatina*, *Strophulus*, *Roseola*, and other varieties of papulous and exanthematous eruptions.

The *Rubeola nigra* is apparently a variety of little consequence. ' It sometimes happens, about the seventh or eighth day, that the rash becomes suddenly black, or of a dark purple colour, with a mixture of yellow (as represented



by a plate). 'This appearance has continued ten days, and in some cases longer, without much distress to the patient, and with no other symptoms of fever than a quick pulse, and a slight degree of languor.' p. 236. The mineral acids are of obvious advantage.

Dr. Willan affirms that he never saw the *Rubeola vulgaris* intermixed at an early period with petechiæ; and he has adduced several observations, which elucidate satisfactorily this important circumstance in the history of measles. Since the publication of a paper, in the *Medical Observations and Inquiries*, vol. iv. written by Sir Wm. Watson, the existence of what were denominated 'Putrid Measles' has been generally credited, and recorded by authors. But Dr. Willan states a sufficiency of evidence to shew that the disease, so denominated by Sir W. Watson, and which occurred in the Foundling Hospital in 1763 and 1768, was *Scarlatina*. He observes that Sir Wm. W. himself refers the disease in question to the *morbilli maligni*, described by Dr. Morton: but Morton expressly maintained that the measles and scarlet fever were the same disease, standing in the same relation to each other as the distinct and confluent small-pox; and his *description* of the *morbilli maligni*, *morbilli epidemii*, &c. is obviously applicable only to the disease to which other writers have given the titles of *Angina maligna*, *Angina epidemica*, *Scarlatina Anginosa*, &c.

The nature and essential character of *Scarlatina* were, in fact, at that time in a considerable degree undetermined. It is curious to observe the successive variation of the terms by which Dr. Watson designated these epidemics; and the implied unsettled state of his opinion with respect to their nature. In that of 1763, the first case (see *Med. Obs. and Inq.* p. 136,) is called 'Epidemic Measles;' but in the apothecary's book the same case is denominated 'Eruptive Fever.' Two other cases in the same month are called, the one 'Eruptive Fever,' the other 'Scarlet Fever.' *From these sources* one hundred and eighty children were soon affected with the disease in question; but it was not till seven months afterwards that some cases are entered as 'Morbilious Fever.' In 1766 the term 'Eruptive Fever and Sore-throat,' is used for an epidemic disorder among children. In 1770 the *scarlatina* and measles probably prevailed at the same time, and the nomenclature of Sir W. W. is as follows: 'Measles'—'Measles and Sore-throat'—or 'Measles and ulcerated Sore-throat'—and measles with 'Putrid Fever.' The denomination of 'Scarlet Fever and Sore-throat' first occurs in the weekly report 1st Sept. 1787.

‘About the same time,’ Dr. Willan adds, ‘in the prescription book appropriated to the measles, a separate entry is made of Scarlatina; this generic title being at length applied, when the disease, after a dreadful ravage during two successive years, had fully impressed the inhabitants of London with a knowledge of its distinctive character, and peculiar virulence.’ p. 245.

Dr. Willan quotes some other contemporary authorities, to shew the unsettled state of opinions and nomenclature respecting the Scarlatina till after the year 1780. This point is still more amply illustrated in the literary history of this disease, which Dr. W. has followed out with much ability under its proper head.

The subject of the measles is concluded with some observations on the accounts left by the original writers of the Saracenic school, who have created no small confusion, by describing the small-pox and measles as one and the same disease. This error was transmitted by medical authors for more than eight centuries!—A circumstance which affords us a remarkable illustration of the bondage of the human intellect under the trammels of authority; and may serve to teach us the just value of original observation and unbiassed inquiry; in the exercise of which alone, true *experience* (that much abused name in the science of medicine) is to be attained.

Of the Scarlatina Dr. Willan gives the following brief character.

‘The Scarlatina is characterised by a close efflorescence, of a scarlet colour, appearing on the surface of the body, or within the mouth and fauces, usually on the second day of a febrile disorder, and terminating in about five days, but without any certainty of a crisis to the fever.’

The generic term comprises three varieties, which he denominates Scarlatina *simplex*, consisting of the rash only; *S. anginosa*, in which there are superadded a swelling and redness of the internal fauces, often terminating in slight ulcerations;—and *S. maligna*, in which symptoms of low fever, with dark and livid ulcers of the throat, &c. also occur. Another variety is afterwards mentioned, viz. the scarlet ulcerating sore-throat, without any efflorescence on the skin, which experience has decided to originate from the same contagion with the other forms of the disease. Some practitioners, indeed, have expressed an opinion, that the ulcerating sore-throat might occur in individuals who had previously undergone the scarlet eruption; but, among two thousand patients, Dr. W. has not seen a recurrence of any one

of the forms of the disease, after any of the other had existed. This accords with the statement of Dr. Withering in the second edition of his pamphlet.

The difficulty of distinguishing the Scarlatina from the measles, and the frequent mistakes which have been made, independently of considering them as varieties of the same disease, has induced the author to recapitulate their diagnostic characters; the perspicuity and accuracy of his detail, especially of the appearances of the two eruptions respectively, will render any apology for transcribing the greater part of it unnecessary.

\* 1st, The efflorescence in Scarlatina generally appears on the second day of fever; in the measles it is seldom visible till the fourth.

\* 2dly. It is much more full and spreading in the former disease than in the latter, and consists of innumerable points and specks under the cuticle, intermixed with minute papulæ, in some cases forming continuous, irregular patches; in others coalescing into an uniform flush over a considerable extent of surface. In the measles the rash is composed of circular dots, partly distinct, partly set in small clusters or patches, and a little elevated, so as to give the sensation of roughness when a finger is passed over them. These patches are seldom confluent, but form a number of crescents or segments of circles, with large intervening portions of cuticle, which retain their usual colour. The colour of the rash is also different in the two diseases, being a vivid red in Scarlatina, like that of a boiled lobster's shell; but in the measles a dark red, with nearly the blue of a raspberry.

\* 3dly. During the febrile stage, the measles are distinguished by an obstinate harsh cough, forcing up, in repeated paroxysms, a tough acrimonious phlegm; by an inflammation of the eyes and eyelids, with great sensibility to light; by an increased discharge from the lachrymal gland, sneezing, &c. The Scarlatina is frequently attended with a cough, also with redness of the eyes, from an extension of the rash to the tunica albuginea, circumstances which render the distinction between this complaint and measles particularly difficult, if other symptoms be not clear and decisive. On minute observation, however, it will be generally, perhaps always, found, that the cough in Scarlatina is short and irritating, without expectoration; that the redness of the eye is not attended with intolerance of light; that the ciliary glands are not affected; and that, although the eyes appear shining and watery, they never overflow.' (p. 260-1.)

Dr. Willan has detailed at length the variety and the progress of the symptoms, which are considerably different under the different forms of the disease: irregularities



which have, no doubt, contributed materially to the confusion which is to be found in its history.

The time and place of the origin of *Scarlatina*, as well as of the measles, are unknown. Whether the 'pestilential ulcers of the throat,' described by Aretæus and Aëtius, as prevalent in Egypt and Syria, were forms of this disease, Dr. W. does not attempt to decide: and the Arabian physicians have not left descriptions sufficiently precise, to furnish any conclusion in regard to its existence among them. The author thinks it probable that it was imported into this country from the Levant. It is first described in modern times by Ingrassia, a physician of Naples, where it was known before the year 1500, by the name of *Rossalia*. From this time its progress is satisfactorily traced by Dr. W. under the mask of varying appellations, through the different countries of Europe, of which it constituted, for at least two centuries, the most malignant scourge.

A contagious sore-throat proved extremely fatal at Amsterdam in 1517, which, from the description of it given by Forestus, appears to have been a malignant *Scarlatina*; as well as a similar epidemic described by Wierus, which spread through Lower Germany, in 1564 and 65. The same disorder was epidemical at Paris a few years afterwards, according to Ballonius, who denominates it *Rubiola*, and in his description has detailed the leading symptoms of *Scarlatina anginosa*. It was fatal in a dreadful degree. The epidemic sore-throat, called by the Spaniards, *Garrotillo*, which succeeded the influenza of 1580, and spread in the course of forty years to all the sea-ports of Italy, Sicily, and Malta, carrying with it an almost incredible mortality, clearly appears to have been the *Scarlatina*, from the accounts of it left by Mercati, Francesco Nola, and others. At Naples, and other places, being considered as a new disease, it received a great number of new appellations. About the same time the milder forms of *Scarlatina* prevailed in different parts of Germany, where it was denominated *Morbilli ignei*, *Rossalia*, *Erysipelata*, *Universal Erysipelas*, &c. (See Sennertus and Doringius.) The latter writer first notices its termination in dropsical swellings; it was again described as a new disease, under the titles of '*Febris miliaris rubra*,' and '*Febris coccinea*,' when it occurred at Leipzig about the middle of the seventeenth century. It spread through Poland in 1665, and was well described by Schultzius under the denomination of '*Purpura epidemia maligna*.' During the remainder of the century it was frequently described by writers on the continent, under various



titles, some expressive of its extreme fatality, others denoting its affinity with measles, miliary eruptions, petechial fever, &c. as may be collected from the detail which Dr. Willan has given.

The author pursues the historical view of the disease in this country, from the time of Sydenham and Morton, the first English writers who mention it, to the present period. And he observes, that all the descriptions of Scarlatina, occurring epidemically at different times, and in different climates, agree more nearly than might have been expected; and that they coincide with his own observations, so far as to justify the distinctions he has made.

This historical detail, developed with considerable learning and ability, of which we have been able to present but a slight sketch, stripped of the ample evidence on which it rests, is extremely satisfactory. It tends to simplify the records of medicine; it dispels a mist which hung over the history of epidemic diseases, bidding defiance to arrangement, and multiplying greatly the apparent varieties of human malady. And by teaching us the identity of the disease, which has been perpetually mistaken, and misnamed, it gives us the opportunity of deriving all the instruction which a comparison of the different remedies and expedients adopted for its cure can afford. The instruction is great, and the comparison highly in favour of modern medicine. It is indeed a lamentable truth, that two centuries of fatal experience were requisite to open the eyes of mankind to the falsity of their hypothetical principles, and to the observation of facts. But again we have to lament the bigotry of system and the power of prescriptive authority; when physicians, as Dr. W. observes of Mercati, seem to have chosen rather to err with Galen, than to trust to their own reason and sagacity.

We have dilated so amply on the more original parts of this treatise, that our limits compel us to conclude, with merely recommending an attention to the observations relative to the treatment of Scarlatina. The variations in the practice, which the different varieties of the disease require, are in general clearly pointed out. We regret that, with regard to some of the remedies, the author did not rather present us with observations collected from the store of his own experience, than with a full detail of the opinions of others. This part is concluded with some important considerations on the means of preventing and arresting the contagion of Scarlet Fever. It contains five coloured en-

gravings, representing the different varieties of the two diseases under discussion.

---

ART. V.—*Letters from Paraguay, describing the Settlements of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, the Presidencies of Rioja Minor, Nombre de Dios, St. Mary, and St. John, &c. &c. with the Manners, Customs, Religious Ceremonies, &c. of the Inhabitants; written during a Residence of Seventeen Months in that Country. By John Constance Davie, Esq.* Robinson. 8vo. pp. 293. 1805.

THE Spanish settlements in South America have been guarded from the intrusion of strangers with so rigorous a care, and the native and European inhabitants have had the powers of their minds so paralysed by a superstitious religion and a despotic government, that we have, comparatively speaking, few and imperfect accounts of these extensive and important districts. In almost all instances, our knowledge of them, at least of a very modern date, is confined to a superficial delineation of the shores, and even that degree of information we have not always attained. Whole provinces, countries equalling in extent and fertility the largest empires of Europe, are yet involved in this mystery, which for the last half century scarcely a ray of knowledge has appeared to dissipate. Additional information on topics so little understood, and more especially the accounts of recent observers, cannot fail to be received with a considerable portion of curiosity. And we entertain no doubt, that the present work is the fruit of considerations of the kind now stated, and of calculations in which the one thing needful has not been forgotten.

Mr. Davie, notwithstanding his strange combination of names, assures us that he is a native of England, driven by a disappointment of a tender nature to seek that happiness in an ever changing variety of scenes, which the monotonous uniformity of his own country was unable to afford him. Like the rest of the race of love-sick and heart-broken swains, he pours forth his sentiments and observations to sooth his own pains and exhilarate the friendly soul of a personage who is here embodied into a real form, and introduced to all company who please to visit him, first paying entrance money, as ——— Yorke, Esq. of Taunton Dean, in the county of Somerset, half brother of the author. We really

think, and cannot help observing, that considering the easiness of the thing, this gentleman, the near relation of Mr. Davie, and surely somehow implicated in the publication of his work, might have been provided with a Christian name. In the letters addressed to him by Mr. Davie, it is also worthy of remark, that he is always styled *friend*, and never once saluted by the natural and endearing name of brother.

The scene opens at New York, whither our adventurer had directed his course, with the view, it would appear, of wandering about he knew not well where, on the continent of North America. From this resolution he is diverted by the more enticing prospect of a voyage to that land of thieves and pickpockets, Botany Bay; and in order that the gratification of his avarice might keep pace with that of his curiosity and restlessness, he faced the dangers of the ocean, in company with an adventure of old clothes, which it seems are well suited to the persons and purses of the rogues of the South Sea. Before his setting out on this voyage, however, Mr. Davie entertains us to the best of his power, by sundry observations on the country and population of the United States, with the latter of which he appears not altogether delighted. Nature, according to him, when forming that nether world, (why nether?) had exhausted all her treasures on the inanimate part of the creation, and consequently had been obliged to cobble up the inhabitants out of what shreds she had remaining. When this magnificent flight was writing, surely the author had forgotten that twelve honest men exhausted a great deal more of their treasures in forming the present population of America, than ever did Dame Nature in her most bountiful mood. Mr. Davie, however, is of opinion, that when the States once grow rich and powerful, the ideas of the *Columbrians* may expand. Then, exclaims he, philosophers, astronomers, and metaphysicians will spring up, with intellects as capacious and profound as that overgrown country seems to demand, that all its parts may be in unison; that is, we suppose, with over-grown intellects.

Mr. Davie appears extremely disgusted with the Anglo-Americans, on account of the very short time that they allot to their meals, which he assures us are dispatched with as much assiduity as if their eternal welfare depended on their expedition. This, which is an objection very natural for one of our countrymen to make, the delicate ticklishness of whose palates has been long celebrated, arises in our transatlantic brethren, from their excessive eagerness



to pursue the more gainful projects of merchandise. Such privation of all luxuries is in these letters seriously reprehended, and the food of the inhabitants of the United States is pronounced to be plain, but wholesome, by a character named Jack Backer, who is introduced for the sole purpose of uttering the oracular proposition, that no belly-cheating kickshaws are introduced to tantalise the appetite. The American ladies, too, according to this author's account, are patterns of domestic economy, and practise in perfection that cleanliness which, with plentiful libations and hebdomadal activity, exorcises every dead and living thing within the precincts of the mansion. Nor are these dames of the brush and broom more expert in using than in manufacturing the implements of domestic labour; and our author expresses unnecessary surprise at the making of a mop by one of his fair friends of the western continent. The male part of the Americans are here represented as altogether as much attached to the accumulation of wealth by commerce, as their better halves are to the acquisition of health by scrubbing their floors; and the love of these men to hoard their riches is ridiculously attributed to a spirit of patriotism which envies the pre-eminence of England, and longs to rival her power and counteract her influence. This tissue of speculation is curiously enough concluded by a query, which it has puzzled poor Mr. Davie to answer in a very grievous manner: this is no other than the inquiry, why does the pursuit of gain tend to narrow the mind? or, as it is here more learnedly and metaphorically expressed, 'the genial effusions of the soul, which in itself is free and liberal.' Really if crossing seas and oceans, and perambulating foreign lands, serve no better purpose than to raise these doubts without tending to their explanation, we envy not the benefits of travel; for surely it is no task of insurmountable difficulty to explain, why the pursuit and the love of pecuniary advantage follow each other, and operate by a direct influence to deaden every nobler feeling of the human heart, and to blunt the fine edge of our more delicate perceptions.

In a visit to some of his American acquaintances, Mr. Davie met with two emigrants from Ireland, who were bound to the banks of the Ohio, where they entertained reasonable hopes of obtaining independence and ultimate wealth. The occasion, however, is not lost by our author of uttering a string of ten times repeated observations on the impolicy of our government, in permitting these emigrations to proceed unmolested; but the real fact appears to be that

many parts of our own country produce more inhabitants than they can furnish with the means of a comfortable livelihood; and we are not of those who prefer a numerous and half-starved population, to one of moderate numbers and plentiful comforts. But Mr. Davie is most unquestionably right in one thing, that the spirit of emigration is to be combated not by nugatory and penal restrictions, but by providing at home the means of a decent subsistence. Yet, though something of this kind may probably be done in all the parts of the united kingdoms, the extension of such plans is limited within a boundary which the nature of circumstances will prevent all exertions to surpass. Amongst the emigrants of our country, however, Mr. Davie saw no Scotch, though he heard of many; and he takes occasion to remark that he does not wonder at *their* leaving their native places, where few will stay to till the barren soil, who can procure the means of removal. On this occasion, without any desire to prove the fertility of the Scotch soil, we will venture to observe, nor fear the danger of contradiction, that never a man of our northern neighbours abandoned his natal spot from the trouble of cultivating an ungrateful land, but very many have for ever bid adieu to the shores of their ancestors for want of soil to till, or employment to procure a subsistence. The Scotch are proverbially attached to their native country, and cling with the fondness of enthusiasm to their barren and romantic rocks. Mr. Davie's proposition may be granted to be true, when he, or any one else, shall be able to point out a corner of ground in Scotland turned to no account, for want solely of a hand to call forth its productive powers, or a manufactory at a stand from a deficiency of people to conduct it. However, our author proceeds to remark, for he is a very remarking man, that it is a scandalous thing in government to lose quietly so large a portion of their useful subjects, and above all to neglect so promising an establishment as the fisheries on our northern coasts, which might, if properly conducted, prove so beneficial to the national interests. Mr. Davie's scheme to correct these defects, is one not the most likely in the world to be adopted with success; he exhorts the nation to establish on a royal foundation this extensive branch of commerce, and pronounces with apophthegmatical confidence that a royal fishery would provide not only herrings for our people, but seamen for our navy. Now, though all this be a consummation devoutly to be wished, we fear there is little probability of attaining our purpose by such measures and when we hear of national fisheries, we cannot help reflect-

ing on the fate of King James's colony on the Isle of Skye, which the envy of the ancient inhabitants pursued first to distress, and finally to utter ruin. We believe there are very few instances of any royal manufactory or commercial concern turning out to royal profit; and to support any such establishment at an expence which the produce does not pay, is merely, in other words, to bestow a certain number of pensions and gratuities on those who, if they deserve national assistance, should receive it in an open way, and if they do not deserve it, ought not to be paid for fictitious services. But the true and only method of encouraging fisheries, or any other commercial undertaking, is to render them beneficial for the adventurers, though it may often be a matter of extreme difficulty to discover how that is to be achieved; and nothing can be more ill judged than the remarks thrown out in this volume, 'that the fisheries are now in the hands of a few private individuals, who naturally enough prefer private emolument to public good.' In all cases these two are inseparable.

We have already lingered so long with Mr. Davie on the shores of North America, that we must hasten to put him on board his vessel, with his cargo from Rag-fair, and trust him to the mercy of the winds and waves. Accordingly he set sail from New York, for New South Wales, with fair prospects; but, as he sagely remarks, what man appoints God disappoints; and a calm first, and then a hurricane drove them for shelter into a port little frequented by English vessels, that of Monte Video, in the great river La Plata. This incident it is which affords to Mr. Davie the means of inditing his epistles from Paraguay; for soon after his arrival in that country he was attacked by some disease incident to Europeans on their first going into these latitudes, and his illness proved so tedious and so dangerous, that his American shipmates were obliged to abandon him to the care and humanity of strangers, and national enemies; but these strangers were Spaniards, these national foes were of that proud and honourable race, who disdain to triumph over weakness and misery, or to add private and unnecessary distress to the unavoidable horrors of warfare. How different would have been his fate in the dominions of the French! But under Spanish controul his personal afflictions were alleviated, humanity held out her hand to restore his health, and no further restraint was enjoined him than the jealous maxims of their government have long and universally put in practice upon individuals of every nation. Mr. Davie lodged in the house of a merchant from the Canaries, and was



treated, by his own account, with the utmost hospitality. The disorder by which he was attacked does not seem referable to any known in this country by observation or report, and our author was willing to have believed its first approach to be unattended with danger, but for the contrary assurance of his 'kind host' This disease, however, we are informed, is one of those non-descripts which defy all attempts at classification: it exists for no precise period; some linger for many months, others only a few months, and some but a few days, before it terminates fatally. In the latter event Mr. Davie informs his correspondent with great gravity and serious assertion 'that he will never write another letter.'

The next communication, written after a long interval, announces our author's recovery from this formidable malady, owing in a great measure to the care of the fathers of a convent of the order of St. Dominic; his head, however, he shrewdly suspects, is not yet settled, and that for the notable reason that all his recollections seem a kind of chaos. Like a love sick girl locked up in a garret, he yields to his propensity to write, in a situation where, we believe, few people would have thought of making any movement, which they could avoid with safety to themselves. This is the true *cacoethes scribendi*, and illustrates the truth of Pope's remark, that—

'Heaven first sent letters for some wretch's aid.'

The consequence of this exertion of his hand and mind was, however, so alarming to his health that he was interdicted from the use of pens and paper for the grievous period of a fortnight; at last the beloved implements of correspondence were restored, and our author proceeds to detail the events of his illness, with the aid of a French monk named Brother Jerome. A venerable man, it seems, was sent by the governor to see Mr. Davie, and he, after examining his tongue and the roots of his nails, declared him to be attacked by the *faitfa*, and bled him with an instrument like a glazier's diamond, which was knocked into the vein of his arm with a hammer. The Indian surgeons, we are informed, are so expert that no bad effects ever arise from this scientific operation. This being done, the doctor proceeded to boil a quantity of herbs in water, which the patient was compelled to drink, and the solid part was applied to his stomach and bowels, though without any good consequences either; and during this uncertainty of his recovery, the ship in which he arrived was obliged to pursue her course. After some interval, the dis-

order began to abate; but he continued to be as delirious as at any period, and he was removed, by order of the governor, to Buenos Ayres: at that place he was visited by another Indian sage, who, by fumigating the head of his patient with a certain herb, in the space of a fortnight restored him to the use of *as much reason* as he ever possessed. Soon after this happy occurrence, Mr. Davie received from his attendants a cross which had belonged to his last mistress, which he had worn tied round his neck: and the lover's devotions with which he bore it to his lips, edified the pious catholics around him, and imparted to them a holy transport, that from a land of infidels one sheep was preserved to the flock of St. Peter. This incidental mistake our author represents himself to have improved to his own advantage, and to have received numerous favours and privileges as a brother in religion, though a stranger in politics. His English apparel was taken from him, and he was provided with the habit of a novice of St. Dominic, and tutored into a knowledge of the mysteries and forms of popery. All this, we are informed, he went through without betraying by his ignorance or surprise the profane education of a heretic; indeed he seems to have attracted more attention by the fairness of his 'sandy complexion' than by any other qualities of his body or mind. On his part he chiefly remarked, with regard to the dress of the natives of Paraguay, that on the festival of Corpus Christi, they all, at least those of a certain age and rank, wore an English gold watch, suspended by a belt round the waist, which demonstrates, according to our author, that though they dislike our nation, they love our manufactures. He on the other hand, is not unmindful of his native land, and expresses more 'English joy' at the sight of a large pile of cakes, tastefully and temptingly arranged, than at all the gorgeous exhibitions of religious ceremonies.

Mr. Davie by degrees procured the friendship of some of the monks of his convent, and in particular of one who was called the Father Hernandez, and who at last received him under his special protection. The population of Paraguay, he was enabled to observe, consisted of several descriptions of people; the Spaniards and their descendants of uncorrupted blood hold the reins of authority undisputed in their hands, and live, according to these accounts, in possession for the greater part of considerable wealth, and in the constant pursuit and attainment of pleasure. The native Indians, who are by far the most numerous part of the inhabitants, are partly wild and unsubdued, living the life of the Tartarian hordes, and scarcely ever quitting their horses but during the

periods allotted to sleep and refreshment. This they have been enabled to do by the amazing increase of horses in these fertile and ill-peopled districts. The Spaniards, on their first taking possession of Paraguay, suffered some of these animals to run wild, and from the peculiarly favourable circumstances in which they were placed, their number augmented so rapidly, that in every quarter they are now to be found in immense herds. The Indians soon learning their use and their value, became an equestrian nation, and have by these very means bid defiance to the power, the arms, and the discipline of the Spaniards, opposing cunning to courage, retreat to attack, and compensating by the rapidity of their movements for the feebleness of their other resources. Black cattle have also in the same manner become extremely numerous in the wilds of Paraguay, and afford an exhaustless supply of food and source of profit to the inhabitants. They are not, however, altogether as plentiful as at a former period, so immensely great have been the numbers wantonly slaughtered for the sake only of their skins.

The Indian tribes subjected to the Spaniards are in a very different situation, and have lost, with their liberty, the most valuable privileges of humanity, and many of them are *adscripti glebae*, like the boors of Russia, and the ancient *villains* of our own country. In the instances where they have been converted by the exertions of the ecclesiastics, their fate has been greatly more fortunate, they are treated in every respect more gently and humanely, and the conduct of the priests has been generally of the most exemplary kind. It cannot have escaped the knowledge or recollection of almost any of our readers, how immense the establishments of the Jesuits were at one period in these provinces, and how the jealousy of a feeble and despotic government became alarmed at the prosperity and progress of these missionaries, and dreaded the astonishing influence which they had obtained over the minds of their converts. The other orders of the catholic religion succeeded to a great part of the authority of the Jesuits, on the expulsion of that able body of men from the Spanish dominions; but all the more dangerous privileges they had possessed, were abridged or withdrawn, and the whole settlements subjected to the controul of the secular arm. According to the accounts of this author, however, the Spanish government still aims at a farther extension of its power, and proceeds by rapid steps to appropriate to itself all the means of influence within its territories.



The Indians who belong to the government are let out to private individuals, to be employed by them in labour, which is done without any regard to the power of these unfortunate beings to undergo exertion, and they are urged to complete their tasks, which are often enormous, by the terror or the application of the superintendant's whip. On Mr. Davie's remarking to a Spaniard that the negro slaves in the British plantations were better treated, he was answered, 'Very true, sir, and so are my domestic slaves, who am but a merchant. But what is the reason? The African we are obliged to purchase; and if through ill-usage he dies, there is so much money lost. Now the native Indian is the property of the state, and no one suffers by his loss but his majesty, who has it in his power to replace it immediately without feeling the least inconvenience.' The method by which this is done, is by a requisition on all the settlements in Paraguay, to supply for the use of the government a certain number of men from among the converted Indians, who are not yet reduced to absolute slavery. By these means the Spaniards have procured slaves, to replace those whom their severities have killed or unfitted for labour. The European government is unfortunately at too great a distance to interfere in these arrangements with very effectual controul, and the viceroys and other agents of deputed authority have little other object, than to acquire for themselves an immense and rapid fortune, regardless of the calls of injured humanity, or the mischiefs of a time-serving and fatal policy. But this wanton sacrifice of lives, with the introduction of that most destructive disorder the small-pox, has already diminished the numbers of the native Indians to an alarming extent, and unless a new set of maxims be adopted by the government, and a line of conduct more in unison with the precepts of their religion, a total extirpation of the original inhabitants seems likely to ensue. Already they have been obliged to commence the importation of negroes from Africa, for the purposes of domestic servitude, and the services of that odious and dangerous race have been preferred to those of the mild and tractable aboriginal inhabitants. The behaviour of the Spaniards to the natives of their American dominions has always been of the most barbarous as well as short-sighted and impolitic description. But surely our author need not have left this, or any other country, to have sought in the continent of South America an opportunity of arraigning the justice of heaven, in permitting the earthly triumph of oppressive vice over weaker virtue; a subject highly important and full of diffi-

culty, but which is not to be treated with any sort of advantage, in the narrow space which Mr. Davie has given to its consideration. His concluding remark is the only one of this part of the work that we can approve; 'It is a dark subject: I had better leave it.'

We meet with frequent observations on the state of defence of Buenos Ayres, and the other parts of the province of Paraguay. According to our author, a few English ships and two or three regiments would be sufficient to reduce the whole under the dominion of Great Britain. It seems now generally imagined, whether truly or not we know not, that Sir Home Popham and Sir David Baird are gone to prove the justice of these assertions. Great part of the difficulty, it would appear, will arise from the navigation of the great river of La Plata, provided with sands and shoals enough to embarrass the boldest and most dextrous navigators; if these were overcome, Mr. Davie fears, we suppose he meant hopes, that neither a miserable fort, a pompous governor, nor some half-clothed regiments of long-haired Indians, and whiskered Spaniards, could oppose an effectual resistance to the attack of a British force. The Spanish troops, our author assures us, are the dirtiest and most slovenly in the whole world; and he is immediately led to remark the contrast between the everlasting cleanliness of the North, and the superabundant filthiness of the South American.

'The former,' observes Mr. Davie, 'makes ye hop, skip, and jump, like an opera dancer, to escape the transparent sprinkling of a notable mop-twirler, or to screen your clothes and eyes from the unfriendly benedictions of the general white washing, which annually, and in a small degree weekly, takes place in most of the capital towns. And this some of the shrubs I sent you from Philadelphia can testify, for three of them were, by one of these daughters of cleanliness, plentifully baptized with her Olympian dew, which cost me two days labour to wash off from the leaves only, but from the back it was impossible to remove it. I remember it was done while I was gone to seek the captain of the vessel that was to convey them to England. When I returned and saw what had been done, I forgot I was in Pennsylvania, and began to anathematise most devoutly. Mrs. ——— ran out to inquire what was the matter, with her grey stuff gown, and white washing cap most delicately dappled. I told my grievance, and demanded redress. "Lord bless me," said she, "is that all! why, would you have had us leave that side of the room undone?" "Undone, madam!" I exclaimed in all the rage of injured genius, "yes, I would have had the whole house, nay, the whole city left unwhitewashed, rather than that the shrubs should have been sprinkled in this diabolical manner." "I do not doubt you

in the least," said she, "I never knew an Englishman that was fond of cleanliness!" "Zounds! madam," cried I, "can this be deemed cleanliness which deranges the whole economy of a house, turns topsy turvy things that should never be stirred, and sets at defiance every rule of peace, order, and regularity, besides destroying every article that comes within its reach?" "Pretty talking truly," retorted the lady, "pray how are the holes and corners to be cleaned, if every thing is not removed into the middle of the room? Why, good God! you English are as dirty as the Esquimaux." This allusion silenced me immediately: it was a climax—there was no withstanding it. I therefore quietly ordered a pail of water to be brought me, and began sousing my poor plants as plentifully as the good lady did her house; which operation I was left in perfect security to perform, since nothing can be more acceptable to a North American female, than slopping the pavement with water, provided the walls are not splashed in the execution.

We should have been happy to be able to testify with truth, that our author had always confined himself to the description of nature, as he observed her works in the regions which he had traversed, or to anecdotes and occurrences, harmless or amusing as that above quoted. But his notions of the system of the universe and the existence and attributes of a supreme Deity, seem as crude, ill-digested, and often as absurd as can be well imagined to be entertained by any man in the possession of his senses. Because an old and worthless miser, named Don Manuel, dies, leaving an unexpected accumulation of wealth, nothing will serve Mr. Davie but to suspect 'a very blameable partiality in the distribution of divine favours.' With a ridiculous quaintness he harangues to his correspondent on this fancied objection of irrefragable force; and with the most dangerous and weak minded petulance, dares to arraign the distribution of good and evil in the moral world, certainly without appreciating the weight of his own arguments, or possessing any knowledge of the answers which can either greatly diminish or wholly extinguish their power.

'My friend,' says Mr. Davie, 'if there is *not* a race of beings inferior to the Deity, yet possessing the means of controuling the fortunes of men, *then is the Omnipotent either wholly regardless of the creatures he has formed, or cruelly unjust in his treatment of them.*' When people set up to instruct others in theology, and to tamper with established and beneficial opinions, the least we can expect is a competent acquaintance with the subject which is treated. But we enter our protest in the strongest manner against all this flimsy and captious declamation, which is calculated



only to disgust the proficient and to entrap the inexperienced and unwary.

After a residence of many months at Buenos Ayres, our author was permitted to accompany his friend and patron, Father Hernandez, on a spiritual mission to the presidency of Rioja Minor, obtaining, by means of this, the opportunity to make his observations on some parts of the interior of Paraguay. In the course of their journey they passed through many of the unsubdued tribes, with some of whom they had interviews for the purposes of barter, and many particulars are related of their manners, and of the natural appearances of the country, in a style of considerable liveliness. To extract these, however, we have neither room nor inclination, and can only refer the reader to the perusal of the work itself. Father Hernandez narrowly escaped being devoured by a tyger, from which fate he was saved by the exertions of our author; but the health of the reverend monk, before delicate, was wholly destroyed by this accident, and he survived his arrival at Rioja Minor but a short time. Before his death, however, he had left that presidency for that of Nombre de Dios, and afterwards visited several other settlements. But from one of these he was hastily recalled along with our author to Rioja Major, by the military commandant at that place, in consequence of some disturbances having occurred, which appeared to have originated in an attempt of the ecclesiastics and Indians to render themselves independent of the Spanish government altogether. After the death of Father Hernandez, this projected revolt actually happened, and the wild and converted Indians joined together to massacre the whole of the Spaniards, which they nearly effected; our author only escaped from the general lot by the favour and precaution of an Indian, who interfered in his behalf, and provided him with the signal by which friends were to be distinguished from enemies. The object of this revolution was, on the part of the priests, to obtain the whole management of the government, and to relieve themselves from the arrogance of military superiority; on the part of the Indians, greater freedom was desired, and an exemption from the oppressive draughts which are constantly made from their population, of unfortunate wretches, who are condemned to eternal labour in the mines, or to endless and harassing servitude. Not one of these men is ever known to return to the country of his friends, nor is the nature of his fate ever learned by them.

Mr. Davie was earnestly solicited by the monks to remain

in their convent, and they assured him of every advantage which he before possessed, with additional immunities and a greater liberty in every respect. But he was not to be tempted by their offers, and succeeded in being sent back to Buenos Ayres; he was packed up among some goods, which are annually sent to that place from the interior settlements, and the communication of intelligence in that country being extremely imperfect, it was supposed that the ordinary commerce might be carried on without any disclosure of the revolt at Rioja Minor. This was accordingly done, and the last bale of goods which was delivered from the vessel, was the person of Mr. John Constance Davie himself. He of course gave information of the scenes which had taken place in the interior country, and measures were adopted, in consequence, for the reduction of the revolters, but we do not here learn with what success, for at this period the volume before us terminates with some dark hints of the author's intentions to pursue his adventures in the regions of Chili. No farther intelligence, it is stated in the preface, has been received from him, and it is uncertain, we are informed, whether his life has been cut short by the dangers of travel or the mortality of the climate; whether he yet wanders restless and inquisitive amidst the woods and wilds of Spanish America; or whether, his correspondence being detected, he has been condemned to ransack the bowels of the earth for gold, to satisfy the avarice of his inexorable masters. Be which soever of these true, we must now bid him adieu, leaving him to the mercy or the favour of his readers.

The work, as to composition, though by no means unexceptionably correct, possesses a considerable degree of merit, and the author appears to have some talent of exciting the sensations of the ridiculous. The details of his journeyings, his escapes, and his peregrinations, are for the greater part extremely amusing, and the book is in that sense well adapted for the perusal of the bulk of the readers of travels. It may not perhaps have escaped the observation of those who have lent a close attention to the consideration of this article, that our mind has been infected with a certain degree of scepticism, with regard to the authenticity of the circumstances related in the performance now before us. It certainly makes its appearance in somewhat of a questionable shape, and it is not easy to divest oneself of some degree of doubt, nor to avoid feeling how singularly romantic is the story of Mr. Davie's voyage to Paraguay, and how unprecedented his intrusion within

the limits of a jealous and watchful government. Impressed with these feelings we proceeded to the perusal of this work, ready to catch at every inconsistency which our portion of critical acumen might enable us to discern, and to pierce the veil of hypocrisy with which our imagination had invested the composition of Mr. Davie. But such either is the fidelity of his narrative, such the dexterity of his art, or such the bluntness of our perception, that we have been unable by these means to discover any error or glaring improbability. On the other hand, it is fair to state that there is little if any thing contained in the whole work, which might not have had its origin in the closet or garret of the composer, if nature had provided him with a lively fancy, and art with a stock of solid information.

---

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester; Second Series. Volume first. 8vo. pp. 442. Bickerstaff. 1805.*

THE many respectable appearances which the Memoirs of the Manchester Society have made before the public, can be unknown to none of those devoted to the study or pursuit of any of the branches of the philosophy of nature. And it is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, and highly deserving at once of praise and imitation, that one of those learned bodies which most considerably augmented the stores of human knowledge has arisen and flourished in a mercantile and manufacturing town, unprotected by royal or national influence, unbenefited by the munificence of the wealthy, or the patronage of the great, and that this spark of science has been struck out by the hand of commerce, and excited into flame by the generous love of improvement. The society have now commenced a second series of their works, and have been induced thus far to alter the form of their publication, from the united considerations of the difficulty of procuring some of their volumes, which are out of print, and the inexpediency of now republishing any of their physical essays, however valuable these may originally have been justly esteemed.

Prefixed to the literary and philosophical papers, we observe a code of laws for the society, which are copiously minute, and a list of members who are honourably numerous. It was hardly necessary, however, for the legislators of this little association to have published for the information of



the world, that when a member of their body speaks, he must address the president, and if he cannot get any one to listen to his speech, then it behoves him to stand. We could almost suspect that our friends in Manchester have forgotten to enact that most celebrated and salutary ordinance for noisy clubs, that 'no more than three members shall speak at once.'

Sixteen papers are contained in the volume before us, of which the first was read so long ago as in the year 1799: it treats of the effects of opium on the living bodies of animals, and comes from the pen of Dr. Alexander. Upon the whole, these experiments and observations tend to confirm our former opinions upon the method in which narcotics influence the living system, and it is clearly shown that the Abbé Fontana's theory of the necessary interference of the blood is not tenable. With regard to other points we do not observe a great deal of novelty, though we cannot but commend the activity which proves by positive reference to the test of experiment, every opinion, however respectably supported by authority or arguments. By Dr. Alexander's observations, it appears that opium and alcohol act in a similar way on the human body, and that opium affects the nervous system directly, and not through any supposed intervention of the blood.

The second paper, by the Rev. Mr. George Walker, treats of the machinery of the ancient epic poem. This gentleman has very little respect for the theology of the Greeks and Romans, and labours through many a page to prove what few will deny, that of the pagan divinities, for the greater part, the males were tyrants or rogues, and the females prostitutes; and that the events brought about by their agency or interference might have been equally well and much more agreeably performed by terrestrial means. To our ideas, indeed, nurtured in the schools of chivalry and modern honour, the notion of the magnanimity or bravery of a man vulnerable only in the heel, does not seem very intelligible, nor is it easy to reconcile our feelings to the dastardly flight of the pious Æneas from the unfortunate Dido.

Mr. Gibson, the author of the third article in this volume, proposes some little alteration in the opinions now held regarding the communication of a red colour to the bones in the living animal body, by the internal exhibition of madder. This singular effect, which, according to Dr. Rutherford, depends on a chemical attraction between the osseous particles and the colouring matter, is here asserted in the

Common theory of this matter to take place before the bony substance is separated from the blood. Consequently the rapid alteration of colour produced in the bones of various animals by the administration of madder, and the disappearance of that colour on ceasing the use of that drug, ought to demonstrate a very rapid change, constantly occurring in the constituent parts of bones themselves; a much more speedy one indeed than has been generally allowed to take place even among the soft parts. Mr. Gibson, however, supposes these effects much more plausibly explained, by taking into the account the attraction of serum for the colouring matter of madder, which he thinks sufficient to enable that fluid to deprive the bones of their acquired colour. His experiments, however, are not convincing, and he ought to have shewn, not that he could render pale, but that he could whiten dead bones by infusion in hot serum. For it seems clear, that bones could never be whitened if this chemical theory were just, since that obviously presupposes a superior attraction of the serum to that of the bones for the dye, but the very tinge of the bones themselves requires the reverse to be true. If the attraction of the serum be greatest, the bones could never become red; if that of the bones exceed, the bones, once red, could never become white again.

In the fourth paper Dr. Bardsley considers the use and abuse of popular sports and exercises, in a manner sufficiently able and entertaining; but without any peculiar pretensions to novelty in his arguments. Like many who have preceded him in the same tract, he bestows his censures and malediction on all the methods of tormenting animals for amusement, and his applause on the whole admirers and practitioners of the noble science of pugilism. In the fifth paper, of which the Rev. Johnson Grant is the author, the subject of Reverie as connected with literature, is discussed. This gentleman, sometimes the observer and sometimes the physician of the mind, seems, notwithstanding his efforts in both these ways, to have added little to our knowledge of reverie. But his essay does him credit, as a very neat and sensible piece of composition.

Of the three next papers Mr. Dalton is the author. They treat of the different properties of elastic fluids as discovered by experiment, and of various extensions of the theory of the mutual penetrability of gases, which is well known to be entertained and most ingeniously supported by that gentleman. In the first of these, which is entitled, 'An Experimental Inquiry into the Proportions of the several elastic

Fluids constituting the Atmosphere,' three objects are considered; viz. the weight of each simple atmosphere abstractedly, the relative weights of the different gases in a given volume of air at the earth's surface, and the proportion of the gases at different elevations. These three objects of investigation, according to the theory of the chemical combination of the atmospheric gases, are one and the same; but, according to Mr. Dalton's view, extremely different. The first of them he conceives to be determined by finding the relative bulk of the component parts of any mass of common air, and a long discussion is entered into regarding the best method of separating the oxygenous from the azotic atmospheres. In this we have noticed little novelty, though we know how to value the experience of so accurate an observer as Mr. Dalton. The quantity of aqueous vapour is estimated, according to this gentleman's own experiments and theory, and the carbonic acid gas is found by the test of lime water to be much less than usually imagined. One remarkable and unexpected fact is stated, that little more than one per cent. of this gas would be detected in the air of a room in which two hundred people had breathed for two hours. We wish Mr. Dalton had also noted the quantity of oxygenous gas to be found, since, if no remarkable deficiency of that substance appeared, some important inferences might follow. We may observe, in our way, that Mr. Dalton retains the *y* where it ought to be in the chemical terms of Greek derivation; and we are happy to express our satisfaction that some are yet left to oppose the rage of senseless innovation, which, regardless of etymology, of harmony, and of elegance, attacks with a Gothic fury every remnant of Grecian origin, and annually clips and pares the nomenclature of chemical science, after the fantastic fashion of the time, which is nevertheless sure to yield in its season to something still more extravagant than any thing before devised.

According to Mr. Dalton's statement, the weights of the different gases, constituting the atmosphere, are as follow:

	Inch. of Mercury.
Azotic gas, -	23 . 36
Oxygenous gas -	6 . 18
Aqueous vapour -	. 41
Carbonic acid gas -	. 02

---

50 .

That is, the whole atmosphere supports a column of mercury of thirty inches, and each ingredient separately considered supports the share above stated. The proportional weights of these gases, in a given volume of air at the earth's



surface, are in their order per cent. 75.55, 23.32, 1.03, 0.10' the carbonic acid gas being thus reckoned only at a thousandth part of the whole. With regard to the proportions of the gases at different heights, we observe little satisfactory information, and Mr. Dalton seems to labour under an unnecessary difficulty of *conceiving* how a mechanical power may counteract a chemical one ; whether that ever happens or not, is another question.

Mr. Dalton's second paper treats of *the tendency of elastic fluids to diffusion through each other*, which he proves to occur in every instance by most decisive experiments. The chief use which he is inclined to make of these curious facts is to support his own theory, which, in Mr. Dalton's opinion, they establish beyond controversy. But though these observations agree extremely well with the supposition of the mutual penetrability of the gases, they may equally well be reconciled with that of their chemical union.

Mr. Dalton's third paper relates to the absorption of elastic fluids by water and other liquids, which he supposes to be done in the following proportions : either an equal bulk is absorbed, or else a part equal to one of the fractions,  $\frac{1}{8}$ ,  $\frac{1}{27}$ ,  $\frac{1}{64}$ ,  $\frac{1}{125}$ , &c. being the cubes of the reciprocals of the natural numbers 1, 2, 3, &c. These quantities of gas are believed by Mr. D. to be mechanically mixed with the liquid, and not chemically combined with it. The greatest difficulty which this gentleman finds in his hypothesis is, to explain why different gases observe different laws. After due consideration, however, we are informed that this difference most probably arises from the variation of the weight and number of the ultimate particles of the several gases ; and we have a tabulated result of experiments made to determine this question, which would be highly curious and interesting, if there were the least reason to believe in its accuracy. But though we are not let into the precise mode in which Mr. Dalton proceeded to this investigation, upon general principles we do not think him in the right road. In fact the existence of these particles, of which we have heard so much of late years, is in itself problematical, and the peculiarities of their sizes, shapes, or densities, wholly unknown. It is even a most doubtful point, whether there is amongst them any original difference of specific gravity, or whether the varying operation of caloric is not alone sufficient to account for all differences in this respect.

The ninth and tenth papers are by Mr. Gough : of these the first treats of a property possessed by Caoutchouc at a certain temperature, of communicating a sensation of heat to the lips when drawn out upon them ; and as it is proved

that this resin contracts in bulk when extended, the phenomenon observed by Mr. Gough is analogous to the heating of iron by hammering, and of gases by compression ; and in like manner a resemblance may be noticed in all these bodies, in the diminution of their elasticity with that of their absolute caloric. But Mr. Gough proceeds too rapidly when he infers that the capacity of the Caoutchouc for heat is diminished by its extension, a conclusion, no doubt, probable, and justly deducible from Dr. Irvine's theory of heat, but not in this case immediately proved by experiment, as he imagines. In this paper, as in most others of the same author, we have to complain of a certain obscurity and perplexity of style.

In the next paper Mr. Gough enters into the consideration of Mr. Dalton's theory of gaseous mixtures, to the truth of which he is no convert, and which he labours hard to prove to be false on the principles of the mechanical philosophy. The parade of mathematical knowledge with which this is done, is surely very much misplaced, and the phenomena of chemistry submit with reluctance to the dominion of fluxionary increments and algebraic symbols. Mr. Gough's arguments upon the centre of gravity are just with regard to solid bodies, but we agree with Mr. Dalton that in the case of gases they are wholly irrelevant, and that if all the particles of two gases be nonelastic with respect to each other, the whole masses of gas are so likewise. Schmidt's experiments, on which Mr. Gough laid considerable stress, are shewn by his opponent to have been erroneously quoted by Mr. Kirwan, whose accuracy has in this detection suffered a dangerous injury. On the whole, we think Mr. Gough has said little to alter the opinion of the public on this subject. In this volume there is another paper by this gentleman, and one in answer, by Mr. Dalton, which are entirely confined to the consideration of the same subject.

There are besides some papers by Mr. Walker and Mr. Holland, upon history and philosophy, of which it would be difficult to make any remark at once good natured and energetic. To confess an honest truth, the Manchester society owes little of its celebrity to its moral or political publications. These have in general risen to that happy state of mediocrity which shuns at once the gratification of applause and the bitterness of censure. Few learned associations have gained much by thus invading the territories of the schools, and experience has now fairly demonstrated that he who searches for the meed of praise, will reach his aim a thousand times amid the pots of the chemists, the diagrams

of the geometer, or the telescopes of the astronomer, ere one successful effort shall crown his hopes in the fairer regions of the belles-lettres.

ART. VII.—*The Nature of Things; a Didactic Poem. Translated from the Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus, accompanied with the original Text, and illustrated with Notes, philological and explanatory, by John Mason Good. In two Volumes, 4to. Longman. 1805.*

THE charms of Lucretius cannot be expected to excite in an English reader that admiration which has been liberally extended to translations of the more popular Roman poets. We have ever conceived that an undertaking of the nature before us, even in a compressed form, would never meet with the reward due to the labour requisite to its completion. But our astonishment was raised when we contemplated the 'Poem of Lucretius' extended through two enormous quartos, and we wondered considerably at the boldness of the author, while there may not be wanting some, who may also stare at the boldness of the reader. If in the perusal we have not been thoroughly recompensed for our diligence, we have occasionally felt a gratification which it shall be our aim to communicate to our readers. We have not unfrequently been highly pleased with the poetry, as well as with the taste and good sense contained in some of the notes; and we have throughout admired the tenacious enthusiasm with which Mr. Good defends every tenet and every foible of his original. We have smiled perhaps, and have disapproved; nor shall we hesitate to perform the most disagreeable part of our office in the exposure and detection of errors. When our judgment is unfavourable, we shall not deal in general severity, but substantiate every objection by a corresponding reference.

The blaze and display of multifarious learning in the notes, is calculated, we think, more to dazzle than to improve. Mr. Good has catered for the public, and presented it with a most substantial dish. It is an *olla podrida* or *omnium*, consisting of scraps from 'Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, and English,' (let us breathe for a moment) and 'from Mr. Good's love of Asiatic poetry,' he leads us sometimes into the 'sister languages of Arabia and Persia.' But before we enter, as Mr. Good would call it, into this 'chaotic' and 'tessellated' 'amalgamation' of the *omne scibile*, we will venture



a remark or two of our own on a few translations from the Latin poets, which have enriched our language.

Virgil, as a whole, is very inadequately translated into English. Where Dryden is great, he is incomparable: but how seldom does he attain the excellencies of his termination of the sixth *Eneid*, from the verse, '*Dii, quibus imperium est !!*' &c. In that passage he has summoned his highest powers to his aid, yet even there he occasionally permits himself to be overcome by his habitual dulness. The faithful monotony of Pitt and Wharton breathes nothing of epic sublimity; and the only portion of Virgil which can be said to be faithfully and poetically translated, is the version of the *Georgics* by Mr. Sotheby.

Horace, from the diversity of his matter and manner, is perhaps more read, and certainly more generally admired, inasmuch as his skill and subjects are varied, than his contemporary, Virgil. Yet if we except occasional translations, either close or paraphrastical, which we frequently discover interspersed among the fugitive pieces of our poets, he still owes a decided grudge to Francis and Boscawen, who, in the inefficiency of their attempt, were doomed to lament the mistake they had made in the application of their talents.

We have heard of an intended translation of Catullus by a Captain in the army; but from a MS. specimen which we perused, we should not recommend its disclosure till the 'ninth year.' It may, however, supersede without impropriety the trash which now occupies its place.

We have no time to waste in pointing out the insipidity of Grainger's *Tibullus*: the meteor of an English Statius, which vanished very speedily from our sight; or the more ancient and unrythmical contributions of Garth and his friends to Ovid. We venture, this day, to affirm, there does not exist in our language a translation of any Latin poet approaching to perfection.

A little polish, a chastised pen, and the mellowness of a few years in the author, would have enabled us to make a noble exception. Mr. Rowe has surpassed his original, *Lucan*, in many passages; he felt the same ardour of liberty with him, and like him he was cut off in the promise of poetical fame. The work, unfinished, and clogged with those evident faults of harshness and amplification, which the touch of the master would speedily have removed, was published by his widow for the benefit of his family; and leaves us the melancholy reflection that while we cannot yet boast that we have rendered *Lucan* vernacular, we must consider it

a proud and we fear 'an ineffectual endeavour in any builder, who would dare to replace such solid materials by modern architecture.

But of all the poets of Rome, none perhaps has excited more numerous candidates than Juvenal. Whether the early introduction of that satirist to every student at every school in our kingdom; whether the beauties of his poetical descriptions, or the predominant love of ill-nature and satire in the human breast, or all these causes conjointly, have united to render him a favourite with translators, he certainly has been in universal request. Holiday, who is now obsolete from his style, language, and verse, and more necessarily from the modern discoveries and inserted or proposed emendations in the text of his original, still preserves, in his notes, an uncommon fund of entertainment and instruction for any future translator. Dryden and his co-adjutors wrote on the spur of the moment; and we fear that fame was the least of their objects. Yet Dryden, nay even Creech and Tate, could not wholly enervate their vigorous prototype. Unembarrassed by critical caution, or the vexations of commentary, what they understood at the moment they copied with spirit; and where they would not take the trouble to investigate the nice and exact meaning, they bullied their readers with a specious paraphrase. Neither Madan, Owen, Marsh, nor Rhodes, are likely to survive the new manufactory which converts old printed paper into new *wire-wove*. Mr. Gifford began his classical studies at an advanced period of his life, and we are highly interested in the passage prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, wherein he laments the circumstance which made him an *οπισθευς*. But for this, he might have been more successful in his translation of Juvenal, which, however, is still highly creditable to his exertions and his fame. Its characteristic is an unbending fidelity, which, though it may occasionally cramp the rythm, is certainly admirably calculated for conveying the strength and sense of Juvenal to an English ear. We have a high opinion of Mr. Gifford's abilities: we give him credit for deep research, and great poetical merit. His translation, with all its faults, undoubtedly claims the palm at present; and it possesses partial excellencies which will not easily be surpassed. It is impossible not to be struck with several passages of high spirit, and flowing in the fullest vein of poetry, even in those instances, where not only the sense, but even the antithesis of the original has been preserved; for instance, in satire 4,

——— Nec civis erat, qui libera posset  
Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero,

Not one of those, who valuing life at nought,  
With freedom uttered what with truth they thought.

We cannot omit this opportunity of mentioning that we have heard the highest encomium past on a MS. translation of Juvenal now in the press. We have heard that it will not only rival all its predecessors in poetry, but in the arrangement and critical nicety of its notes. But as it is not our business to puff what we may be eventually compelled to condemn, we will merely add a few words on Persius, and then return to Mr. Good and his Titus Lucretius Carus. Mr. Drummond, a gentleman of high literary acquirements, has favoured the world with a translation of the above mentioned satirist. In the notes to his second edition, he has fallen foul of Brewster, his predecessor and his potent antagonist. We should be disinclined to criticise with much severity the attempt of Mr. Drummond; it neither becomes us as the judges of Mr. Good alone, nor when we consider the crabbed conciseness of the original, can we fairly lash a partial failure in the copy. But in his abuse of Brewster, Mr. Drummond has caused the weapon to recoil on himself; and we think that at this day a republication of his rival's work, which is now very scarce, would speedily consign the more polished and more modern effusion to the obscurity it merits.

To those, to whom these remarks may seem crude or impertinent, we owe an apology, and will attempt to please such readers by an immediate and a narrow examination of the bulky volumes before us. Their contents consist of a preface and other tedious preliminary matter; the Latin text of Lucretius, corrected from Wakefield's edition; the English translation in blank verse on the alternate page, and a modus of notes, which more than ten times outweighs the labours of the poet.

The preface chiefly consists of an account of all translations of Lucretius in modern languages. The palm is, with great reason, given to the Italian Marchetti: we entirely agree herein with Mr. Good; but we do not agree with him in regard to the '*propriety*' of inserting the Latin text in the alternate pages. We fully deserv the '*advantage*' of it—to the translator we mean: to the reader, we fear, it will prove a very heavy and a very useless expence. Translations are either made for the literary, or the illiterate, or for both.



Now to the literary the text of Lucretius can be no object: they would consult this laborious work, most probably, with their Havercamp or Creech by their sides. To the illiterate it can be of no service whatever, as they cannot understand it; and to both it will superinduce a pecuniary loss, of the value of at least a third of these volumes. We do not mean by this to advance, that it is never expedient to confront the translation with the text. There are occasions where it is absolutely necessary. But Lucretius is an author of easy access, who writes in a style familiar to every one who is slightly initiated in learning and however Mr. Wakefield's vanity may have induced him to propose the adoption of this plan to Mr. Good, yet we venture to enter our protest against it: a protest we must make also with great severity on such a sentence as the following. (Pref. xv.) 'Virgil, who though considerably younger than Lucretius, was contemporary with him, and was *indisputably* acquainted with the prophecies of Isaiah.' The '*lege meo periculo*' came with a bad grace from Bentley; Mr. Good will thank us for setting him right. This sentence consists of two members, both of which are highly culpable. We thought, in the first place, very simply perhaps, that what Mr. Good considers as an established fact, the coincidence in the years of Virgil and Lucretius, to say the least of it, was a point much controverted: and if Mr. G. will take the trouble to refer to his Heyne's Virgil, he will perhaps find, that Virgil was *not indisputably* acquainted with the prophecies of Isaiah.'

We cannot better inform our readers of the *scanty* materials extant for composing a life of Lucretius, than by quoting the exordium of Mr. Good.

'Concerning this inimitable poet, and most excellent philosopher, history presents us but with few authentic documents: and hence there are many circumstances of his life upon which writers have not been able to agree. For this dearth of materials, it is not difficult to account. Lucretius lived and died in a period in which the eye of every citizen was directed to public concerns; when the Roman empire was distracted by the ambition of aspiring demagogues, and the jealousies of contending factions: and when the party that triumphed in the morning, was often completely defeated by night. Added to which, the life of Lucretius was spent in the shades of philosophy and quiet: a situation, undoubtedly, best calculated for the improvement of the heart, and the cultivation of philosophy or the muses, yet little checkered with those lights and shades, with that perpetual recurrence of incident, and contrast of success and misfortune, which are often to be met with in the lives of the more active; and which importunately call for the

pen of the biographer, while they afford him abundant materials for his narrative. From the records that yet remain, however, and the most plausible conjectures of his editors and annotators, I am enabled to present the reader with the following pages.'

Now, notwithstanding this 'dearth of materials,' the Life and Appendix are extended to 121 pages—and a reader, whether of the 'country gentleman' kind, or the 'light summer skimmer,' must surely already have discovered the impropriety of the metaphor, wherein 'the life of Lucretius was spent in the *shades*, *which situation*, i. e. which *shades*, were little checkered with those lights and *shades*.'—But we withhold our pen from the chastisement of prose, which would occasionally call for what the Germans style 'a running commentary:' if we indulged ourselves in every petulant remark of this nature, they would, as Dryden sings in his translation of Juvenal,

'Foam o'er the margin and not finish'd yet.'

A very absurd affectation has lately obtained among our modern historiographers, whereby they attempt to reduce to the real termination of personal appellations, as licensed by the vernacular idiom of the language of the country to which each individual may belong, those names to which use, or the fancy of the individuals themselves may have appropriated a sound, to which the ears of moderns are perfectly familiarized. There is occasionally conceit in the search of truth: and although we willingly condemn the French mode of adopting French terminations to Roman names, as *Tite Live*, *Quinte Curse*, *Petrone*, *Denys*, &c. &c. we confess that we are not much obliged to the kind solicitude of Mr. Good, for calling Petrus Crinitus, *Peter Criniti*. But as every person has his taste in these matters, so this may be the taste of our author; nor should we controvert so harmless a deviation from our own sentiments, did we not think it rather a misnomer to call Petrus Crinitus, *Peter Criniti*, when his real name was Piero Ricci! Some of the commentators of Lucretius have the same quarrel with our author that poor Peter has; but Mr. Good is pretty safe from any posthumous suit, as the plaintiffs would be much puzzled to swear to their own names.

In a subsequent point of criticism we confess, from the opinion we entertain of Mr. Good's deep reading, we are not a little surprised; nor shall we refrain from starting our dissent. It is his object, for instance, to prove that Ennius enriched the Latin tongue; to compass which he quotes from the *Genethliacon* Lucani, in Statius:

Cedet musa rudis ferocis Ennî,  
Et docti furor arduus Lucreti.

And here, says our critic, 'he draws, perhaps, a fair comparison between Ennius and our own poet.' Now if Mr. G. had taken the trouble to read three or four more verses in Statius, he would have found that the comparison was between all these bards *conjointly*, and Lucan.

In p. xlii. Mr. Good 'takes the liberty of translating a long passage from Horace.' We consider it altogether as irrelevant to his subject, and a severe trial of the reader's patience. Part of it is by no means ill done. There are, however, faults in the inharmoniousness of style, which we rarely detect in the translation of Lucretius.

Græco fonte cadant, parvè detoria——

'Or the fresh stores the Grecian fount supplies,  
Bent but a little, frequent may suffice.'

It would be natural to suppose, from the following passage, that Horace had read 'the Loves of the Plants.'

'Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;  
Prima cadunt.'

As falls the foliage with the falling year,  
Yet with the spring new foliage pants t' appear.'

This is at least translated, as Mr. G. would call it, with '*unsuccess*;' nor is he '*felicitous in the conveyance of ideas*.' We are told in page xlvii. 'that no scholar was ever better acquainted with Lucretius than Dr. Warton;' on which we shall make no comment: and that Lucretius '*misjudging co-evals* refused a garland of unfading flowers to his labours, on their first appearance.' After a slight mention of the 'Church' of Numa, we cannot refrain from observing a curious note.

'The destruction which has thus attended the works of Epicurus, compel us, in quoting from him, to have recourse to subsequent authors, who, like Diocles and Diogenes Laertius, have preserved certain parts of his writings in their own compositions. These, indeed, are but few, yet sufficiently numerous to prove to us, that Lucretius has been a most faithful expositor of his entire system. It is said, that a complete and original treatise of Epicurus upon his own philosophy has been lately discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum, and that we may soon expect a printed edition of it. This, as a curiosity, will be truly valuable, and I am sorry to say that I cannot avail myself of it at present. Yet after the very ample manner in which every part of it has been unfolded by Lucretius, it is rather to be welcomed as a curiosity alone, than as containing any new matter of essential importance.'



We have heard, and we believe, that Mr. Hayter, assisted by some Neapolitan scholars, has decyphered at least a portion of the treatise of Epicurus *περί φύσεως*, recovered at Pompeii, which formed the ground-work of the poem of Lucretius—but we can by no means agree with Mr. Good that this discovery will be a ‘curiosity alone.’ On the contrary, with most classical readers it will supersede the perusal of Lucretius. For if we are inclined to investigate the barren wilderness of exploded philosophy, we surely should prefer the primary deductions of the founder of a sect, to the garbled translation of a disciple in a different age, and a different language; and that translation couched in poetry. This we conceive incontrovertible; and shall maintain it, while we continue to admire each beautiful *Oasis*, scattered in the interminable desert of the poet.

The following pages lead us into a disquisition on the doctrines of Epicurus. Mr. G. has evidently ransacked every index to every book which could throw light—(we beg pardon)—which could add weight to his own. If any reader can form ‘a perspicacious’ idea of the Epicurean soul from the description of it in p. lxxxix. we wish him joy. ‘Let it at present suffice to observe, that the mind was supposed to be the result of a combination of the most volatile and ethereal *auras* or *gasses*, diffused over the whole body, though traced in a more concentrate form in some organs than in others’—‘it may moreover be questioned whether a *frame* so *attenuate* be capable either of organization or permanent endurance.’ The reasoning which follows is too abstruse (let us call it by no other word) for quotation; and we confess our spleen rises a little when we read, that ‘the power that is capable of giving personality and consciousness to matter in its grosser and more palpable form, must unquestionably possess a similar power of bestowing the same qualities on matter in its most attenuate and evanescent.’ This opinion, however, I offer as a speculation to be pursued, rather than as a doctrine to be precipitately accredited!!!

Every praise of industry, we wish we could add of discrimination, is due to Mr. Good; but his hard words are unable to stun our senses. In the ninety-eighth page, we thank our stars, that Lucretius thought proper to hang himself, for in that memorable leaf we find, that the warm and sympathetic soul of Lucretius was unable to sustain so unexpected a shock, [i. e. the exile of Memmius] ‘and the endearing attentions of his Lucilia were lavished upon him in vain. It threw him into a fever, affected his intellects, and, in a paroxysm of delirium, he destroyed himself!’ and then, in an enormous note, ‘he lived many years afterwards, and, like Torquato

*Tasso, or our own lamented Cowper*, evinced *regular* alternations of reason and derangement.' In regard to Cowper we are obliged to Mr. Good alone for the notice that he had '*regular* alternations.' Mr. G. takes Donatus, whom Heyne has properly dubbed Pseudo-Donatus, in earnest. These are indisputably the

———loca nullius ante  
Trita solo.

Has any gentleman, or any lady, heard what Scaliger said of Lucretius? It matters not what he said, but Mr. G. assures us it was 'denominated with a felicitous brevity of character.' Has any gentleman or any lady heard, that the 'espousers of the doctrine, that the *form*, though not the *matter*, of the visible world has had a beginning, *divaricate into a variety of ramifications*, of which the chief are the Pythagoric, the Platonic or Academic, and the Atomic?' It is still but justice to observe, that, however quaintly, and even tastelessly, some of these sentences may be composed, yet the Epicurean philosophy has never perhaps experienced a more thorough investigation and explanation than it has from the pen of Mr. Good. Even his *failings* 'lean to virtue's side.' When we shape to ourselves a favourite hypothesis, we are unwittingly led to maintain it by arguments which may eventually be weak supporters of the cause, or may eventually make against the cause itself. Thus it is with the main argument in favour of the Epicureans:—the lives of their founder and his immediate disciples were avowedly lives of purity and abstinence, nay a supererogation of abstinence contradicted the exoteric tenets of their sect. We are willing then to allow that our vulgar conceptions of the debauchery of Epicurus, and his strict followers in spirit, are unfounded in fact—but we cannot deny that the dogmas of the sect tended to the direct and immediate encouragement of vice. These founders of an abominable doctrine forcibly put us in mind of the ungenerous equivoques of certain Latin poets; of the

——castum esse decet pium Poetam  
Ipsum: versiculos parum necesse est

of Catullus; of the

Laseiva est nobis pagina, vita proba est,  
and the more impudent assumption of Ausonius in the Cento nuptialè.

Lucretius has made it his object to proclaim, loudly to

proclaim, that he believed neither in religion nor a future state; and, as if to prove this reliance on the non-existence of an hereafter by tying the noose to his neck, he has left little doubt to the examiner of his morals, and an example to Mr. Creech his translator, who also, to use a vulgar phrase, died in his shoes. We know the doctrines of the virtuous heathens on the subject of suicide; the *pîs omnibus retinendus est animus in custodiâ corporis; nec injussu ejus a quô ille est vobis datus, ex hominum vitâ migrandum est, ne minus humanum assignatum a Deo defugisse videamini*, of Cicero, is deeply engraven on our memory. But we should not have taken pains to prove Lucretius guilty of impiety (which we had heretofore thought was his principal boast) had it not been necessary to repel the vain deductions of his supporter. We shall hereafter have cause to shew that a passage or two in the translation has been garbled to assist this untenable hypothesis.

The notes, which constitute by far the greater part of these volumes, some of which are trivial, some containing valuable materials, but all of them unconscionably tedious, are chiefly directed to the illustration of historical, philosophical, and critical subjects. In the province of history we shall be compelled to notice some mistakes, where we are willing to allow that

————— ‘opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.’

The philosophical language is turgid throughout, and abounds with new and wild theories, and the promise of future discoveries. Notwithstanding this parade, we have gleaned much valuable information from pages whose subject and appearance were at first unpromising. Mr. Good has evidently given a great deal of attention to chemical and metaphysical studies; and if he is not entirely right or consistent in every allusion he makes to the principles and deductions of Newton, Berkeley, and Reid, yet upon the whole we congratulate him upon the acquisitions of his labour; and shall be still more willing to congratulate him, when a few years have taught him to discard certain theoretical reveries, and condense and elucidate the deep reading which has evidently occupied a considerable portion of his time. If we feel inclined to pass a severe sentence, it must be on those parts of his work which relate to taste; for we have been generally disappointed in the critical notes, and the pretended similarities of thought produced between Lucretius and all other authors, ancient and modern. But even in this department Mr. Good has our thanks for his



occasional happy illustrations, and our admiration for his knowledge of so many languages. For although we are by no means inclined to consider every quotation as a proof that the quoter understands the language, yet we should be not only sorry to insinuate such an idea in regard to Mr. G. but to withhold our voice in the known applause which his rich and varied acquisitions have already meritoriously acquired for him.

Having, in due fairness, said thus much, we cannot but object to several quarto pages of notes on the word 'Venus;' and sundry quotations from Camoens, the *Henriade*, &c. to prove what?—Nothing.—It is an old dispute among the commentators, 'how Lucretius, an Epicurean, could, in conscience, address a Deity?' This we leave them to fight out among themselves. But we are surprised that Mr. Good should not have read or considered the opinions of one Nardius, a Florentine annotator, who in this passage, after summing up very impartially all that had been said on every side, gravely tells us that Venus is here put for '*pot-herbs*.' We find in this comprehensive note, that Gesner invokes 'an impersonification of enthusiasm.' In the second note appear quotations from Spenser, Sir W. Jones, Metastasio, and Orpheus. In the latter quotation we are somewhat surprized that he has not remedied the evident gloss of *εν ποντω τε βοθη τε*.

But it is high time to enter on the poetry; and that Mr. Good may have the 'vantage ground, as the beginning of a work of this nature is generally more laboured than the conclusion, we will first present a passage in Latin and English, and our readers will allow that the translation gives a fair reflection to the original.

' Quæ quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas,  
Nec sine te quidquam dias in luminis oras  
Exoritur, neque sit lætum neque amabile quidquam;  
Te sociam studeo scribundis versibus esse,  
Quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor  
Memmiadæ nostro; quem tu Dea, tempore in omni  
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus:  
Quo magis æternum da dictis, Diva, leporem.  
Ecce, ut interea fera mœnena militiæ,  
Per maria ac terras omneis, sopita, quiescant.  
Nam tu sola potes tranquillâ pace juvare  
Mortaleis: quoniam belli fera mœnena Mavors  
Armipotens regit, in gremiûm qui sæpe tuum se  
Rejicit, æterno devictus vulnere amoris:  
Atque ita, suspiciens tereti cervice reposté,  
Pascit amor avidos, inhians in te, Dea, visus:

Equæ tuo pendet resupinæ spiritus ora.  
 Hunc tu, Diva, tuo recubantem corpore sancto  
 Circum fusa super, suaveis ex ore loquelas  
 Funde, petens placidam Romanis, incluta. pacem.  
 Nam neque nos agere hoc patriâ tempore iniquo  
 Possumus æquo animo; nec Memmii clara propag.  
 Talibus in rebus communi deesse saluti.' P. 14.

' Since, then, with universal sway thou rul'st,  
 And thou alone ; nor aught without thee springs,  
 Aught gay or lovely ; thee I woo to guide  
 Aright my flowing song, that aims to paint  
 To Memmius' view the essences of things ;  
 Memmius, my friend, by thee, from earliest youth,  
 O goddess ! led, and trained to every grace.  
 Then, O, vouchsafe thy favour, power divine !  
 And with immortal eloquence inspire.  
 Quell too the fury of the hostile world,  
 And lull to peace, that all the strain may hear,  
 For peace is thine ; on thy soft bosom he,  
 The warlike field who sways, almighty Mars,  
 Struck by triumphant love's eternal wound,  
 Reclines full frequent ; with uplifted gaze  
 On thee he feeds his longing, ling'ring eyes,  
 And all his soul hangs quiv'ring from thy lips.  
 O ! while thine arms in fond embraces clasp  
 His panting members, sov'reign of the heart !  
 Ope thy bland voice, and intercede for Rome.  
 For, while th' unsheathed sword is brandished, vain  
 And all unequal is the poet's song ;  
 And vain th' attempt to claim his patron's ear.' P. 15.

The translation labours under one serious fault throughout, namely, that its author has attempted to condense in an English line the sense of a Latin hexameter. In no instance, perhaps, would this be practicable, through any length of writing ; but from the subject of *Lucretius* alone it would be impossible, without considerable injury to the sense.

I. 57. ' Omnis enim per se Divôm Natura necesse est,  
 Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur,  
 Semota a rebus nostris, sejunctaque longè.'

\* Far, far, from mortals, and their vain concerns,  
 In peace perpetual, dwell th' immortal gods  
 Each self-dependant.'

Where is the force of the *necesse est*, which is used as an invigorating term throughout *Lucretius*? We also dislike the

tantology of *far, far*!—*Per se* by no means signifies *self-de-pendant*. The three following lines could not be worse translated :

1. 60. ' Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,  
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur irâ.'

————— ' there nor pain pervades,  
Nor danger threatens; every passion sleeps;  
*Vice no revenge, no rapture virtue prompts.*'

' This verse' (says Mr. G.) ' has given great offence to many of the commentators.' It has certainly given great offence to us.

————— ' Extra  
Processit longè flaminantia mœnia mundi.' 74. l.

————— ' The flaming walls  
Of heaven to scale !'

We cannot approve the inversion and the language. In the notes to Gray's poems we meet the Latin quotation under his line,

He passed the *flaming bounds* of space and time.

Yet, when Mr. Good tells us that it is an *obvious* imitation on the part of Gray, and does not deign to notice this little circumstance, he surely means to claim credit for the discovery. When we came to the

————— ' hunc propter ferrum celerare ministros,'

we naturally expected some good elucidation of the controverted passage from Mr. Good; we were, however, disappointed in the hope, and must refer the reader to the note in p. 29. Let us turn to a philosophical part of the poem;

' In saxis, et speluncis, permanat aquarum  
Liquens humor, et uberibus lent omnia guttis.' l. 349.

————— ' From rocks and caves translucent lymph distils,  
*And, from the tough bark, drops the healing balm.*'

We confess we are much at a loss to conceive what Mr. Good means by this second line; it is no translation, it is no sense—or did he reason thus—*omnia* includes all things—*ergo*, it includes trees—I will therefore individualise 'tough bark' from the general term *omnia*?



I. 356.——‘rigidum frigus permanat ad ossa.’

‘E’en to the marrow winds its sinuous way.’

No! no! no!

‘Denique si nullam finem natura parâset  
Frangundis rebus, jam corpora material  
Usque redacta forent, ævo frangente priore,  
Ut nihil ex illis a certo tempore posset,  
Conceptum, summum ætatis pervadere finem.’ I. 552.

In regard to the last word, we certainly should prefer the MS. reading *florem*. We have not a Wakefield’s edition before us, but till we are convinced by him, we wholly agree with Creech. However this may be, there is both poetry and philosophy in these verses. The copy is but heavy.

‘Else friction, too, had injured; each by each  
Through myriad years abraded, and reduced,  
Till nought conceivable had lived to rear,  
Each in its time, the progenies of earth;  
For all is wasted easier than renewed.  
And hence, had all been thus disturb’d, dissolv’d.’

‘Quorum Agragantinus cum primis Empedocles est:  
Insula quam triquetris terrarum gessit in oris.’ 77, I.

‘Thus sung Empedocles, in honest fame  
First of his sect; whom Agrigentum bore  
In cloud-capt Sicily.’

We need not comment on this translation. We cannot but quote from the note, in which our readers, with ourselves, will be amused with a new piece of historical information. Empedocles is reported to have perished by a fall down the dreadful opening on the top of Mount Etna, *as the Elder Pliny died by a fall into Vesuvius*. Fie, Pliny junior, you have told Tacitus a sorry fib: it would seem you certainly could know nothing about the manner of your uncle’s death!

‘Rebus opima bonis, multâ munita Virum vi.’ I. 729.

——— ‘a land in harvests rich,  
And rich in sages of illustrious fame.’

On the Latin line, Fayus remarks (Ed. Creech, p. 40.) ‘Multis Codd. hic versus desideratur:’ it is a pity Mr. Good

did not take the *hint* for his English line. It certainly was not ignorance, but an unpardonable oscitancy to forget that 'Viri,' in the present passage, signified, in its most extended usage, the population of Sicily.

P. 132. 'The anaphora, or playful iteration, adopted in this translation, is still fuller in the original.

' ——— multimodis communia multis  
Multarum rerum in rebus primordia multa  
Sunt; ideo variis variæ res rebus aluntur.'

Of these *sportive* figures Lucretius appears to have been extremely fond; and it is hence frequently to be traced in the course of his poem. To this remark on the *playfulness* of Lucretius, in the passage cited, are added, in an enormous note, proofs of the anaphora in all languages; with sundry translations of those elegant *morceaux*. Mr. Good calls the following line of Camoens, an instance of the anaphora.

*Varias gentes, e leis, e varias manhas!!!*

We quote his own line, 894,

' From such mistakes, detected and expos'd,  
Now turn we !!'

the whole of which, by the by, is gratuitously foisted into the text by the translator.

896. In the description of the forest in flames, Mr. Good, who is generally communicative, contents himself with a parallel passage from Virgil, (which, with due submission, is not a parallel passage) and offers no remark on the line

Donec flammai fulscrunt FLORE ~~coörto~~.

We have not, as we before said, Wakefield's edition at hand; but he has doubtless commented on the classical combination in this verse. Creech, who attended more to the philosophical than the poetical merits of his author, has made no observation; we will therefore venture to produce a passage or two from the Greek, which will, we think, establish the reading of *flore* in preference to *igne*, that being also a MS. reading.

ΑΥΤΑΡ ΕΠΕΙ ΠΥΡΟΣ ΑΝΘΟΣ ΑΠΕΠΤΑΤΟ, ΠΑΥΣΑΤΟ ΔΕ ΦΛΟΞ. Hom.

There are at least three instances of the same usage in the Oracles of Zoroaster; one of these lines ends,

————— ΕΒ ΠΥΡΟΣ ΑΝΘΟΣ ΕΠΙΣΧΩΝ.  
Τὸ τὸν γὰρ ΑΝΘΟΣ, ΠΕΝΤΕΧΩΝ ΠΥΡΟΣ ΣΕΛΑΣ. Æsch. Prom. T.

Hesychius explains *πυρος ανθος το λαμπροτατον*. Mr. Good's translation is nothing to the purpose; and expresses the original no more than the lines,

' Sweet are the springing founts with nectar new;  
Sweet the new flowers that bloom: but sweeter still  
Those flowers to pluck, and weave a roseate-wreath'—

identify the beautiful original of Lucretius, I. 926.

————— *juvat integros accedere fonteis*  
*Atque haurire; juvatque novos decerpere flores,*  
*Insiguemque meo capiti petere inde coronam.*

The text of Mr. Good is incorrect: but his note is infinitely more objectionable, from the trifling contained in it: he surmises that ivy, and not laurels, *always* adorned the head of the poet.

I. 1001. We are in this verse wholly inclined to agree with Mr. Good that the original (we trust he means the original) \* is inimitably beautiful, both as to sublimity of thought, and splendour of diction.\*

*Est igitur natura loci, spatiumque profundi;*  
*Quod neque clara suo percurrere flumina celi*  
*Perpetuo possint avi labentia tractu;*  
*Nec prorsum facere, ut restet minus ire, meando:*  
*Usque adeo passim patet ingens copia rebus,*  
*Finibus exemptis, in cunctas undique partes.*

Johnson, in passing a just encomium on Cowley, selects a passage somewhat resembling the above;

Round the whole world his dreaded name shall sound,  
And reach to worlds that must not yet be found.

We close our present critique with the end of the first book of Lucretius, engaging to resume the subject in our ensuing number, into which we shall, without difficulty, compress the remainder of our remarks.

We are aware that to those whose pleasure it rather is to sneak in the shade, than bask in the light of learning, our remarks on the philosophical tenets of Mr. Good might give some room for misrepresentation, unless we closed this portion of our critique with assuring every reader that in the sheets we have hitherto reviewed, there is nothing prejudicial to morality or free inquiry. When Mr. Good defends his licentiousness in the translation of parts of the fourth book, we shall probably break a spear with him; but even what we there consider as a blemish, was solely superinduced by a love of fidelity, and a tenacious adherence to his design. We take leave of Mr. Good for the present,



trusting that the reader will have kept pace with us, and be ready to open the second book of the translation with us when we meet again in April.

(To be continued.)

---

ART. VIII.—*The Pleasures of Love. A Poem. By John Stewart, Esq. Small 8vo. Mawman. 1806.*

THOUGH the present age may not be qualified to contend with some of its predecessors for the crown of poetry, it cannot be regarded as altogether destitute of poetical talent. Besides a variety of smaller poems, in a few instances of sufficient merit to engage the attention of posterity, not less than six epic\* or heroic poems have appeared to distinguish the present day from any which has elapsed since the death of the indefatigable and the fluent Blackmore. Not to digress for the purpose of adverting to the relative merits of these productions, of which some have been intended to impress us with the idea of extreme facility, and some with that of admirable assiduity and patience, we may adduce them all, with the exception of the *Calvary* of Mr. Cumberland, and the *Alfred* of Mr. Pye, to demonstrate that an irregular and vicious taste is the predominating defect of the existing generation of poets. It has frequently been remarked, that, when the mind of a nation has been educated to a high point of refinement, and has produced admirable models in the various provinces of composition, it has appeared to lose part of that force which distinguished the efforts of its youth, and part of that fine sensibility of rectitude which characterised those of its maturity. Fearful of success in a fair competition with the great masters who have preceded them, the writers of a later period have endeavoured either to strike with novelty, or to please a luxurious and satiated public with superfluous and meretricious embellishment. Of Greece, indeed, the genius seemed to decline rather than the judgment; and till a very late age, her authors are more to be pitied for their inferiority of power, than to be censured for their affectation or their degeneracy in taste: but with Rome the case was quite otherwise. Her golden age of composition, which was of short continuance, was succeeded by a period

---

\* This title is disclaimed by the author of *Madoc*, as too vilified for his ambition. See Critical Review for last month.

during which her writers, with no diminution of talent, betrayed much corruption of taste, and, presumptuously deviating from the track of their predecessors, wandered proportionably far from the right way. Something similar to this has occurred in the literary history of our own country. In that term, which comprises the close of the seventeenth, and the first twenty years of the eighteenth century, our national composition seems to have reached its summit; and while our prose was brought to a degree of purity, beyond which it has not been since advanced, by the pens of Swift, Arbuthnot, Addison, and Bolingbroke, our poetry, softened and unfolded into its fullest harmony by the genius of Dryden, received its ultimate polish from the industry and the judgment of Pope. Gray and Mason were contented to form themselves on the models which had been bequeathed to them: but the ambition of our more modern bards has been disdainful of similar prudence, and by attempting extraordinary modes to please, has failed egregiously of its object. One class of these candidates for poetic fame has tricked out the muse like a modern fine lady, bespangled by the jeweller, and blossoming from the shop of the artificial flower maker; while another has offered incense, (and has demanded our applause for the deed) to a poor and lame and impotent thing; a species of mock muse, without power and without voice—a stranger to the visions of the Aonian land, and who never sipped a drop of inspiration from the Pierian spring. By *those* votaries of the tuneful power we have been dazzled and fatigued with unmitigated glitter and gaudiness; and by *these* we have been seriously presented with prose adapted to poetic feet, with variety of cadence extorted from violated harmony, with rudeness and nakedness, under the specious names of simplicity and nature. These faulty extremes, of which the florid is unquestionably the most alluring and the most entitled to the honours of poetry, have respectively been sanctioned by writers who, able to seize on a temporary popularity, have each of them attracted a train of imitators to reflect and heighten their defects. To the first of these classes of modern poetry must be assigned the author of the poem which is now before us. The same profusion of glaring colouring, the same display of scientific or technical language, the same multitude of ambitious epithets, the same finery and spangle, in short, which cover the page of Darwin, are visible in that of Mr. Stewart. But besides the faults of his model, Mr. Stewart is chargeable with many immediately of his own. His composition betrays the characters of a juvenile pen, and

discovers that its author has not attained, by exercise and discipline, to the faculty of distinguishing and arranging his ideas. A general confusion and cloudiness pervades and involves the work. What the writer intends to say, is at once redundantly and defectively told : and when we have been compelled to re-peruse some of his pages for the purpose of apprehending his meaning, we have found the labour of the pursuit ill requited by the value of the capture. A penury of thought is every where to be distinguished under an exuberant diction ; and if our ear is never offended, our understandings are never satisfied, and our judgment is perpetually set at defiance. It is painful to us to hurt the feelings of an author, to whose sentiments and object no objections can be formed : but, as guardians of the public taste, we feel it to be our duty not to permit false poetry to usurp the reward of true ; or the press to be overflowed by the works of men who can merely throw ten syllables into such an order as may please the ear, and then can tag them with rhyme.

Compelled, however, as we are to pronounce Mr. Stewart's present attempt to be a failure, we are disposed to give him credit for the possession of powers, which, by the effect of proper cultivation, and the study of correct models, may lead him to ultimate success ; or may place him, at least, in a station above the mere mechanic framer of an harmonious verse. Instead of exhibiting, by any minute process of critical dissection, the faults of Mr. Stewart's production, we shall submit such a portion of it to our readers as may enable them to form their own judgment of its merits, and to reverse our sentence, if it should be found to be the result either of erroneous principles of criticism, or of a defective taste. Of the following extract, however, which constitutes the opening of the poem, and is intended, as we *believe*, (for we are not quite certain,) to be a description of the creation, and of the birth of woman, the general faultiness and the particular trespasses against taste and accurate composition will be sufficiently obvious and striking, as we conceive, to ratify the truth of our decision.

‘ O’er Heaven’s high arch the infant Hours unfold  
The Orient Morn, in canopy of gold,  
From silver urns their balmy showers effuse,  
And bathe her silk cheeks in ambrosial dews ;  
Now peep the smiles, the vermeil dimples dawn,  
And hues of saffron streak the azure lawn ;  
Now, hinged on pearl, she turns in bright display  
The eastern portals reddening into day.



Whose genial blush bids new creations spring;  
 And warm with life, their natal anthem sing.  
 Thus the mute canvass, touch'd by Genius, lives;  
 And fairy worlds the mimic pencil gives;  
 Up-spring the hills, with cots romantic crown'd,  
 The ivied towers, the sloping vales around,  
 The glittering waves that roll in limpid pride,  
 The bending woods that clothe the glassy tide,  
 Charm'd we survey, where not a tint was seen,  
 Attractive graces harmonize the scene!

'Lo! 'mid the ambient blue new lustrés beam,  
 Fire the dun shade, and o'er the concave stream;  
 As the new Sun through ether's fulgid course  
 Now shot benign in vivifying force;  
 With arrowy ægis lit the sapphire main,  
 And bathed, in fluid gold, the ripening plain;  
 Flush'd the full blade, his mellow beauties shed,  
 And o'er the earth her vital glories spread.

'Here glow the flowers soft-dipt in Fancy's loom,  
 That smile in tears, in rays caloric bloom;  
 Round the fond elm the ruby tendril throws  
 The fruit full ripened, and the bud that blows;  
 The down-wove peach, the lily's virgin bell,  
 Bask in the blaze, with hue prolific swell;  
 There, girt in foam, the stores of ocean roll,  
 And lash the strand, impatient of controul.

'See! the warm clay, in mould celestial plann'd,  
 Roll the blue eye, and poise the sinewy hand!  
 Life's rushing tides a kindling glow impart,  
 And fire the veins successive from the heart:  
 It moves, it speaks, complete the matchless plan—  
 Majestic beauty stamps aspiring man!  
 Soon shall the tawny sheaf, the purpling vine,  
 Cluster in gold, in tumid nectar shine;  
 For him the gilded spoil, the honied store,  
 Load every sea, and burnish every shore.

'How vain the charms in bounteous nature dress,  
 To beam contentment on the care-worn breast!  
 No jocund draught can pleasure's balm dispense,  
 If cold satiety arrest the sense;  
 No mild luxuriance, no enamell'd sky,  
 Paint the blanch'd cheek, or point the rayless eye:  
 But Hope with Ariel-wand, her visions gives,  
 And rich with bliss the magic landscape lives.  
 She to new joy can rouse th' enthusiast heart,  
 And sweeter hours and softer scenes impart;  
 The silken tresses, and the neck of snow,  
 The smiles that sparkle, and the tears that flow,

The blush, the glance, the languor, and the sigh,  
In soft succession, as she calls, move by.

‘In Music light awoke the Seraph’s song,  
Where crown’d with palms Euphrates glides along,  
And fairy woods in gay reflection pass,  
The spangled fruitage nodding from the glass;  
As by the margin slept the blushing fair,  
On scented thyme that dew’d her silken hair ;  
But ah ! not yet her eyes of liquid blue  
Had tried their power, and gloried to subdue !  
Not half so pure, the crystal tears adorn  
The violets mild sweet-opening to the morn.

‘In Eden shades with flowers eternal crown’d,  
Where citron arbours breathed their odours round,  
Primæval Love first view’d, with blushes warm,  
Each flexile beauty and each orient charm ;  
In the clear wave her sportive image ’spies  
Come as she comes, and vanish as she flies ;  
Sees rival tints a soften’d radiance speak,  
And blend the rose and lily on her cheek ;  
And all the fluttering Loves the nectar sip,  
Or nestle gaily on the coral tip :  
Her eyes told more than all the Muses tell,  
Though sweet to passion’s ear the mimic swell ;  
Her ringlet locks with hyacinths entwined,  
Gave their rich clusters to the perfumed wind,  
Or now luxuriant o’er her ivory neck  
In golden waves, her tumid bosom deck,  
Whose crimson currents, exquisitely fine,  
Through lucid snow in blue meanders shine :  
Her buoyant limbs, in just proportion wove,  
Elastic float and frolic through the grove ;  
In motion charm, in grace quiescent please,  
With pliant swim or harmonizing ease.’ P. 1.

We have not thought it requisite to notice the small pieces in lyric measure, which occasionally interrupt the continuity of Mr. Stewart’s heroic pages. It may be proper for us, therefore, just to remark, that the effect of variety, thus obtained, is, in our opinion, far from happy ; and that the merit of the pieces in question, with reference either to the fancy, or to the command of numbers which they discover, is too inconsiderable to justify their intrusion, or to entitle them to any peculiar praise.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs of the Life of Agrippina, the Wife of Germanicus.* By Elizabeth Hamilton. 3 vols. Small 8vo. Robinson. 1804.

THE author informs us in her preface, of the object and intent of the present work, in the following words :

‘To point out the advantages which are to be derived from paying some attention to the nature of the human mind in the education of youth, was the object of a former work : the author’s aim in the present, is to give such an illustration of the principles that were then unfolded, as may render them more extensively useful.’ This being determined upon, Miss H. informs us that her next desire was, to render this practical illustration of the principles advanced in her treatise, alluring. To take examples from living or recent characters, was considered as too delicate a ground. To delineate an imaginary one would not answer the purpose, because feigned events may be accommodated to any theory. Led by these considerations, Miss H. had recourse to ancient biography, and among the personages there to be found, she saw none which offered more materials for her purpose, than the characters of Agrippina and the amiable Germanicus, as portrayed by the masterly hand of Tacitus. There is certainly much interesting matter contained in that historian, tending to give us definite notions of the personæ dramatis of his times. But of the minuter circumstances which, in early youth, determined the bias and direction of their characters, and gave a certain form and pressure to the little world within, what do we—what can we know? In the ancient historians we have only the coarse and strong outlines. They detailed characters no farther than as these were connected with events, and without any reference to the history of mind. Now, if a modern chooses to fill up these outlines and to finish the picture, it is (considered as an illustration of any theory) to all intents and purposes a modern manufacture—a fiction, with this disadvantage, that the author, cramped by facts, is not likely to amuse us half so much as if the whole piece was left to himself. Thus, in the work before us, after all, we are frequently put off with the ‘proxima veris,’ with suppositions and possibilities; and the only conclusions which a reader can draw from the *Memoirs of Agrippina*, are of a general and common-place kind ; as, that the passions when not early inured to a wholesome restraint run out into excesses, that evil communications corrupt good manners, &c. &c. The mere novel-reader will, we fear, be averse to the labour of



acquiring clear ideas of the intricate affinities of the Julian family, though distinctly enough laid down in the outset; and even when this is acquired, he will demand perhaps something more piquant, and more highly seasoned with sentiment or romance to gratify his palate than the series of incidents here recorded. We see in imagination some soft Belinda led by the soothing sound of the title *Agrippina*, to order it from the circulating library, and when arrived, scudding over a page or two, and throwing it down on her sofa, with a yawning—‘*Quis leget hæc.*’

To be serious, this work is not meant to be an elucidation of history, and therefore it would be unfair to treat it as such. Perhaps one that would examine it with severity by the original sources, might discover some peccadillos. We ourselves find Octavia having two daughters by Mark Antony, (Vol. i. p. xxxvi.) and only one in page 296. But peace to all such. As a practical view of the influence of early associations and the developement of the passions, for which it was intended, those, we think, who do not suffer themselves to be ravished by words and sounds, will confess that it teaches them little or nothing.

By the way, association of ideas is a term of which Miss H. is very fond, and without doubt it is a most extensive principle. It is to the human mind what attraction is to the material world, almost the master-key of all phænomena. But with regard to the advantages accruing to the art of education from the use of this principle, let us not be too sanguine. It is something, but it is not all. Association is a principle of which we easily discern the power in general; but, when we begin to apply the doctrine with practical views, it involves too many and too subtle workings of the mind for us to operate upon it to any extent. Association is spoken of by some writers, as if it were a mechanical engine whereby we had power to mould the human soul to whatever form we please. But, in reality, it is a piece of clock-work of too complex a construction to be adjusted or set at work by any mortal hand, and the danger arising from playing tricks and trying experiments with its wheels are incalculable. Such are Rousseau's ridiculously technical plans in his *Emilius*, though not immediately flowing from this source. Let every parent, however, remember that there is one general, safe, and infallible precept which may be derived from this principle, or rather from the more palpable one, the propensity of youth to imitation,—a precept which suits all orders and all understandings, which is simply this: be what you wish your child to be.

Every one knows the insidious irony with which Gibbon in his history sneers at the christian religion, representing the *pannos assutos* as an essential part of the original garment, and then obliquely attacking it by extolling the liberality of heathen toleration—an argument which, even granting the solidity of its premises, makes against christianity about as much as one would be thought to prove a pocket-piece not sterling, by shewing that the possessor took more care of it than of a brass counter. But little as is *his* claim to honest and open dealing in an adversary, it is our duty, for the sake of the sanctity of the cause. Gibbon says, that ‘the public spectacles were an essential part of the *cheerful devotion* of the Pagans, &c.’ meaning by ‘cheerful’ perhaps ‘voluntary,’ in contradistinction to that devotion which is exacted by compulsion. Miss H. after advert- ing to the horrid barbarities of the Arena, adds—‘One who has been educated under the benevolent system of the Gospel, must have successfully combated with many early prejudices, before he can allow to such exhibitions the appellation of *cheerful*?’

This is not exactly fair play. Miss H. takes the epithet from one thing (devotion,) and affixes it to another (exhibitions.) With the latter it can be taken in only one sense; with the former it may mean either of two, of which we ought to reason upon the most favourable. We do not mean that Miss Hamilton’s argument is materially hurt by the proceeding; but we do wish to see, in every application of an adversary’s words, the most scrupulous—the most generous accuracy.

Upon the whole, this work shews great diligence and moral ardour; the former, as proceeding from one professedly unacquainted with the ancient languages; the latter as interspersed throughout with pious and well-meant reflections. But we fear that, considered as a biographical piece, it wants interest, and (to use the author’s own words) ‘if from an interesting novel little is to be expected, from one void of interest we can hope for nothing.’ That there is nothing essential in the work to distinguish it from a novel, we have shewn already.

**ART. X.**—*Sermons on various Subjects; by the Rev. Joseph Townsend, M. A. Rector of Pewsey, Wilts.* 8vo. 8s. Mawman. 1805.

THESE Sermons, we are informed in the preface, were written more than twenty years ago; and it was the intention of their author to have reserved the publication of them for his executors. But lamenting to see that the progress of infidelity, and the licentious morals of the age, are such as to call loudly for the zealous exertions of all the friends of religion, piety, and virtue, he has rescinded that determination, and resolved to lose no time in committing his thoughts and admonitions to the press.

Did this laudable and charitable purpose stand in need of further justification, Mr. Townsend has supplied us with additional reasons for the present publication, viz. the nature of its contents, and his own opinion of the advantages which he has enjoyed in life, and which have been such as to qualify him in some degree for encountering more particularly those evils, the contemplation of which had impressed him with so much pain.

His walk in life, and his professional engagements during forty years, enabled him to observe the workings of the mind in the highest and in the lowest classes of the human race; to watch the progress of temptation; and to witness the prevalence of infidelity among transgressors, both rich and poor. Such are the objects which more particularly attracted his attention, and such are the evils against which he has directed these discourses. Vide Pref. p. viii.

In conformity to this statement, the first discourse contains some arguments for the existence of a God: the two next in order, treat of the moral law of God in its relations to the unbeliever, to the formal and professional Christian, and to the children of this world; with an exposition of the two great commandments, the summary of all the law and the prophets—Love to God, and to the brotherhood. The fourth and fifth sermons refer to the gospel: the former contains a brief but interesting view of some of the principal evidences of our religion; and the latter describes the wanderings of ancient and of modern philosophers, in their reasonings of God and of religion, when destitute of the light and guidance of revelation. The sixth sermon, and those which follow to the thirteenth inclusive, are on Temptation. We can only give a short and imperfect sketch of their contents:—Instances of temptation fallen into—the progress of temptation—the way and means to avoid the



power of temptation, such as constant occupation, temperance, courage in maintaining and avowing sound principles, choice of company, retirement and meditation, books, an estimate of human strength, removed alike from presumption and despair, care and culture of the understanding and the heart, together with prayer for the grace and support of God. Next to this succeeds an enumeration and display of the reasons and motives which are to encourage us to resist temptation, and to rescue us from the dominion of sin. These are stated to be *retribution in this life*, the sickness and the evil which falls upon our own heads; the effects of our guilt *upon others*; the certainty of *future retribution*; and the violation of our duties of gratitude and love to God, and attachment to his will, which ought to arise in our hearts from the sense of his manifold bounties and mercies. The fourteenth and fifteenth discourses, which conclude the volume, are on the leaven of the Sadducees, and the leaven of the Pharisees; and combine an account of the principles and conduct of those ancient sects, with many salutary cautions and instructions for modern Christians.

These important subjects are treated by Mr. Townsend, not with any very extraordinary powers of eloquence, but with much good sense and sound learning. His allusions and illustrations are often derived from scripture with great felicity: and the whole frame and manner of the composition and contents of his discourses give a very favourable opinion of the soundness of his judgment and the uprightness of his heart. Occasionally we meet with a word which is too technical for a sermon, or savours too much of book-learning, or which is not supported by sufficient homiletic authority. In p. 5, we do not much approve the use of *incredulity* for *unbelief* or *infidelity*; nor in p. 9, that of *substantives* for *substances*; in p. 268, 279, and 282, there is something which offends us, in the use of the words 'softer passion;' and in most congregations such clauses as 'olfactory nerves spread over reiterated folds and convolutions of the Ethmoidal bones,' would seem to be of little use but to procure to the preacher the esteem and reputation of being 'a Latiner.' Still the style of these discourses partakes of the same valuable qualities with the matter, and is, generally speaking, correct, vigorous, scholar-like, and manly.

We perused with much interest Mr. Townsend's account in his preface of the great work upon which he has been so long engaged, on the Character and Writings of Moses. We heartily wish him success in this very important undertaking; and trust that it may add speedily another trophy to the literary honours of our country.

**ART. XI.**—*African Memoranda, relative to an Attempt to establish a British Settlement on the Island of Bulama, on the Western Coast of Africa, in the Year 1792. By Captain Philip Beaver, of his Majesty's Royal Navy. 4to. Baldwins. 1805.*

THESE pages make the reader acquainted with the melancholy and unfortunate result of an ill-contrived and badly executed, though well-intended expedition to the western coast of Africa, in the year 1792; which was proposed and undertaken by a few gentlemen, with a view to ascertain whether or not it were practicable to cultivate tropical productions on that coast, by means of its free natives, after having fairly bought a tract of land for the purpose. The question of the abolition of the slave trade had, at that time, for four or five years, been violently agitated; and some of those who were advocates for its continuance, boldly asserted that the Africans were incapable of enjoying freedom, or of being in any great degree civilized; and it was thought that this expedition would decide the injustice of such an opinion. Unfortunately, however, for the Africans, it was so exceedingly ill-conducted, that it was totally given up, ere the latter part of that opinion could be put to the proof, though the former part of it was unequivocally ascertained to be erroneous.

Such is the general outline of the work before us. It contains also a brief notice of the inhabitants, soil, and productions of the continental country adjacent to the island of Bulama, which lies at the mouth of the Rio Grande, in the eleventh degree of north latitude, and some observations on the facility of colonizing that part of Africa, with a view to cultivation, and the introduction of letters and religion to the native tribes; but more particularly as the means of gradually abolishing African slavery.

The design of this expedition was so liberal, noble, and patriotic, and, as far as lay within Mr. Beaver's power, so spiritedly acted upon, that we cannot help being greatly interested in the detail of his operations, and in the causes of their failure.

A committee of thirteen gentlemen (mostly naval or military characters) having been formed, a memorial of their proceedings was presented to government; but some delay was occasioned by their having illegally, although unintentionally so, erected themselves into a legislative council, and drawn up a constitution of their own, which, before they sailed, they were compelled to set aside. This occasioned

some little confusion, and in consequence of their having, imprudently enough, already got under weigh, they had no time to remedy their mistake, and were therefore obliged to set forth on their expedition without any legal restraint upon their colonists, who, from the very nature of an infant settlement, peculiarly required it. Nine thousand pounds, collected by the members of this society, with the assistance of voluntary subscriptions, had been expended in the equipment of the vessels; which were the *Calypso* of 208 tons burthen, the *Hankey* of 261 tons, and the cutter *Beggar's Benison*, a *Gravesend* boat of 34. Their crew in all, men, women, and children, consisted of 275 souls. Of these Capt. Beaver observes, that the committee had not been sufficiently scrupulous in the acceptance of public servants and labourers who offered themselves to the expedition, and who were after a certain time to receive a grant of land, and to become settlers. A surgeon was appointed with a salary of 60*l.* per annum, and a grant of 500 acres of land; and an assistant-surgeon with a salary of 30*l.* and 250 acres; instruments and medicines to be found by the colony. They engaged to remain two years on the island (their health permitting it) or to forfeit their land. They were ordered to keep a journal of the diseases of the people under their care, and to send to the council (or committee) a daily report of the sick, both according to the forms observed by the surgeons in his Majesty's royal navy. This seems to have been the best regulated part of the whole undertaking.

The island of *Bulama* was fixed upon as the spot best adapted to the commencement of the plan, as the colonists knew it was uninhabited, and had every reason to believe there would be no difficulty in purchasing it from those neighbouring chiefs who might claim it as their property. To establish themselves on an island, rather than on the continent, was thought most eligible, as they would be more secure from any hostile attack, if a quarrel should unfortunately arise with the natives; and such quarrels would be less likely to occur, as the insular situation would put it out of the power of the colonists to wander into any of the native villages. Moreover, a Mr. Dalrymple, when serving with his regiment in the last war (it will be remembered this expedition was undertaken in 1792) on the island of *Goree*, had collected much information relative to this island of *Bulama*, as it is invariably called by the natives, although former charts have it *Bulam*, or *Boulam*. Its harbours, productions, soil, &c. seemed favourable, from this gentleman's account; but what finally induced the colonists to make this



choice, was the very flattering description given of Bulama by Monsieur de la Brue, who had been director-general of the French Senegal company, and who had visited this island in 1700.

So far the expedition seems to have been planned with forecast; but the causes of its failure originated in Europe. In the first place the season was too far advanced when the enterprize was first determined upon and the proposals published, viz. the 9th of November, 1791; for if none of those unforeseen delays which afterwards took place had happened, the colonists would not have been able to take possession of the island more than two months earlier than they actually did, which would not have been many days prior to the rainy season; whereas the best time to arrive at the island would have been about the middle of November, when they would certainly have had more than six months dry weather to erect houses and clear the ground. In the next place, by increasing the number of their committee, or council, they did not add to its strength, for they gained nothing in energy or talents by this accession. The latter members too were disunited in their views from the former. They also wanted some head, who should have had full power, and been responsible for the use of it. Their sailing without a charter was the next wrong measure; but unless they had waited another year to procure one, they could not have got it. They were imprudent in not taking with them the frames of houses for shelter; this indeed was a fatal omission, and to it may be attributed the greatest part of their mortality. They were reduced to the necessity of constant and hard labour in the rains, to erect houses not only for shelter, but absolutely for their very existence; in the fine intervals they had no time to clear the ground, and in short lost the whole of that season for the purpose of cultivation. The characters of the public servants have been touched upon; but those of the majority of subscribers themselves, (the terms of subscription being very moderate, and yet constituting the subscriber an optional colonist) were still more prejudicial to the undertaking. It was an undertaking which required the constant and active exertion of many manly virtues; but indolence appeared to be too predominant in the otherwise best regulated minds among them. The carrying out of women and children, (122 in number,) who crowded the ships, increased the diseases, and did not share the labours and difficulties necessarily attendant upon settling in a new country, was another material error. The public money was expended lavishly; and in consequence, the so-

ciety had not the means of sending out a vessel with a reinforcement and some necessary articles, at the end of the second rainy season ;—but had such a vessel arrived before the latter end of November 1793, it would certainly have prevented the evacuation of the island at that time, though it might only have protracted it for a short period. The war also in which England was now engaged must be considered, from various reasons which are too evident to require enumeration, as another cause of the failure of the colonists.

These were the chief obstacles to their success that originated in Europe: several others occurred during the voyage, which we shall not enumerate, but proceed to give an account of such as arose in their transactions previous to, and after their settlement in the island of Bulama, to its final evacuation. On the 15th of April 1792, the three vessels cleared the channel; and on the 24th of May the *Calypso*, who had quitted her companions, got sight of the Island of Bulama, and sent all her boats armed on shore. Here the crews wandered up and down without any order, plan, or objects; either wantonly or ignorantly set the long grass on fire, which spread with much rapidity to a great extent; and erected small huts or tents wherever they pleased without the least regularity. On the 20th, a war canoe of the neighbouring isles was reconnoitring near the place where the ship lay at anchor; but could not be persuaded to approach her. The next morning all the tents and things left on the island were carried off, none of the English sleeping on shore.

As Captain Beaver justly observes, cutting down timber, burning, and building, were in themselves acts of hostility on the part of the *Calypso*. The crew then erected a sort of block house; which was nothing more than a shed or hut inclosed with an inch plank. This was attacked by the *Bisugas* on the third of June (Sunday), when, instead of assembling the colonists at prayers, and taking that opportunity of pointing out to them their precise situation, the difficulties they had to encounter, the necessity of order, regularity, sobriety, and industry, in short, the virtues which would ensure the prosperity, or the vices which would lead to the destruction of the colony, every one was wandering about the island in pursuit of some favourite amusement. The consequence was that five men and one woman were killed, four men wounded, and four women and three children taken prisoners. All, mean while, on board the *Calypso* was terror, disorder, and confusion. Armed boats were sent on shore, but too late. The savages had retired with their booty and captives to the woods, and the

work of death was done. It is to be remarked that the Bisugas had, from the unaccountable negligence of the colonists, got possession of their arms, and killed them with their own weapons. Their own swords are described as being so sharp that they can dissect a joint of meat with them as easily as with the best edged knife.

On the 5th of June, the other vessels entered the Bulama channel, and anchored in sight of the three islands, Bissao, Arcas, and Bulama, and Captain Beaver and the Captain of the Hankey were sent on shore to communicate with the Portuguese factory established at the former of these islands. In consequence of the above ill conduct of the crew of the Calypso, the newly arrived vessels, its companions, were taken for pirates, and the two captains made prisoners, but, after some altercation with the governor, they were suffered to return to their ships. During their absence ashore, they had been joined by the Calypso.

The first object now was the redemption of their women and children. But a fever had broken out in the Calypso, and the infection was communicated to the Hankey. The strength of both was consequently much diminished. Captain Beaver was employed upon this occasion. He accordingly returned the same day that he had been released from captivity, to Bissao, after hearing this disastrous story. He negotiated with a principal Portuguese merchant there for the means of obtaining the ransom of the prisoners. This gentleman, entitled Mr. Sylva de Cordoza, who, during the whole of Captain Beaver's stay at Bulama, behaved most humanely towards him, readily undertook to accomplish the business, and in a few days his emissaries returned with three women and two children, who were purchased of King Bellchore at the price of slaves; namely, at the rate, for the whole lot, of about 80*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* sterling. These women had been very well treated by the Canabacs, for which they were probably indebted to the national prejudice of the people, who look upon white women rather as objects of disgust than desire. To mark the jealousy of the Portuguese, as well as Spaniards, of any European neighbour settling near them in their African (or American) colonies, it will be sufficient to relate, that the Englishmen who were so much obliged to this generous Portuguese merchant at Bissao, were compelled to address a memorial to his court to exculpate him from the imputation of any clandestine intercourse with them to the prejudice of his own country, although his good offices to our colonists only proceeded from the most disinterested benevolence.



Captain Beaver now proceeded to the country of Bisugas, for the purpose of treating with their king for the sale of the Island of Bulama; and, with as much courage as prudence, went without arms, to shew the natives that he placed confidence in them, and that he relied upon their hospitality, a virtue not uncommonly found among savages. In a very curious passage (p. 64), too long, however, to be extracted, he describes himself and his companion, a grumeta\* who passed as an interpreter, as entering the king's seraglio (or house appropriated for his women) in search of Mrs. Harley and her child, the English prisoners who yet remained with the savages. After some *palavers* (from the Portuguese word '*palabros*,' to talk) with the 'two kings of Canabac, Belchore, and Jalorem,' who we think would make an excellent figure at Astley's in their interview with Captain Beaver, the colonists purchased the island of Bulama for 78l. 16s. 8d. sterling: about seven leagues of ground in length, in its breadth varying from five to two leagues; but Captain Beaver does not speak positively, as from being unable ever to leave the blockhouse or head quarters of the settlement, except for a few hours at a time, he could not ascertain the exact measurement of the island.

It might now have been expected, that, profiting by their dear-bought experience, the colonists would have formed some general plan of co-operation, and have begun to erect houses, and to cultivate land in their new settlement, according to an improved and regular design. But dissension prevailed in the council, and after some ill-advised measures, which were spiritedly protested against by Mr. Beaver, the larger part of the members of this disorderly society set sail on their return to England in the Calypso on the 19th of July 1792.

'What,' as Captain Beaver asks, 'became of their avowed motives for having undertaken this expedition, to purchase land in Africa; to cultivate it by free natives; to induce in them habits of labour and industry, and to ameliorate their condition, by the introduction of religion and letters? These motives could not have been very strong. Poor Africans!'

Captain Beaver was now left with about ninety colonists, men, women, and children, on the island of Bulama. He has transcribed for this publication, his journal, kept there

---

\* Grumetas, generally speaking, are native servants or those who work for hire, although the term is sometimes applied to confidential slaves.

for thirteen months, which puts us strongly in mind of Robinson Crusoe's way of life ; but which, as it is rather minute, though necessarily so, upon unimportant subjects, and as we have already approached our usual limits in reviewing a work of this nature, we must omit, only selecting its most material passages. Being chosen president unanimously, Captain Beaver felt a fresh motive to continue the exertions which he had made during the whole expedition for the welfare of the colony. Things now went on better ; but some of the neighbouring savages soon renewed their molestation of the settlers ; and Captain Beaver was obliged to purchase peace by presents to two other of the native kings, who claimed a share in the hunting on the island of Bulama.

The colonists, under their new director, now set more manfully to work in building a large block house, that might serve for a general dwelling, divided into compartments, where all the members of the society might be under the eye of their president, and which might also be made a place of defence. Grumetas were now procured to assist in the works,—but on the 23d of November, 1792, after some altercation with Captain Beaver, the surgeon of the colony, and many other of the settlers, set sail on their return to England in the *Hankey*, and by their departure reduced the settlement to 28 in number. The natives Captain Beaver found to do their work very well for hire, but they had the common vices of savages, cunning, theft, drunkenness, and cruelty. Superstition, the child of ignorance, was also a striking trait in their character ; and of course the more sagacious took advantage of this, and contrived to pass for wizards among their more silly countrymen. One of them had the impudence to tell Captain Beaver to his face, ‘ that he could change himself into an alligator, and had often done it.’ They have an idea, inconsistent enough with the above, that ‘ all white men are *witches*.’ This idea Captain Beaver properly endeavoured to strengthen at first. It would be idle to begin the task of civilization by violently attacking the prejudices of savages. They must be taught the arts, before they are taught abstract truths and principles. They must see the white men that settle among them, sober, chaste, and industrious ; they will then be more ready to believe the doctrines which produce such good fruits. The misguided zeal of missionaries has done much harm. Cultivation of the purchased lands by means of the free natives must be the first step ; and it may here be generally remarked that in

these countries most tropical productions grow wild. Commerce will naturally follow cultivation, and civilization will be the result of both. Here then we see the gradual means of abolishing African slavery, and as Mr. Beaver, we think, very well contends, much more rational, fair, and equitable means, than in the immediate repeal of the acts for carrying on that trade: repeal indeed would probably prove vain, but if not, certainly destructive to thousands, who have at least an equal claim upon our consideration with our African brethren. Far from being an advocate for the continuance of that trade, Mr. Beaver has pointed out the best way of abolishing it, in the progress of time; and it will be observed, mean while, that the Africans would be daily learning to enjoy more fully the blessings of civilized life, and of well regulated liberty.

What was the character Captain Beaver obtained by his conduct among the Africans? He completely did away their prejudices against the Europeans, and they all said with one voice, whether Mangack, Mandingo, Papel, Bisuga, Biafara, or Naloo, inhabitants of the neighbouring continent to a very wide extent, 'that the white man of Bulama can't do bad.'

The general appearance of this island is that of the most luxuriant vegetation. Its soil is remarkably rich and prolific; the productions that are adapted to it, are rice of two sorts, one thriving on dry and elevated ground, the other in low marshy places; yams which grow wild, the sweet Cassada, Manioc maize or Indian corn, and ground nuts, the sugar-cane and cotton-shrub, annual vines, and a variety of other useful plants. The island is covered with trees of all descriptions, from the finest oaks to the most diminutive shrubs; from the iron-wood, so called from its close texture, to the cotton-tree, out of whose soft and porous grain very beautiful stockings may be made. Of the animals, the chief are the elephant, the buffalo, the hippopotamus, deer, the wild hog, and monkey. The only beast of prey that infested the country near the sea coast, was the hyæna. At the first arrival of the colonists, these animals made great havoc among their goats and sheep, but when their inclosures were completed, their live stock was ever afterwards perfectly safe. Among the animals of Bulama and the adjoining country, horses, (excepting only those of the Mandingoes,) sheep, geese, and ducks are not domesticated, although they are to be procured in abundance in the country between the Gambia and the Rio Grande. But they are



not among the wants of the natives, any more than the cocoa-nut tree, which might easily be found in the above country; and the Portuguese are either too indolent, or too much occupied in trade to introduce it. The ants, of which there are many sorts, were a great annoyance at first to the settlers, but they retired when the ground was cleared, built upon, and inhabited. Bees were in plenty, and very productive of honey.

Concerning the climate, notwithstanding the uncommon mortality of the Europeans, Captain Beaver does not speak unfavourably. We think he is here a little too sanguine of the success of his favourite plan. The weather is of course in this country, lying between the tropics, generally hot. Tornados, though very violent, are never dangerous to careful seamen upon the coast in the latitude of Bulama, as they give ample notice of their approach. The rainy season begins with the month of June, and ends about the middle of October; what are termed the smoky or foggy months follow, after which, fine clear weather, with pretty regular land and sea-breezes, prevails until the beginning of the ensuing rains.

Captain Beaver, independently of the unhealthy season of the year in which the colonists landed at Bulama, and independently of their hard labour and great exposure during that inclement season, thinks that many of their deaths were occasioned by an extraordinary lowness and depression of spirits. Loss of memory was very frequent among them; and that to such an excessive degree as to amount in some instances to idiocy. Curious anecdotes of this are related by Captain Beaver, but (with the exception perhaps of the strange illness of the colonists which was called the plague, or Bulama fever) having, we think, shown from this work, that the plan was a very desirable one to be carried into execution, and that it was not naturally impracticable, we must now hasten to a conclusion, after having called the attention of our readers to the notes in page 297 et seq. where they will find a very singular and interesting account of Captain Beaver's mode of life on the island, which, we repeat, since the days of Robinson Crusoe, is perhaps the most extraordinary an European ever led.

On Friday, the 29th of November, 1793, Captain Beaver and Mr. Hood, the only two surviving colonists, left the island of Bulama, and embarking, after an unavoidable delay of about three months in Free Town, on board the Sierra Leone Company's ship the Harpy, arrived at Plymouth on

the 17th of May 1794, having been absent a little more than two years. Such was the event of this expedition; but 'although,' says Captain Beaver, 'we have not been hitherto able to reap the fruit of our labour, I yet hope that the day is not far distant, when some enlarged and liberal plan will be adopted to cultivate the western coast of Africa, without interfering with the freedom of its natives. Such a plan pursued with a wise policy' (which Capt. Beaver does not allow to the Sierra Leone establishment, reasonably enough we think, as they have spent an immense capital and possess a sterile territory, nor are they beloved by the natives) 'is the surest way of introducing civilization, and at the same time of abolishing slavery; and if the preceding account shall in the smallest degree lead to such a measure, I shall be amply repaid for all the time and trouble I have expended, and all the difficulties I have encountered.'

We heartily join with Captain Beaver in his generous wish; and we think nothing can be more likely to turn the minds of government, when released from the consideration of more important objects, to such a plan, than a due attention to the arguments and facts contained in the '*African Memoranda*.' The former are strongly and clearly urged; and the more so, we think, for being clothed in the plain, unornamented language of a seaman, whose superior and more pressing duties ever since his return to England in 1794, to the year 1805, having called him with only one short intermission to the active service of his country, he has till now been unable to present the public with the present work. It is a work of general use and entertainment. The facts are so simply stated, that they bear every mark of indisputable veracity. The examination, indeed, of Captain Beaver at the Mansion-house, before the Lord Mayor, Le Mesurier, in 1794, then chairman of the committee for the Bulama association, the public thanks he received on that occasion, and the gold medal presented him (we hope not the only reward) for his very meritorious services;—these high testimonies in his favour, give his book an external sanction and authenticity, which cannot fail of adding considerably to the interest which its own peculiar recommendations, even without such helps, would have excited.

The work is accompanied with a very excellent nautical map of the western coast of Africa.

ART. XII.—*Memoirs of Charles Lee Lewes, containing Anecdotes, Historical and Biographical, of the English and Scottish Stages, during a Period of Forty Years. Written by Himself. In Four Volumes. Small Octavo. Phillips. 1805.*

THIS is a very low, contemptible performance. Even to those who are fondest of vulgar anecdote, such stories as the origin of the expression ‘My eye, Betty Martin,’ and the stupid speeches of provincial managers to their troops of ragamuffins, can afford but little entertainment. The author, Mr. Lee Lewes, an actor of considerable eminence in the arduous part of Harlequin, as well as in others where rather more mental activity was required, died on the 22d of July 1803, in the sixty-third year of his age. ‘He supped with Mr. Townsend of Covent Garden theatre, on the night previous to his death, at the Middleton’s Head, Sadler’s Wells,’ as the editor of these volumes informs us, with many other equally interesting particulars, which, we conceive, the majority of our readers will excuse our giving them in minute detail.

Charles Lee Lewes, however, occupies but a very small portion of his own Memoirs; and when he has said that he was born in New Bond Street, on the 19th of November, old style, 1740, that he broke his head in taking a leap at Sheffield, but which accident was the means of making him known in London as a famous harlequin, and got him a secondary situation under the great Woodward at Covent Garden theatre; when he has told us these important facts, and mentioned his quarrel with a methodist preacher in Aberdeen, he makes his exit without further ceremony. Garrick, and Moses Kean, Mrs. Clive and Fanny Furnival, &c. &c. supply the want of incident in the life of Mr. Lewes himself.

The first appearance of Mrs. Siddons at Dublin was *whimsically* celebrated, as Mr. Lewes phrases it, in an Irish newspaper, from which he copies the whole account of *seven pages*. His idea of *whim* is singular. The wittiest paragraph in this nonsensical effusion is the following:

‘One hundred and nine ladies fainted! forty-six went into fits! and ninety-five had strong hysterics! the world will scarcely credit the truth, when they are told, that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred taylors, and six common-council men, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, lattices, and boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit. The water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to



stand on the benches, were in that position up to their ancles in tears !

If hyperbole be humour, by saying that the whole house was actually drowned, the above account would have been much improved. But hyperbole is the last resource of empty addle-pated coxcombs.

Moses Kean had a wooden leg. Sleeping one night at an inn, where the landlady always went round carefully to see that there was no danger of fire in any of the chambers, Moses had thrust the end of his wooden leg out of bed. The fearful hostess immediately conceived it to be the warming-pan which the chambermaid had heedlessly left between the sheets. She immediately began to pull, and Moses to roar, to the great alarm and confusion of the whole house. The ridicule was so strong against the mimic, that he was obliged to decamp the next day without performing as he had intended in the town. This is a specimen of Mr. Lewes's theatrical anecdotes, and one of the best his book affords. He tells us a great many old stories, such as that of the two riders (or bagmen) quarrelling about the different yearly profits of their respective employers. One asserted that the single article of ink cost his house many hundreds in the year. The other replied, 'our business is so extensive, that we save some thousands annually, by leaving out the dots to the i's, and the strokes to the t's.' Twenty years ago, when we first read this story in a book of anecdotes, we did not think it amiss.

In giving an account of John Knox, and in defending the stage against the attacks of the puritans, Mr. Lewes rises into the following very animated strain of absurdity :

'Now murders and devastations stalked with giant stride over Scotland, and their zealous leader presumed to assert that he wielded the sword of the Lord and Gideon against idolatry. Blessed God ! how is thy holy name and authority prostituted to serve the infamously interested purpose of artful and designing men ! But though these principles were the chief cause of stage persecution, yet even in this enlightened age of liberality and refinement, we find the immortal works of Shakespeare excluded from a representation in our great and distinguished seminaries, while the indecent productions of a *Pretonius Arbiter*, an Ovid, a Horace, and the dangerous doctrines of a Lucretius, are the classical studies of our young students at both the Universities. O shame, where is thy blush !

Where, indeed, Mr. Lewes ! *Pretonius Arbiter*, this new classic of our author's, must be one of the very private studies of our young students at the Universities, for we never yet met with such a name in the list of books for an exami-

nation; nor have the *dangerous doctrines* of Lucretius (whose *doctrines* they are not) been much countenanced, since Creech put an end to his existence in order to imitate his great poetical master more closely in his actions, than he had done in his versification. Mr. Lewes proceeds to prove how *useful* a theatre would be in an University, by instancing the flocks of gownsmen from Oxford that attend the plays at Abingdon, and by relating the story of a serious disturbance at Huntingdon theatre, occasioned, as he terms it, 'by a party of young Cantabs.' Certainly, these are very convincing proofs of the advantage of licensing actors to perform in Universities, when they cannot come within twenty miles of Oxford or Cambridge, without being of such essential benefit to the *students* at these *seminaries*, to adopt the elegant phraseology of Mr. Lewes. We cannot be seriously angry with such a monitor as Harlequin, but we think the above hint to the Caput highly impertinent.

In page 266, of volume the 4th, Mr. Lewes, with much complacency, gives us a spice of his own humour. He brings a puritanical tallow chandler, whom he facetiously calls Dundee Dip, (from his living at Dundee,) to the playhouse, which he never before frequented, by telling him that all his candles when they had burnt half way, would burn *no longer*. Upon the remonstrance of the puritan that this statement was untrue, as he had himself witnessed, 'I maintain it still,' exclaimed Mr. Lewes, evidently with the highest self-satisfaction, 'I maintain it still, Dip; Dip, when your candles are burnt half-way, they all burn *shorter*.' 'Obe jam satis est!' If such stuff as the above is to be dragged from the portfolios of deceased persons by the injudicious zeal or rapacious avarice of their surviving acquaintances, the contempt of criticism cannot be too strongly excited against authors, editors, and all who are instrumental in overwhelming the town and country with these catchpenny publications. The present is one of the worst of this abominable species of books, which we are sorry to observe form at once the entertainment and the disgrace of our contemporaries. Possessed of no stores of information, conversant neither with sciences nor languages, ignorant even of their own tongue, literary quacks of every description drain their common place books to the dregs, and usher them adorned with all the luxury of printing into the hands of the public. Sudden death perhaps just prevents them from editing their correspondence with *literary* friends, with

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,  
Mendici, mimi, balatrone —

but the precious letters are not lost ! every escrutoir is ransacked, and the strange compounds of absurdity, blasphemy, family receipts, private communications, which some may think should be sacred, as they were only intended for the eye of friendship, memoranda, ejaculations, and embryo conceptions, are brought into the world, by that universal midwife, the press. The impudence of republication, so conspicuous in the present age, we have already more than once justly censured ; never was it more gross than in the Memoirs of Mr. Lewes.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### RELIGION.

**ART. 13.**—*A Funeral Oration to the Memory of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, delivered at Grosvenor Chapel, Grosvenor Square, on Sunday the 8th of September, 1805. By the Rev. T. Baseley, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln.* 4to. Ladley, Faulder, &c. 1806.

OVER all the adulatory effusions that were ever offered to the living or the dead, this Oration of Mr. Baseley to the memory of the late Duke of Gloucester stands pre-eminent. It far outdoes all the addresses presented to Bonaparte by the mayor and prefects of his good city of Paris. Mr. Baseley's idea, however, of flattery seems to be very different from ours. In page 10 he says, ' I wish it to be understood that no such adulation is now meant to the dead, as we all know were most unacceptable to the living, and that what follows, originates entirely from my own mind, my respect for public feeling, and my profound deference for the memory of unexampled virtue.' He likewise intimates that express orders were issued, in consequence of what appeared in the public prints, (and he might have added in consequence of the bills which were posted at various pumps and dead walls in the neighbourhood of his chapel,) to abstain not only from every appearance of flattery, but even from the service prepared for the occasion. But Mr. Baseley had been at too great an expence in fitting up his chapel in imitation of Mrs. Salmon's wax-work representation of the duke's lying in state, to comply with these orders, or to ' disgust a feeling public by disappointing their expectations ;' he therefore determined ' resolutely to follow the impulse of his own heart, to do all he could for the best, and to refer his apology for the freedom assumed, to the well-



known magnanimity and indulgence of the royal family.' After the preparation in page 10, where we are warned not to expect any flattery, we are informed, 'that the characteristic piety of his Royal Highness rendered him an object of peculiar veneration to the whole Christian world!' that 'he constituted a part of the great Composite pillar on which our Zion rests,' and 'that in mourning for his death we have to remember that her magnificence is marred, and her strength impaired.' 'Meretricious gems made no part of his earthly distinctions, and have no place in the crown of glory which now encircles his holy head!' &c. &c. These and twelve pages of similar compliments Mr. B. tells us are not adulation, but '*respect for public feeling and sympathy.*' We know not what may have been the sentiments of the present Duke of Gloucester on his perusal of this eulogy, if he has lost so much time as to peruse it; but we think his 'magnanimity and indulgence' must have been really put to the proof. In short, it is difficult to conceive flattery less ingenious, less concealed, more disgusting, or more disgraceful. If it should answer the end which the reverend author doubtless had in view, it would be strange indeed. It remains to say, that the style of the discourse very much resembles that of Dr. Mavor in flowery declamations, high flown bombast, and every species of bad taste.

ART. 14.—*A brief Treatise on Death, philosophically, morally, and practically considered, By Robert Fellowes, A. M. Oxon. 12mo. Mawman. 1805.*

IF the size of this Treatise were to prescribe the measure of our praise, we should not do justice to its pretensions. But as it is no part of our plan to make bulk the criterion of merit, Mr. Fellowes will have nothing to fear from our decision. This little work is very valuable, it is evidently the production of a scholar, and does credit to the talents which the author is known to possess. The language exhibits a happy union of strength and simplicity, equally calculated to instruct the unlearned and to gratify the well-informed; we are therefore desirous to recommend it to general perusal. While the philosophical reasonings contained in it evince the fragility of life and the certainty of our dissolution, the considerations drawn from religion teach the Christian to esteem the former as no evil, and the latter as the earnest of a better state. It is inscribed by the author to the memory of the late Lady Harriett Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton.

ART. 15.—*Religion essential to the temporal Happiness of a Nation. A Sermon preached, August the 11th, 1805, at Grantham, before the Boston Loyal Volunteers, on permanent Duty there. By Samuel Partridge, M. A. F. S. A. Vicar of Boston, and Chaplain to the Corps. 8vo. London, Rivingtons. 1805.*

THE Sermon before us is from Psalm xxiii, 12, 'Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.' It is a very plain, sensible discourse,

and well suited to the occasion on which it was preached. It is taken, with many additions and alterations, from '*Sermons sur divers Textes de l'Ecriture Sainte, par Charles Bertheau, Pasteur de l'Eglise Francoise de Londres.*' In our Review for June 1805, we noticed a volume of sermons by the same writer, which, like this, are taken from the French.

**ART. 16.**—*A Sermon preached on Occasion of the late Naval Victory, in the Parish Church of Wellington, Salop (November 10th, 1805). By the Rev. J. Eyton. 8vo. pp. 30. 1s. Crosby. 1805.*

THE zeal of Mr. Eyton induced him to anticipate the day appointed by his majesty for a general thanksgiving to Almighty God for the late signal and important victory, which gave occasion to the present sermon, and of which indeed it gives rather a detailed account. It, however, contains sentiments of unfeigned piety, and earnestly inculcates the very necessary and comfortable, but very forgotten, doctrine of a particular Providence. In page 15, we met with these words: 'The seasons at which we have experienced the greatest national blessings, have generally been those at which iniquity hath most abounded, and the overflowings of ungodliness have most impetuously carried us away.' We must confess that we do not see how this remark can be supposed to illustrate the argument which immediately precedes it, and that after reading it, we were almost tempted to cry out, 'What shall we say then? shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?' (Romans vi. 1.) The answer is on record. 'God forbid.'

Whatever profits may arise from the sale of this sermon; will be applied to the benefit of the widows and orphans of the brave seamen who fell in the late engagement.

### POLITICS.

**ART. 17.**—*Outline of a Plan for reducing the Poor's Rate, and amending the Condition of the Aged and Unfortunate; including those of the Naval and Military Departments: in a Letter to the Right Hon. George Rose, occasioned by his Observations on the Poor Laws, &c. By John Bone. 8vo. pp. 61. 1s. 6d. Asperne. 1805.*

THIS pamphlet was occasioned by Mr. Rose's recent publication on the Poor Laws, which was reviewed by us at some length in our number for October last. Mr. Bone has embraced this opportunity of communicating to the public the outline of a most extensive plan, from which the author naturally expects proportionate advantages. We have no wish to condemn untried, any charitable establishment founded upon voluntary contributions. If unsuccessful, or inadequate to the purpose, the evil soon cures itself. We feel it unnecessary to give the details of the measure proposed, as it is upon a scale of apparently equal magnitude with the establishment of the Bank of England, and not likely to be carried into

effect, to immortalize the fame of Mr. Bone the founder. Besides, we are disposed to believe that all the substantial advantages which would probably result from it, may with much greater facility and utility be obtained by the encouragement and increase of Friendly and Benefit Societies.

The reader will find a fund of valuable information on the important subject of the poor laws in a pamphlet entitled 'Thoughts on the Poor Laws and on the State of the Poor,' published by Payne and Mackinlay, in 1802.

**ART. 18.** *An Address to the Public, containing a Review of the Charges exhibited against Lord Viscount Melville, which led to the Resolutions of the House of Commons on the 8th April, 1805.* 8vo. pp. 84. 2s. 6d. Hatchard. 1805.

AS the charges exhibited against Lord Melville are new in the way to receive the solemn judgment of the highest tribunal of the kingdom, we cannot but disapprove of this, and every other publication which tends to prejudge the question, either on one side or the other—the present address, however, in favour of his lordship, discovers considerable ability, a good deal of argument, and, with some few exceptions, is written with a becoming mixture of spirit and moderation.

**ART. 19.**—*The Mirror of Iniquity, contained in a Letter to the Magistrates of England. London, printed at the Press of the Author, and sold by him at No. 9, Fleet Market.* 8vo. pp. 72. 2s. 1805.

THIS Letter, signed R. Holloway, and dated December, 1805, in a style suited to the subject, gives a disgusting account of the practices of some persons who appear to follow the trade of common informers, as a means of procuring their livelihood. We are sorry to say that the nature and multiplicity of our penal laws necessarily give existence to common informers, but where the informations are well founded, their proceedings certainly give strength and effect to the laws. On the contrary, where unprincipled men entrap the unwary into the commission of offences for the purpose of gratifying private interest or malignity, no conduct deserves to be more severely reprobated, and most unquestionably is liable to severe punishment. If the account given by Mr. Holloway be correct, the systematically nefarious proceedings of the persons he mentions, cannot long escape the vigilance of the police. We entertain not the smallest apprehension of any considerable depredations being committed in this way, for in no country can there be less occasion to remind the magistrates of their duty than in England. Their information, zeal, and activity deserve the warmest thanks of the community.



ART. 20.—*A concise History of the present State of the Commerce of Great Britain. Translated from the German of Charles Reinhard, LL. D. of the University of Gottingen, and Knight of the Order of St. Joachim. With Notes and considerable Additions relating to the principal British Manufactures, by J. Savage. 8vo. pp. 74. 2s. 6d. Symonds. 1805.*

THIS pamphlet contains but a very short and imperfect sketch of the commerce and manufactures of Great Britain. It still, however, is calculated to afford some useful information to the class of readers on the continent for which the original work is intended. To translate it appears to us to have been unnecessary trouble, as the English reader may consult much more accurate and extensive works upon the subject, originally written in his own language. It is gratifying at the same time to observe a learned foreigner anxious to impress upon the minds of his countrymen a true sense of the power and prosperity of the British nation.

### POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Palmyra, and other Poems. By T. L. Peacock. 8vo. 7s. Richardson. 1806.*

WE assure Mr. Peacock that we have much mercy in our composition; and that however his address to us may be supposed to have otherwise swayed us, we should not be less inclined than we are at present, to pass a favourable sentence on his juvenile efforts, without such an inducement. The bard before us is, no doubt, very youthful, and with due allowances for age and experience, which are properties on which our buzz-wigs are wont to dwell, we congratulate him on his success, and wish to extend the credit and encouragement of his poetry.

\* This little volume is really so pleasing that we feel an inclination to dilate upon it beyond the narrow bounds we usually prescribe to ourselves on these occasions. It sets forth with a cento from the works of Shakespeare, addressed to the Reviewers, which is well connected; and its *finale* is couched in more liberal terms than we generally experience.—

‘Your love deserves my thanks: so farewell, GENTLEMEN.’

The chief poem in the book is entitled *Palmyra*, and several spirited and poetical passages are interspersed in it.

‘As scatter’d round, a dreary space,  
Ye spirits of the wise and just!  
In reverential thought I trace  
The mansions of your sacred dust,  
Enthusiast Fancy, rob’d in light,  
Pours on the air her many-sparkling rays,  
Redeeming from Oblivion’s deep’ning night  
The deeds of ancient days.’ P. 5.

And again,

'How oft in scenes like these since Time began,  
With downcast eye has Contemplation trod,  
Far from the haunts of Folly, Vice, and Man,  
To hold sublime communion with her God!' P. 13.

Upon the whole, we admire the Ode from which we have made these extracts; but we must not conceal that the coinage of new adjectives is made with too unsparing a hand; and that sense is not unfrequently sacrificed to sound. Yet these are the very venial peccadilloes of youth. The notes are formed of entertaining citations from authors whose evidence may illustrate the story. The 'Visions of Love' are pretty: and 'Maria's Return' will at least put modern lyrical poems to the blush. In 'Fiolfar,' the Runic rhyme is woven by a master's hand; and the fire of Gray seems not entirely evaporated in the following lines of Mr. Peacock.

'The sword clatter'd fiercely on helm and on shield,  
For Norway and Lochlin had met in the field;  
The long lances shiver'd, the swift arrows flew,  
The string shrilly twang'd on the flexible yew;  
Rejoicing, the Valkyræ strode through the plain,  
And guided the death-blow, and singled the slain.  
Long, long did the virgins of Lochlin deplore  
The youths whom their arms should encircle no more,  
For, strong as the whirlwinds the forest that tear,  
And strew with its boughs the vast bosom of air,  
The Norwëyans bore down with all-conquering force,  
And havoc and slaughter attended their course.  
Fiolfar through danger triumphantly trod,  
And scatter'd confusion and terror abroad;  
Majestic as Balder, tremendous as Thor,  
He plung'd in the red-foaming torrent of war.' P. 78.

The shorter poems have various merit: they occasionally betray much feeling, and much promise of future melody. 'Nugæ' close the whole; but we should have preferred the omission of 'Nugæ.' The vulgar Jew song, with which they commence, might add to the hilarity of a convivial party, but it was unwise to suffer it to escape from manuscript. We assure Mr. Peacock that we are not Jews, but we can by no means approve of the illiberality, buffoonery, and nonsense of this portion of his book. In other respects, Mr. Peacock has respectable claims to distinction; and we recommend his poems, not only as harmless and innocent, but as productive of high relish and amusement.

ART. 22.—*The Rural Sabbath, a Poem, in four Books, and other Poems, by Wm. Cockin.* 12mo. pp. 184. Nicol. 1805.

THIS Poem is by no means equal to one on the same, or a similar subject (Mr. Grahame's *Sabbath*,) which we reviewed in our Num-

ber for December last ; still we have derived some pleasure from the perusal of it, which was not unalloyed by regret, that the author is alike insensible to approbation or censure. In a short and unsatisfactory account of Mr. C. prefixed to the volume, we are informed that he exercised the employment of a teacher of writing and arithmetic in various parts of the kingdom till a few years before his death, (which took place in 1801), when he retired to his native vale amid the mountains of Westmoreland, to indulge his fondness for mathematical, metaphysical, and (strange combination!) poetical studies.

The plan of the poem is sufficiently designated by its title. The subject is such as must necessarily preclude all attempt at the higher species of poetical excellence: we must therefore not look for 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn;' harmony of numbers, chasteness of expression, and appropriate descriptions of rural scenes and manners, are all that can be expected; and for these, in many instances, the reader will not look in vain.

It has been a custom with the votaries of Parnassus to call in the aid of the muse or some other power, who may preside over the subject they celebrate. Our author has introduced no unpleasant variation from this hacknied plan, by commencing with an address to the powers of indolence, not to implore their assistance, but, as may be supposed, to deprecate their influence.

'No, listless Powers! alluring as you are,  
Your Syren blandishments in vain would check  
My fond emprise. Smiles practised to betray,  
Though soft as Hebe's, shall not now defeat  
Rekindled hope, and heedlessly consign  
The soothing visions of an inborn Muse,  
Faithful and free, to hourly disregard,  
And shades, oblivious as the paths I tread.' p. 3.

The following description is not deficient in pathetic simplicity.

'A mother, who, perchance, from better hopes,  
Fell to the slender earnings of her hands,  
And brought no other dowry to her mate  
Than truth, religion, and a feeling heart.  
Yet as the ribands, which in youth had graced  
Her own fair form, she opens to their view:  
Hints at these times, adjusts a simple slip,  
Or draws the comb of ivory, gently press'd,  
Adown the ringlets of their shining hair,  
And on a weeping cheek imprints a kiss,  
She feels as high delight, as if their charms  
(To her what charms! who saw their bud and bloom)  
Were deck'd in all the gay attire of wealth;  
For, are they not her own? Does she not see  
The mingled lineaments of him she loved,  
And her own race, adorn each visage fair?  
And, does not hope in future years portray



These scanty garbs thrown by ? And when, at length,  
 Their budding beauties, blooming cheeks, their limbs  
 Of graceful mould, and all their mental gifts  
 Are constellated in mature display ;  
 Then, does not Hope behold them act their parts  
 On life's conspicuous stage with well-earned praise ;  
 Good without boasting ; prosperous without pride ;  
 And greatly happy close the arduous scene,  
 Where all that's mortal finds its destined goal ? P. 15.

The other poems, viz. 'an Ode to the Genius of the Lakes,' and  
 'Stanzas on the Death of Dr. Johnson,' possess little merit.

ART. 23.—*Christ's Lamentation over Jerusalem. A Seatonian  
 Prize Poem. By Charles Peers, Esq. A. M. and F. S. A.  
 4to. 1s. 6d. Hatchard. 1805.*

THIS exercise, upon the whole, is far from being discreditable  
 to the author. If it display none of the high and original powers  
 of genius, it exhibits at least a considerable degree of taste, a mind  
 stored with some of the fairest images of sacred poetry, an ear to-  
 lerably well attuned to epic harmony, and a style of diction at times  
 strongly tinged with Miltonic energy and loftiness. We shall  
 transcribe as a specimen the following lines,

——— 'Thou hast felt in turn  
 The scourge of the destroyer ! where are now  
 Thine ivory palaces and golden gates,  
 Thine olive groves, and marble fountains ? where  
 Thine elder temple, that great archetype  
 Of wondrous masonry ; her hangings rich  
 In gorgeous colours dipped, and cedar beams  
 Hewn upon Libanus, o'erlaid with gold  
 Of Ophir, dazzling each beholder's eye ?  
 Where now her minstrels ? Where the virgin train  
 That in full chorus chaunting hailed the dawn  
 Of peaceful sabbath or glad Jubilee ?  
 No sound is heard her vaulted roof beneath,  
 Save of unhallowed traffic—the loud din  
 Of tumult—shouts of blasphemy and wrong,  
 Bursting discordant from the house of prayer.  
 The voice of melody hath ceased ; no more  
 Or harp or tabret cheer thy festal poms :  
 No more the smoke of grateful incense, flung  
 From golden censers, fill the courts of heaven :  
 No more in midnight vision, to the sense  
 Of priest or prophet come the Sons of God  
 To speak his bidding : clothed in sable stole,  
 The garb of woe her joyless elders sit ;  
 And Sion's virgin daughters ; they grew while

So portly, they in costliest robes arrayed  
 Of Tyrian purple, and with braided hair  
 Dropping sweet odours, who for pride disdained  
 The ground they trod, weep silent and forlorn.'

ART. 24.—*Maurice, the Rustic, and other Poems, by Henry Summersett.* 12mo. pp. 110. Longman. 1805.

MR. H. Summersett is one of those many *uneducated* poets who have been induced to publish their literary efforts by contemplating the success of Chatterton and of Burns. He does not seem to consider, that these prodigies of genius did not meet with admiration merely because they were uneducated men, but on account of those productions which are exquisitely beautiful in themselves, which would have been admired as the works of any man under any circumstances of life, habits, and education, and which are viewed with increased wonder and astonishment from a consideration of the peculiar disadvantages through which they struggled into birth. The intrinsic merit of their poetry brought these poets into notice; but if the authors had never been known, their verses would have been admired; as we gaze with rapture on the beauties of the canvass, though the name of the painter is uncertain or unknown. Mr. Summersett comes forward at the bar of the tribunal of public taste, and as he does not use vain boasting, nor challenge admiration with that air of self-sufficiency, which too often accompanies men in his situation, he disposes us to listen to his claims with temper, and with a disposition to favour his pretensions. He informs us in his preface, that the 'golden advantages' of science were not within the reach of his attainment, and that 'many times and with painful mortification he has exclaimed—Had I been less ignorant, I must have been more happy.'

'I have written in haste; often in anxiety and adversity: I am still too proud to aim at exciting compassion by this declaration; but it will perhaps serve as an excuse for some of my many imperfections.' At such an address criticism is disarmed; her arrows fall from her hand, and her eye, which glittered with eagerness to aim, is suffused with tears. Such language seems rather to intreat the advice of friendship, than to defy the scrutiny of criticism, and we shall therefore endeavour to answer the question, 'which our author acknowledges to have confused and alarmed him: viz. *Ought an obscure uneducated man to commence author?*' An uneducated man cannot form an accurate idea of the merits or defects of his own works. He may exhibit proofs of genius which will be more than counterbalanced by ridiculous error or gross ignorance: it is therefore his duty to refer to some learned friend for advice, whose pruning hand may remove deformities, which might deface and spoil every excellence. If this friend should advise him to venture before the public eye, it behoves him to reflect on what he aims to attain: he aims at the reward of genius, which is a general, empty praise. He hopes to meet with some who do not despise the efforts of uncul-

civated nature, and whose frowns blast not the bud of genius. He may be so fortunate as to find readers of this description, and if he is contented with the smile of their approbation, it is well : but if he publishes his literary essays under the fond expectation of lasting fame, and pecuniary profit, he will find himself miserably mistaken. A poem of moderate merit may be cursorily read once, but it is never read a second time ; and the pecuniary reward ceases with the subscription to the first copy. If Mr. S. is a mechanic, we advise him not to neglect his tools for his pen : he has certainly given a specimen of talents, which, under more fortunate circumstances, might have rendered him an ornamental figure in a bookseller's shop, which, in his present state, will procure him respect and consideration among his friends, and, as we should hope, will be great sources of pure pleasure to him in the intervals which can be spared from the important duty of earning his bread.

## NOVELS.

**ART. 25.**—*The Pilgrim of the Cross, or the Chronicles of Christabelle de Mowbray, an ancient Legend, in four Volumes.* By Elizabeth Helme. Small 8vo. Longman. 1805.

THIS novel is full of incidents, which amused our attention through a pilgrimage of four volumes. The events are fixed in the romantic period of the Crusades, and the whole work may very properly be recommended to be taken in its turn by those who go through a regular course of novel-reading. Its inscription, by permission, to the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, is a sufficient indication that the principles which it contains are commendatory of virtue.

**ART. 26.**—*Leonora; by Miss Edgeworth.* 8vo. 2 Vols. Johnson. 1806.

THE professors of modern philosophy have been already hunted down by moral writers with such vigour that we trust very few of the race remain ; but while a single animal of this description exists, the efforts towards a complete extermination must not be relaxed :—there is now less glory in the enterprize, but the attempt is in itself always meritorious.

This novel is written in a series of letters. Leonora is a virtuous woman, and attributing the reports which she hears of Olivia's conduct to the mischievous spirit of scandal and to the malignity of envy, invites her to her house as an asylum from the persecutions of the malicious. Olivia is a professor of the modern philosophy, and has no other conceptions of the rules of right and wrong, than of rules for the game of whist, which may be very useful in the game of life, but which may be broken through or complied with in any particular emergency. She comes ripe from France, a determined foe to all those restraints which confine tide-less blooded females within



the pale of virtue and decorum, and, as might naturally be expected, she shews her gratitude to Leonora by seducing the affections of her husband. Leonora's mother, the Duchess of ———, is fully aware of Olivia's character, and warns her daughter of the danger of introducing such a guest, such a '*she-wolf* of France,' into her domestic circle, in a strain so replete with discrimination and good sense, that, if it were not too long for our purpose, we could with pleasure quote her whole first letter to her daughter.

Olivia's character is pourtrayed with a strong pencil, and the whole novel is written with great spirit. The sixth letter is an excellent specimen of moral reasoning.

### MEDICINE.

ART. 27.—*An Essay on the Entropeon, or Inversion of the Eyelids.*  
By Philip Crampton, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, &c. 8vo. Carpenter. 1805.

DR. Crampton's object in this well written pamphlet, is, to shew that the notion of the nature of the disease, and the operation deduced from it, which have been handed down almost unaltered from the days of Hippocrates, are erroneous; and to recommend an operation founded upon a more accurate view of the complaint, which has been attended, according to his own experience, with more certain and more permanent success. The common opinion of the cause of this inversion, namely, that it depends upon a relaxation of the external tegument of the eyelid, he controverts very satisfactorily.

A mere inspection of the eyelid, he observes, must convince us that an elongation of its external skin would never produce the disease. 'The numerous folds which we perceive in the eyelids of old and relaxed persons, demonstrate that the external integument gives no support to the tarsus; consequently the inversion of the one can never be produced by the relaxation of the other.' p. 35. The cure, however, is usually attempted upon this notion, by removing part of the external skin by various methods. This produces, Dr. C. affirms, only a temporary relief.

After giving a clear and accurate description of the eyelid and its appendages, he concludes, 'that a contraction of the internal membrane of the eyelid, and not an elongation of the external integument, is the immediate cause of the entropeon.' The object, then, of an operation which may permanently relieve this distressing disorder, is to divide the *conjunctiva*, lining the eyelid, especially near the external and internal canthus of the eye, and afterwards to retain the parts in their natural position, till, by recovering their original healthy state, they are enabled to perform their functions. The latter part of the operation is effected by an instrument which, with some trifling alterations in its shape, differs very little from the elevator of Pellier. The minute steps of the operation with the knife, are clearly detailed in the cases which are subjoined, to which

we must refer the practical reader, who may be disposed to adopt the method of cure which the author recommends. It appears to be founded on rational principles, and he avers that it is generally followed by success.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 28.**—*Prospectus of a Work entitled, a philosophical and experimental Inquiry into the Laws of Resistance of non-elastic Fluids and Cohesion of fibrous Fluids, as far as either is connected with the Theory or Practice of naval Architecture; &c. &c. By A. Maconochie, Esq. 4to. Egerton. 1805.*

ALTHOUGH no country is more indebted to navigation than our own, yet there is by no means that attention paid to the construction of vessels which their importance demands. Various circumstances have contributed to so strange a phenomenon, and they are such as probably to counteract every attempt at a remedy. Naval architecture has been left very much to itself, and, as this author properly observes, a single individual, a bookseller, has done more for its improvement, than the legislature, and all the incorporated societies for the encouragement of the arts and sciences together.

It will be a curious circumstance, if India should contribute more to this science than Europe: yet the work before us, written by a gentleman of Baypoor, near Calicut, Malabar, holds out encouragement which we little expected from such a quarter. His intended work will, we hope, meet with the protection of the East India company: from the prospectus we augur most favourably of the future benefits to be derived from it. His employment in the forests of India has afforded him every opportunity of acquiring an extensive knowledge of the materials of shipbuilding, and his experiments are numerous and judicious. He proposes to give his work in two volumes, quarto, in three parts, the first containing a view of the present state of oak timber in England, the causes of its scarcity, with the prospects of a future supply; the second, a view of the timber trade of India, with a plan for its improvement; the third, a view of the present state of naval architecture in India, shewing in general the vast resources in naval staples, contained within the British dominions in that country. To assist him in this undertaking he calls upon men of knowledge and experience, and points out in this prospectus to what points he wishes their attention to be chiefly directed.

The resistance of fluids is doubtless an object of the first importance. To ascertain it, a variety of experiments is proposed on surfaces, moving in various directions with various velocities. These experiments will throw light on the motion of vessels in water: an inquiry into the laws of cohesion of fibrous solids will assist us in the framing of our vessels. Here the author has very successfully brought chemistry to his aid, and in the investigation of the pyroligneous

acid, has made many useful remarks on the action of iron and copper on timber. To expel a fluid from timber, the following ingenious process is recommended: Let a vessel be properly constructed to admit the wood, into which the steam of boiling water is to be admitted, and a hole being made at the bottom of the vessel, the air will be expelled, and the steam being condensed, a vacuum, nearly will be formed in the vessel. In consequence of this vacuum, the elastic fluids of the wood will rush out, and by repeating the operation the non-elastic fluids in the wood will be raised to the temperature of steam, converted into elastic vapour, and then discharged. The wood then being plunged into oil, will be freed from their future intrusion, and thus wood may be seasoned the moment it is felled.

A steam chamber of this kind is not expensive. The author had one in daily use in the year 1803, capable of containing twenty or thirty planks, forty feet long, and he conjectures, that the fire consumed in his Majesty's yards, would from the chips furnish tar more than sufficient to saturate all the oak wanted in the English navy.

When we have discharged the fluids from our timber, the proper mode of applying it to the construction of a ship becomes an object of inquiry, and that this is little considered must be evident, if the author's position be true, and we believe it is, that a ship in the light of a machine composed of wood and iron, is the feeblest, most inartificial and unworkmanlike structure in the whole range of mechanics. For the proofs of this position, which it is highly expedient for the shipbuilder to examine, we refer him to the present prospectus, where he will find many ingenious observations on the rolling and pitching of ships, on the nature of cross planking decks, and other points, which if they do not concur with his present practice, may produce improvements in it. The idea of constructing a ship's frames entirely of straight timber, bent to the required curvature by steam, is not to be rejected merely from its novelty, and the experiment is assuredly worthy of attention.

The above points will afford matter for the first part of the intended work; in the two next parts we have reason to expect much information: and if this work should meet with encouragement, another, under the title of Naval Philosophy, is prepared to succeed it. From the importance of the subject, and the manner of treating it in the present specimen, we shall hope that the author will be forwarded in his designs, and we recommend this prospectus to ship builders and their employers.

ART. 29.—*The Conveniences, Principles, and Method of keeping Accounts with Bankers in the Country and in London, with accurate Tables adapted to the calculating of Interest Accounts with Ease and Dispatch, and to the discounting of Bills of Exchange, wherein the Table of Interest for one Day is extended to one Million of Pounds, &c. By W. Lowrie. 8vo. Longman. 1805.*

THE greater part of this volume is filled with the tables of in-



terest, whose merit consists in their accuracy. The trouble in making them is not very great, as from a common rule of three sum, the interest of a pound for one day is found to a considerable degree of accuracy, and the multiplication of this number by the numbers up to a hundred, gives the interest for any number of pounds under a hundred, for one day. The multiplying of the interest thus found by the numbers up to twelve, gives us the interest for pounds up to a hundred, to twelve days. A continued multiplication in this manner by the numbers up to twelve, gives the interest for most of the days in the year, and for the precise numbers and their multiples, we proceed by addition and multiplication. Thus for the interest of a pound for thirteen days, we add together the interest of seven and six pounds for a day found, and then multiplying the number thus found by two, for the interest of twenty-six days; by three, for thirty-nine days; and so on. The great nicety is in knowing when to throw out the decimal below a farthing, or to increase it till it is a farthing. On which account all tables made on this plan should be perpetually rectified, and in fact they ought first to be made in decimals to eight or ten figures, and afterwards converted into pounds and fractions of pounds.

It seems to be a proper mode that when the decimal below the farthing exceeds 5, a farthing should then be given to the interest, that when it is below 5, the decimal should be rejected; but if the custom of trade throws aside all the decimals below the farthing, nothing is to be said against it, but to take care that in going by addition or multiplication this decimal should have its proper value in the higher numbers. We mention this, because at first sight, on examining these tables, we thought the decimal rejected in one instance large enough to admit of a farthing increase to the interest; but on looking to the multiples of the number, we found that it was taken into the account, and the interest properly given.

The account given of the various details in tradesmen's accounts is drawn up with great clearness, and will be found useful to the country tradesman in his connections with the trade in London. It contains all the processes relative to bankers and the drawing of bills, processes which every clerk in London is very soon made acquainted with, but which, if not known by the country tradesman, may subject him to much unnecessary trouble. The work is recommended by the imprimatur of Mr. Nutt, governor of the bank of England, and a few merchants' houses in London, Sheffield, and Wakefield.

ART. 30.—*The Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity briefly invalidated, by John Dawson, of Sedbergh. Second Edition. To which is now added an Appendix. pp. 36. 12mo. Cadell and Davies.*

THE reputation of Mr. Dawson as a mathematician has been long and very extensively established. In this short tract he prefers a very strong claim to the character of a sober, acute and profound

metaphysician. We have perused his remarks with much satisfaction, and think them deserving of very high commendation. Much more may be learned from them, on the subject of which they treat, than from whole volumes which we have seen, by less competent writers. We are sorry that they have remained so long unnoticed by us.

**ART. 31.**—*A few Thoughts on the Creation, Generation, Growth, and Evolution of the Human Body and Soul : on the Spiritual and Immortal Nature of the Soul of Man : and on the Resurrection of his Body at the last Day, in a spiritual, incorruptible, and glorified State.* 3s. 6d. 8vo. Hatchard. 1805.

THE chief intention of these pages is to state a few cursory thoughts and remarks on the creation of the body and soul of man ; on the existence and immortality of the soul ; on its generation, growth, and evolution with the body ; on its happy or miserable state, immediately after the death of the body ; and on some objections which have been offered to these doctrines : which the author is induced to produce, from a firm belief that they may prove serviceable to mankind ; and particularly to those who, in this age of infidelity, have been led to disbelieve the scriptures, and that future state of rewards and punishments which they uniformly declare. In pursuance of this design the writer has occasion to advert to the opinions which have been entertained on the questions of the *natural mortality* of the human soul, on the doctrines of materialism, on the manner of the soul's propagation, on the intermediate state, and on the eternity of the world which is to be hereafter. On all these, and some other subjects, the reader may derive some information from the work which is before us. Reference is made occasionally to the works of Bishop Newton, Bishop Law, Doctor Taylor, Doctor Priestley, Mr. Ormerod, Dean (not Bishop, as this writer calls him,) Sherlock, and some others : men of whose opinions on any subject it cannot be altogether uninteresting and useless to be informed or reminded. This work therefore is not without its value as a record and recapitulation of some important points of literary history. We are pleased also with the piety and the humility of its author. Yet the book has very many defects. And particularly, which is so requisite a faculty in the subjects which he has selected for discussion, we cannot speak in high terms of his skill and exactness in the use of language, without which the metaphysician's labours and the divine's are little less than vain.

**ART. 32.**—*The Nature and Properties of Wool, illustrated with a Description of the English Fleece.* By John Luccock, Wool-stapler. pp. 360. 12mo. 5s. 6d. Harding. 1805.

TO the volume of an artisan who writes on the business to which he has been regularly bred, we always turn with attention; convinced that if he has the vanity to publish, he will also have the can-

dour to communicate any secret of which he may be possessed. It is, however, from an opinion that professional knowledge is part of a man's capital, which should always be disposed of on the best terms, that artisans are most frequently induced to bestow it on the public in a respectable volume, the immense sale of which is to reimburse them for all their pains and cares. We need not observe how much the authors are deceived or the public disappointed in such works. Their little secret, their *nostrum*, which they would have communicated to their apprentices in two sentences, is either studiously concealed in obscure hints, or enveloped in a labyrinth of words, so that the hapless reader, obliged to purchase a thick volume, and lose tenfold its value in time, pays very dearly indeed for his trivial information. We are sorry that the work of Mr. Luccock is no exception to these reflections. Had he presented us with his personal observations only, they would not have exceeded one fourth the compass of the present volume; and in doing so, he might have required the same price for his work, which would then have been much more honourable and profitable both to himself and the public. All Mr. L.'s general observations, which, in more able hands, would have assumed an historical character, are totally erroneous; his account of Spanish sheep and wool cannot deceive even the most illiterate, as it is extremely defective in historical facts. Any of our Encyclopedias, although egregiously erroneous and defective in this branch, would have assisted the author in his general view of wool. Pliny or Strabo would have informed him of the excellence of Spanish wool long prior to the incursions of the Moors; and the works of many of our philosophers (Bancroft, for instance), would have taught him something of the nature of wool. Nevertheless, in justice, we must acknowledge, that his work contains many important and interesting observations, but they are so intermixed with extraneous incoherent matter, that it is an Herculean labour to collect what is truly valuable into a limited point of view. When thus lopped of its excrescences, it might be denominated 'a topographical Description of English Wool, interspersed with Observations on the Feeding of Sheep, Quality of the Staple, and Value of Fleeces as influenced by Commerce and Manufactures.' Under this title, which, we think, will convey to our readers a more just idea of its contents than any analysis we could give, it will be found to contain much local knowledge of the actual state of our wool-crops, with highly laboured estimates of their quantity and quality in the respective counties of England and Wales. Instances of good sense and shrewd reflections occur in almost every page, among which it is observed, that Malta produced a very considerable effect on our woollen-trade; a fact worthy the attention of politicians. The author very ingeniously estimates the quantity of wool by the number of piles necessary to cover an inch; of moderately fine Spanish staple he has found with a microscope 1600 piles in an inch; the average number of short English wool is 885, of long do. 600. Of the long staple, there is only half



the quantity, which is about one third of the value of the *short*. Total of England and Wales 893,236 packs: value 5,570,494*l*. Number of sheep slaughtered, 7,142,856, which exceeds the number of lambs yeaned, by 140,054 annually. This calculation, we apprehend, is tolerably correct, though it is much below what we have hitherto seen. Upon the whole, this volume is worthy the attention of wool-farmers and all persons concerned in the woollen trade.

**ART. 33.**—*Observations on the Cultivation of Waste Lands, addressed to the Gentlemen and Farmers of Glamorganshire. By James Capper, formerly Colonel and Comptroller-General of the Army and Fortification Accompts on the Coast of Coromandel.* pp. 61. 8vo. Egerton. 1805.

DID we not know the tendency of men's minds to extremes, we should be at a loss to say why a general bill of enclosure had not long since been adopted by the parliament of England. This is the more extraordinary, because general enclosures might almost immediately become a fertile source of revenue to the government, as well as of supply to the people. The evil, however, if not speedily obviated, will remedy itself; and public spirited individuals have embarked in speculations of local enclosures that will gradually extend themselves, until those vast plains shall be converted into fertile fields, and the overflowing wealth of their proprietors be at once the envy and the reproach of government. The moderate and judicious pamphlet of Colonel Capper will contribute materially to this end. From his impartial statement of facts it appears that the cultivation of waste lands, if properly directed, will yield a clear profit of 30*l*. per cent. on the capital employed. A field of 10 acres for paring, burning, (the system that he has found incomparably the best) manuring, sowing, &c. cost only 63*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. and yielded 8 bushels of wheat per acre, leaving a clear profit, 51*l*. 17*s*. 6*d*. even in the first year of enclosure. The rotation of crops is wheat, which if good is then followed by turnips, barley or oats, ray grass and clover. To enclose 100 acres with the certainty of success, it is deemed necessary to have a disposable capital of at least 1000*l*.

It is worthy of remark how much more advantageous it is to drain marshes or fens, than to cultivate heaths, as Sir Joseph Banks and others have recently drained near ten thousand acres of such lands in Lincolnshire, which are now worth sixty pounds an acre! We trust that such a certain and rapid acquisition of great wealth, will be an incentive to other agriculturists, to attempt the total annihilation of these unhealthy wastes.

These observations are the result of four years experience, extracted from the minutes of the author's farming journal, which, as well as his improvements, he informs us, are always open to the inspection of his friends and neighbours; a conduct truly liberal. The work is prefaced by some hints for the establishment of a school of industry in Glamorganshire, for the children of the la-

bouring poor,' which, with the character here given of labouring people in general, do equal honour to the head and heart of the author. We should gladly see some such plan of schools of industry adopted throughout every county in the united kingdoms.

**ART. 34.**—*Observations upon the Composition and Uses of the Water at the New Sulphur Baths, at Dinsdale, near Darlington, in the County of Durham. By John Peacock. pp. 82. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Mawman. 1805.*

THIS sulphurated spring, situated on the banks of the Tees, was discovered in 1787, and in 1797 baths were erected on it. A wine quart contains 2 grains carbonat of lime; 25 grains sulphat of lime; carbonic acid gas 2 cubic inches; azotic gas 1.50 do. sulphurated hydrogen gas 8.32 cubic inches, which contain  $2\frac{1}{2}$  grains of sulphur. This quantity of sulphurated hydrogen gas greatly surpasses the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, but we hope to see it immediately analyzed by some chemist, as it must be a powerful agent that may succeed in many cases where the waters of Harrowgate have failed, as in herpetic and cutaneous affections. In the conclusion of this pamphlet there are some rational reflections on scrophulous and herpetic diseases, which the author very justly allows to be hereditary. A natural remedy for such diseases is the more desirable at present, because cutaneous affections are every day more and more common in consequence of the general use of pernicious lotions for beautifying the skin. Should these observations tend to make known a remedy so necessary and so powerful, (and we hope that they will excite a prompt and decisive examination) they will do considerable honour to the author.

With regard to Mr. Peacock's political reflections, we cannot help hinting that his genius is better adapted to wield the pestle than to direct the affairs of state.

Since writing the above, we have been informed of the discovery of two new wells at Harrowgate, which are supposed to approach nearly the strength of the Dinsdale water; they are to be fitted up immediately, as there is frequently a deficiency of water for the baths. This discovery will doubtless be found of very essential service to the restoration of the health of many persons, who have not hitherto been able to procure a sufficient quantity of this medicated water.

**ART. 35.**—*A Summary of parental and filial Duties, or an interesting Description of what Parents and Children owe to each other, inculcating also the most valuable Requisites for a liberal Education. The whole extracted from the Works of the Sieur de Charron, by J. Taylor, Head Master of the Academy, Dronfield, &c. 12mo. Longman. 1805.*

THIS valuable little treatise being in its original state unavoidably concealed from the notice of many families particularly inter-

rested in the greatest part of its contents, the Editor has been induced to present it to the world in its present form.

Should the perusal of it afford as much pleasure to others as it has done to us, no apology can be necessary for thus recommending it to the more general attention of the public.

**ART. 36.**—*A solemn Protest against the Revival of Scenic Exhibitions and Interludes at the Royalty Theatre, containing Remarks on Pizarro, the Stranger, and John Bull, with a Postscript. To which is prefixed, a Review of the Conduct of the Stage in general, and the Expediency and Lawfulness of Dramatic Entertainments. By the Rev. T. Thirlwall, A.M. Chaplain to Bancroft's Hospital, and Lecturer of St. Dunstan, Stepney. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1805.*

YOU are too warm, Mr. Thirlwall, much too warm : when your passion is abated we will talk with you.

**ART. 37.**—*Children's true Guide to Knowledge and Virtue, or a Collection of early Lessons peculiarly calculated to promote a gradual Improvement in Reading, as well as to lay a valuable Foundation in Moral and Religious Principles, the Plan and Subject Matter being attentively adapted to the use of Schools in general. By J. Taylor, Head Master of the Academy, Dronfield, and Author of the New English Grammar, &c. 8vo. Longman. 1805.*

THIS book would be much better calculated for children, if the poetry were omitted.

**ART. 38.**—*Interesting Conversations on Moral and Religious Subjects, interspersed with Narrative. By a Lady. 8vo. 5s. Williams and Smith. 1805.*

AS these conversations are principally on religious subjects, and are of the same species with many which have been reviewed by us on former occasions ; we refer our readers for our opinion of the present work to the 25th article of our Review for November last.



# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

## SERIES THE THIRD.

---

Vol. VII.

MARCH, 1806.

No. III.

---

ART. I.—*Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and the adjoining Countries, from the latter Part of the Reign of Edward II. to the Coronation of Henry IV. Newly translated from the French Editions, with Variations and Additions from many celebrated MSS. By Thomas Johnes. The 2d Edition. 8vo. 3 Vols. 11. 16s. Longman. 1805.*

‘JOHN Froissart,’ as we are informed by the memoir of his life, published by M. de la Curne de St. Palaye, in the 10th vol. of the ‘Academie des Inscriptions,’ a translation of which is judiciously prefixed to the present edition by Mr. Johnes, ‘was Priest, Canon, and Treasurer of the Collegiate Church of Chimay, and was born at Valenciennes in Hainault about 1337.’ Whatever his situation may have been in early youth, the character which he displayed through life appears to have met with sufficient opportunities of rapidly unfolding itself. It is happily delineated by M. de St. Palaye in the following passage; and the reader will often recur to it in the course of the history, almost every page of which confirms the justness of his observations.

‘His infancy announced what he would one day be; he early manifested that eager and inquisitive mind, which during the course of his life never allowed him to remain long attached to the same occupations, nor to continue long in the same place.

‘The different games suitable to that age, of which he gives us a picture equally curious and amusing, kept up in his mind a natural propensity to dissipation, which during his early studies must have tried the patience as well as exercised the severity of his masters.

‘He loved hunting, music, assemblies, feasts, dancing, dress, good living, wine, and women: these tastes, which almost all showed themselves from twelve years of age, being confirmed by habit, were continued even to his old age, and perhaps never left him. Neither the serious thoughts nor the affections of Froissart being yet sufficiently engaged, his love for history filled up the void which his passion for pleasure left, and became to him an inexhaustible source of amusement.’ VOL. I. P. ii.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 7. March, 1806.

Q

If Froissart's historical work were wanting in passages to witness the truth of the preceding account, his poems would be found evidence sufficient; for Froissart was (as may indeed well be guessed) a poet also.

He was scarcely twenty years old when he sat down to write his history, at the request of his 'dear lord and patron, Sir Robert de Namur, knight, Lord of Beaufort'—and as from that period he probably began to collect from his own information and experience, we may mark with some certainty the point of his history where he regularly commences author; for at the beginning he acknowledges himself to be merely a transcriber of, or at best a compiler from the MSS. of 'Master John le Bel, formerly canon of St. Lambert's at Liege,' as to those events which he does not relate immediately from his own observation or from hearsay. We may therefore treat him as an original writer of all that part of his history which comes after the relation of the battle of Poitiers in 1356. The remainder of his life is interesting, as it brings us acquainted with the sources from whence he was enabled to draw so much information, and fixes a higher value on the work, from the authenticity which it communicates to the greatest part of the circumstances which he records.

His residence in England, between the years 1360 and 1366, appears, from his poems, to have been the consequence of an early and ill-requited attachment, the melancholy effects of which he was desirous to dispel by change of scene and of employment. He there obtained an introduction to the court of Edward, and his poetical talents soon rendered him a favourite companion of his royal country-woman, Philippa, who was always distinguished for her natural affection towards her native land of Hainault. The delicate gallantry of those ages, (as M. de St. P. well observes,) admitted of the most familiar intercourse between all ranks and sexes without reproach or slander. 'It was then believed that love might be confined to a delicate intercourse of gallantry and tenderness; the ladies blushed not in feeling so pure a passion, and the most modest of them made it the ordinary subject of their conversations.' But it must not be imagined that Froissart's whole time was occupied in rondeaus and 'ditties,' for the delight of her grace: on the contrary, the time he now spent at the court of London presented to his ever curious and eager mind, a stock of information with regard to the character and habits of the most illustrious among our gallant countrymen, together with important and authentic details of facts, with which he has not failed to enrich almost every page of his valuable history.

Too restless, and too much occupied with his favorite schemes for acquiring and communicating knowledge, to remain long in one fixed place of residence, he obtained liberty, while yet attached to the service of his royal patroness, to travel through various parts of Europe. It is uncertain at what precise period he travelled 'on horseback, with his portmanteau behind him, and followed by his greyhound,' to the highlands of Scotland; but in the course of his journey he spent some time at the court of King David, and at the castle of Dalkeith, the hospitable residence of William Earl of Douglas. During the same period we also find him on a journey into North Wales. In 1366 we trace him again in France from Melun sur Seine to Bourdeaux, where he resided at the time when Richard II. was born. From thence he accompanied the Prince of Wales, on his Spanish expedition, as far as Dax, but appears to have been then (to his great mortification) sent back to England, probably with some dispatches for the court. In 1368 he was in Italy, and present at the nuptials of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, with Jolande of Milan. He describes the festivals on the occasion of this marriage at the court of Aunadeus the Green, Count of Savoy. He successively visited Bologna, Ferrara, and Rome before he left Italy.

In 1369 he lost his patroness Queen Philippa; and this event prevented his return to England, which he did not visit again before 1395. He retired to the living of Lestines, which he possessed in his own country; but he does not appear to have been remarkably well adapted for the sober and quiet functions of a village pastor, since the only anecdote he gives of his residence here is, that (in a very short space of time) the publicans had 500 francs of his money.

Not long after we find him at court again, in the service of Wincseslaus Duke of Brabant, whom he seems to have assisted (for the duke was a poet) in the composition of the romance of *Meliador*.

In 1384 the good duke died, and Froissart (who was never in want of excellent patrons) immediately afterwards appears in the new character of clerk of the chapel to Guy Count de Blois, who recalled him to the pursuits he had for some short time neglected, and, by engaging him to continue his unfinished history, inspired him with fresh ardour in this favourite occupation. We may suppose that the next three years were spent in composition, and in reducing his former collections to a regular form. In 1388 he sets off again to acquire new lights and information, in countries before unexplored. Through Avignon, Montpellier, Carcassonne, and



Pamiers, (at each of which he made some residence,) he pursued his travels towards the court of Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix. During the latter part of this expedition he had for his companion a worthy knight of Foix, by name Espaing du Lyon, with whom he accidentally became acquainted; and as Sir Espaing had served in all the wars of Gascony, and was equally inquisitive and communicative with Froissart himself, our historian profited of every moment, by treasuring up his details during the day, and exploring with him whatever was worth seeing at the places where they rested for the night. The account of this journey and of his reception at the court of Ortez, forms one of the most interesting portions of his history.

We will give Froissart's own account of his arrival and introduction to the count, as strongly characteristic of himself and of his work. The translation is from the edition of Denis Sauvage in folio, 1574; vol. iii. p. 26. We have rendered it as close as possible to the original, in order the more strongly to illustrate the observations we shall have to make by and by on Mr. Johnes's version.

‘The next morning we departed, and came to dinner at Montgerbel: and then we mounted, and drank a cup at Eracie, and then came to Ortez at the hour of sun-set. The knight went to his hôtel, and I to the hôtel de la Lune, to a squire's of the count's named Ernauton du Pin, who received me right joyfully because I was a Frenchman. Sir Espaing du Lyon (in whose company I was come) went up to the castle to speak to the count of his own affairs, and found him in his gallery: for at that hour, or a little sooner, he had dined; for the custom of the Count of Foix is such, or then was, (and he had always held it from his infancy) that he arose at high noon and supped at midnight. The knight said to him that I was arrived. I was immediately sent for to my hôtel, for he was, or is, that lord of all the world who most willingly saw strangers to hear the news. When he saw me, he made me good cheer, and retained me of his household; where I was more than twelve weeks, and my horses were well dressed, and in all other things taken care of.’

‘The Count Gaston de Foix of whom I speak,’ he says soon after, ‘at that time that I was with him, was about 59 years of age, and I say to you that I have in my time seen many knights, kings, princes, and others; but I never saw any one who was so well limbed, of so fair a form, or so fair a mien, *vivace, bel, sanguin*, and with such laughing and amorous eyes, which way soever it pleased him to look. In all things he was so very perfect that one could not too much praise him. He loved that which he ought to love, and hated that which he ought to hate. A wise knight he was, and of lofty enterprise, and

full of good counsel. He never had any *meccreant* with him. He was *preudhomme* in government. He said plenty of prayers. Every day a *nocturne* of the Psalter, *hours* of Nôtre Dame, of the Holy Ghost, of the cross, and *vigils* of the dead. Every day he caused five florins in small coin to be given for love of God, and alms at his gate to all people. He was bounteous and courteous in giving, and knew full well how to take where it belonged to him, and remit *where he had confidence* (*ou il asseroit-qu :*) He loved dogs above all animals, and gladly found himself, both summer and winter, a field in the chace. Besides, foolish violence, and foolish generosity he loved not; and he would know every month what became of his own. He took, in his own country, to receive his rents, and his people to serve and administer, notable men to the number of twelve, and every two months he was served by two of them in his said office of receipts, and at the end of every two months he changed the former two for two others in rotation. He made the most special man, him in whom he most trusted, his comptroller; and to him all the rest accounted and rendered up their reckonings; and that same comptroller accounted to the Count of Foix by rolls and by written books, and left his reckoning before the said count. He had certain coffers in his chamber, whence, sometimes, he caused money to be taken out to give to knights, lords, and squires, when they came before him (for no man ever departed from him without some present) and always he multiplied his treasure, to await the adventures and fortunes that, he doubted, may ensue. He was cognisable and accessible to all people, and sweetly and lovingly spoke to them. He was short in his counsels and in his replies. He had four clerks, secretaries, to write and answer letters; and well it behoved these four clerks to be ready when he should come forth from his closet. \* \* \* \* \* In such a state as I tell you lived the Count of Foix; and when he came forth from his chamber at midnight to sup in his hall, before him he had twelve torches lighted which twelve pages carried; and those twelve torches were held before his table, which gave a great light in the hall. The which hall was full of knights and squires, and always were there plenty of tables dressed out to sup such as sup would. No man spoke to him at his table if he did not address him. He ate, customarily, plenty of wild fowl, especially the wings and thighs, and, the next morning, ate and drank but little. He took great delight in the songs of minstrels, for well was he acquainted with them. He liked to make his clerks sing songs, rondeaux, and virelets. He sate at table about two hours, and also saw strange *entremets* between whiles, and, after seeing them, sent them to the tables of the knights and squires. Briefly, all things considered and advised, before I came to his court, I had been in many courts of kings, of dukes, of princes, of counts, and of high ladies; but never was I yet in any which better pleased me, nor which was more enlivened by deeds of arms, than was that of the Count of Foix. One saw, in hall, in chamber, and in court, knights and squires of honour, going to and fro, and one heard

them discoursing about arms and loves. All honour was therein found. All news, of whatever country or whatever kingdom it might be, therein one might learn; for out of all countries, for sake of the lord's high worth, did men come thither. There was I informed of the greater part of the deeds of arms that had taken place in Spain, in Portugal, in Arragon, in Navarre, in England, in Scotland, and on the frontiers and boundaries of Languedoc. For I saw come before the count, during the time that I sojourned there, knights and squires from all nations.'

His residence at this court, the manners of which seem to have been so completely after his own heart, was, as may be expected, of long duration. We are only left to wonder how he could ever have quitted so agreeable an abode. But his natural curiosity and restlessness of inquiry could not be satisfied by mere relations, though from eye-witnesses, and of the most celebrated adventures of his age. The marriage of the Countess of Boulogne with the Duke de Berri (we always find Froissart in the suite of a marriage or a public festival) drew him to Avignon, where a robbery was committed on him, which he celebrated in a poem made on the occasion; and it is to that poem we are indebted for the principal part of the history of his life.

We find our historian soon afterwards pursuing his travels with an ardour and activity which growing years seem rather to have increased than lessened. Twice in Auvergne, three times at Paris, once at the extremity of Languedoc, in Cambresis, in Hainault, Holland, and Fieardy, at Bruges, Sluys, and in Zealand, and finally, once again in his own country; all these journies, undertaken for no visible end but the thirst for novelty and information, seem to have occupied the three succeeding years of his life.

He was present (of course) at the magnificent entry of Queen Isabella, and at all the feasts and tournaments which that splendid occasion produced at Paris. The mere intelligence that a Portuguese knight, intimately connected with the affairs of the court of Lisbon, with which Froissart himself was then but obscurely acquainted, was in Zealand, on his road to Prussia, where he was to join the Crusade against the Infidels, prompted him to undertake an immediate voyage to Middleburg, and his zeal was requited by the acquisition of all the intelligence he wanted.

At length, in 1395, after a twenty-seven years absence, he appears once more in England, and at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. Here he saw King Richard for the first time, and here he obtained all the information he has not failed to communicate, of the Irish expedition.



His stay in England did not exceed three or four months, but his history is continued to a later period. It concludes with the death of Richard in the year 1399. Little is known concerning him for these last years, and even at the period at which his active and useful life came to a termination, it is involved in so much uncertainty that some writers have prolonged it to the year 1420, while others (with much more apparent probability) suppose that he died not long after the period at which his history ends.

The valuable Memoir, of which we have here given an abridgment, is followed by an Essay on the Works of Froissart, and a Criticism on his History, both by the same author, and to these are added, 'Some Observations on his Poetry,' by an anonymous writer in the 14th volume of the *Academie des Inscriptions*. It is needless to observe on the propriety of these additions which Mr. Johnes has made to this new edition of his work. That which might have been most easily dispensed with is the last. Froissart, as a poet, does not deserve the attention of posterity. Yet we by no means object to the insertion of a piece, which, though of very inferior interest, perhaps tends to complete the portrait of the writer. One very useful addition may yet be made, which the translator has given us some reason to expect, and in which we hope he will not disappoint us, an accurate Chronological Table, to supply that which every reader must have remarked as the principal deficiency in this most valuable work, an attention to the arrangements both of time and place.

The portrait, which even the short account we have given of Froissart's life is sufficient to present of the historian, is an accurate picture of the history itself. The reader who sets out, like the author, with a mind eager for information, and impatient for novelty, will find an ample field for the gratification of his passion in the wide world that lies before him. He will be carried through wilds and woods, over extended campaigns, and into populous cities. He will carouse at baronial banquets, and join in the pomp of royal marriages; he will enter lists with the flower of chivalry, and break his lance in honour of the fairest dame of France or England.

Là joustera fort et joyeusement,  
Et il sera honoré et cher.

Poesies d'Eust. Deschamps.

But while he is in expectation of the glorious and hard-earned meed of victory, and dreaming only of courtly joys, the tilt, the dance, and the banquet,

Armes, amours, deduit, joye, et plaisance;

he will, all of a sudden, be borne away to the front of a battle, and hear the 'trumpet sound,' and see the 'banners advance,' and 'the battalion marching in regular array over hill and dale,' 'armed with banners flying, by moonlight; so that it will be a beautiful sight to see the gallant array.' Then 'the blast of war will blow in his ears,' and 'such a blasting and noise with horns, that it will seem as if all the great devils from hell were come there.' Then will the 'English archers advance with their cross-bows presented, and shoot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it will seem as if it snowed.' The knights, armed cap-a-pie; will engage, sword in hand, in the thickest of the fight; the general watch-words of the contending armies, and the particular war-cries of each opposing lord, will be heard in confused and irregular shouts throughout the field, and 'Montjoye St. Denis,' or 'St. George for Guienne,' will be alternately triumphant as the English lion or the fleur de lys may be exalted or depressed.

He will next proceed to the melancholy office of numbering the slain, but will hardly have formed his calculation on the probable consequences of the bloody scene he has just witnessed, before he will find himself quietly riding with some courteous and communicative companion, along a well-frequented road, where he will duly stop to bate at every inn, and lie by during the heat of the day by the side of a running stream, under the shade of a friendly grove; on a bank of most refreshing verdure, and, untying his wallet, and uncorking his wine-flask, enjoy the sweets of repose, good-cheer and conversation combined together; like Gil Blas, with his merry companions, Don Raphael and Ambrose de Lamela.

Lastly, he will sit down with the good curate of Lestines, or with the priest, canon, and treasurer of the collegiate church of Chimay, to think over what he has heard, seen, and acted; and the result of his recollections will be an unconnected mass of most useful and excellent information, and a confused picture of most lively and amusing imagery.

It will not be amiss, after this general illustration of the work, to remark on some of Froissart's peculiar excellencies, before we proceed to any observations on the translation before us. In description he is excelled by no historian ancient or modern. Perhaps we may even venture to assert that he excels them all; for his are not merely pictures of particular places or events, (though in those also, when he attempts them, he is excellent) but his whole work

may be considered as presenting in every page, the perfect and unaltered costume of the ages he delineates. As the most prominent feature of that costume was the spirit of chivalry, so we shall find in this book the most complete and perfect account of that singular, but generous and noble institution, that has ever been given to the world.

The knightly duties and virtues consisted in the defence of the faith, of the 'fatherless and widows, and all who were desolate and oppressed,' and the impartial administration of justice; in modesty, in strict regard to truth, in courtesy and generosity, in valour, boldness, gentility, openness, and friendship. In the times of which Froissart gives the description, chivalry had sensibly declined from the original simplicity of its institutions. The attempts of John and Charles V. to support it, by the several new orders of knighthood they invented, and the indiscriminate multitude, whom they decorated with the insignia of those orders, hastened its downfall; yet those very times which were in this manner become most unfavourable to the preservation of genuine chivalry, produced some of its most distinguished ornaments. The Prince of Wales, the Constable du Guesclin, the Lord of Manny, the Marshall Boucicault, Don Ferdinand de Castro, the Captal de Buche, Sir John Chandos, and the Lord James Audley, the most illustrious names in the history of knighthood, names ever dear to true valour and nobleness of spirit, were the ornaments of the age, and supported the interests of their respective princes and nations with all the ardent enthusiasm of the most exalted generosity.

Of that branch of knightly duty which consisted in the protection they were bound to afford to ladies in distress, the history before us presents many instances in the very midst of details of bloodshed and cruelty. The following detail, taken from the *Memoires de la Chevalerie*, by M. de St. Palaye, and for which that writer probably was indebted to Froissart, lib. 1, c. 182, will present us with one of the most striking instances of this peculiar virtue, that our historian has any where recorded. It occurs in the history of the infamous Jacquerie of the Beavoisis.

Some detachments of these ferocious madmen, who already reigned triumphant in Paris and throughout all the surrounding country, over the ruins of the depressed and insulted nobility, attacked the city of Meaux, where the Duchesses of Normandy and Orleans, with 300 ladies, had retired for the protection of their lives and honour. The inhabitants actually opened their gates to the lawless ruffians



who had invested them, and the ladies, as a last resource, entrenched themselves in the market place on the other side of the river. Their danger was extreme, for there was no excess which these wild banditti, whom nothing had stopped, and by whom nothing was respected, might not commit. The Count de Foix, and the Captal de Buche, who were on their way home from a crusade in Prussia, heard the news at the city of Chalons. Though accompanied by only sixty knights, with their ordinary complement of foot-soldiers, they took the immediate resolution of joining themselves to the few defenders of the Marchè de Meaux. The honour of the ladies prevented the count from reflecting on the hazard of the enterprize, and the Captal from remembering that he was (*Anglesque*) of the English party. He eagerly took advantage of the liberty allowed by the subsisting truce, of following the dictates of sentiments more powerful in a knight than national antipathies. The termination of the adventure crowned these daring and generous men with true glory, and established the security of the ladies; and another knight, Sir Enguerrand de Coucy, though also *Anglesque*, reaped his share of honour by the exemplary vengeance he was immediately afterwards enabled to take on the discomfited Jacquerie while on their retreat.

Of courtesy towards a vanquished enemy, no one can doubt but that the history of Edward III. and his gallant son must afford numerous instances. This courtesy was not an indiscriminate quality, such as proves itself the result of an ostentation of feeling and humanity. On the contrary, it sprung from real generosity of mind and heart. The behaviour of King Edward after the battle of Calais to his prisoners, is a striking example of the truth of this observation, in the contrast afforded by his different address to the traitor de Chargny and the gallant Ribeaumont. We will give the account from Mr. Johnes' translation, vol. ii. p. 247.

' When the engagement was over, the king returned to the castle in Calais, and ordered all the prisoners to be brought before him. The French then knew for the first time that the King of England had been there in person, under the banner of Sir Walter Manny.

' The king said, he would, this evening of the new year, entertain them all at supper, in the castle. When the hour of supper was come, the tables spread, and the king and his knights dressed in new robes, as well as the French, who, notwithstanding they were prisoners, made good cheer (for the king wished it should be so): the king seated himself at table, and made those knights do the same around him, in a most honourable manner.

‘ The gallant Prince of Wales, and the knights of England, served up the first course, and waited on their guests. At the second course they went and seated themselves at another table, where they were served and attended on very quietly.

‘ When supper was over, and the tables removed, the king remained in the hall, among the English and French knights, bareheaded, except a chaplet of fine pearls, which was round his head. He conversed with all of them; but, when he came to Sir Geoffry de Chargny, his countenance altered, and, looking at him askance, he said, “ Sir Geoffry, I have but little reason to love you, when you wished to seize from me by stealth, last night, what had given me so much trouble to acquire, and has cost me such sums of money. I am, however, rejoiced, to have caught you thus in attempting it. You were desirous of gaining it cheaper than I did, and thought you could purchase it for twenty thousand crowns; but, through God’s assistance, you have been disappointed.” He then passed on, and left Sir Geoffry standing, without having a word to say for himself.

‘ When he came to Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, he assumed a cheerful look, and said, with a smile; “ Sir Eustace, you are the most valiant knight in Christendom that I ever saw attack his enemy, or defend himself. I never yet found any one in battle, who, body to body, had given me so much to do as you have done this day. I adjudge to you the prize of valour, above all the knights of my court, as what is justly due to you.” The king then took off the chaplet, which was very rich and handsome, and, placing it on the head of Sir Eustace, said, “ Sir Eustace, I present you with this chaplet, as being the best combatant this day, either within or without doors; and I beg of you to wear it this year, for love of me. I know that you are lively and amorous, and love the company of ladies and damsels; therefore, say wherever you go, that I gave it to you. I also give you your liberty, free of ransom; and you may set out to-morrow, if you please, and go whither you will.”

Vain-glory was considered as an indelible blemish in any knight or squire. In the romance of *Perceforest* he is made to record the advice given him by a hermit in the following terms: ‘ Il medist, que si j’avois autant de possessions comme avoit le roy Alexandre, et de sens comme le sage Salomon, et de chevalerie comme eut le preux Hector de Troye, seul orgueil, s’il regnoit en moy, destruiroit tout.’

We will refer the reader to a very interesting passage in the work before us for an illustration of this remark. It occurs in Mr. *Johnes’s* translation, vol. iii. p. 248, and describes the very modest manner in which the young Count of Auxerre submitted to the Captal de Buche (an older knight, but of inferior rank) the command of an expedition in which they were jointly engaged.

But the modesty which was so necessary a qualification

of true knighthood, did not preclude a proper confidence when occasion demanded it, and in a knight whose prowess had been already signalised by repeated acts of the most extraordinary valour, even that degree of softness which would be censured as vain-glory in others, may be esteemed not only excusable but graceful and honourable. The story of the release of Bertrand du Guesclin by the Prince of Wales, which occurs in vol. iii. p. 335, of Mr. Johnes' translation, will afford an amusing contrast to that of the young Count of Auxerre.

It will be tedious to go through the work for the sake of pointing out the numerous instances that may be found of the several knightly qualities we have above enumerated. Of the system of gallantry which the spirit of chivalry introduced and sustained, the reader will find all that may be reasonably expected from a writer who, like Froissart, was so deeply tinged with that very spirit himself. We need only refer him to the amours of King Edward and the fair Countess of Salisbury (though Froissart makes no mention of the celebrated garter of that lady, in his account of the institution at Windsor), and to the gallant exploits performed by Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt for love of his mistress, the Lady Isabella de Juliers, who obtained his ransom for the great affection she bore him.

In his descriptions of battles, Froissart uniformly shews the hand of a master. Indeed it was only 'that the honourable enterprises, noble adventures, and deeds of arms, performed in the wars between England and France, may be properly related, and held in perpetual remembrance, to the end that brave men, taking example from them, might be encouraged in their well-doing,' that he sat down 'to record a history deserving great praise,' as he himself informs us in his introduction; and he has most admirably accomplished the task he proposed. The innumerable little skirmishes, sieges, and 'Chevauchées' (a word exactly answering to the Scottish Raids) which he relates, are diversified with all the warmth of imagination, as well as the accuracy of circumstantial narration. When he describes the more important and celebrated actions of Crecy or Poitiers, of Najara or Auray, we are brought by him into the midst of the engagement: we see every distinct banner, and hear every peculiar war-cry, we mark the progress of each of the principal combatants, and applaud every deed of hardihood as it occurs to our notice. We are exactly in the situation described by Homer (with whom our author seems actually to have something of a kindred spirit):



Ἐνθά κεν ἔκετι ἔργον ἀνὴρ ὀνόσχιτο μετελθὼν  
 "Ὅς τις" ἐτ' ἀβλήτος κ' ἀνστατος ὀξεί' χαλκῷ  
 Δινεῖσι κατὰ μισσον, ἄγοι δὲ ἑ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη. Il. lib. 4, v. 539.

To extract the whole description of any one of the important battles we have mentioned would be to exceed the limits of our review. We will, however, relate, in Mr. Johnes' words, an affecting incident which occurred after the battle of Auray, and which will remind the reader of our old ballad of Chevy-chase.

Then, 'leaving life, Earl Percy took  
 The dead man by the hand,  
 And said, " Earl Douglas, for thy sake  
 Would I have lost my land !"

' Whilst they were thus together, two knights and two heralds returned, who had been sent to examine the dead bodies in the field, to know what was become of the Lord Charles de Blois : for they were uncertain if he had been slain or not. They cried with a loud voice, " My lord, be of good cheer, for we have seen your adversary Lord Charles de Blois among the dead." Upon this, the Earl of Montfort rose up, and said, he wished to see him himself, for that " he should have as much pleasure in seeing him dead as alive." All the knights then present accompanied him to the spot where he was lying apart from the others, covered by a shield, which he ordered to be taken away, and looked at him very sorrowfully. After having paused a while, he exclaimed, " Ha, my Lord Charles, sweet cousin, how much mischief has happened to Brittany from your having supported by arms your pretensions. God help me, I am truly unhappy at finding you in this situation, but at present this cannot be amended." Upon which he burst into tears.

' Sir John Chandos, perceiving this, pulled him by the skirt, and said, " My lord, my lord, let us go away, and return thanks to God for the success of the day ; for without the death of this person, you never would have gained your inheritance of Brittany."

' The earl then ordered that Lord Charles's body should be carried to Guingamp, which was immediately done with great respect, and he was most honorably interred. This was but his due, as he was a good, loyal, and valiant knight.'

We will give but one extract more, and then hasten to close our remarks on Froissart's original work, after referring our readers to the account of a celebrated naval engagement which took place before Sluys in the year 1340, between the English commanded by King Edward himself, and a French fleet under Sir Hugh Quiriel, Sir Peter Bahucet, and Barbenoir. It is highly interesting, as presenting one of the earliest instances of our national superiority in naval affairs over

our hostile neighbours, and it also illustrates the quaint adage of old Eustace des Champs :

‘ Bons sont les Chevaliers de Terre ;  
Bons sont les Chevaliers de Mer.’

‘ When the king’s fleet was almost got to Sluys, they saw so many masts standing before it, that they looked like a wood. The king asked the commander of his ship what they could be, who answered, that he imagined they must be that armament of Normans, which the king of France kept at sea, and which had so frequently done him much damage, had burnt his good town of Southampton, and taken his large ship the Christopher.

‘ The king replied, “ I have for a long time wished to meet with them, and now, please God and St. George, we will fight with them ; for, in truth, they have done me so much mischief, that I will be revenged on them, if it be possible.”

‘ The king then drew up all his vessels, placing the strongest in the front, and on the wings his archers. Between every two vessels with archers there was one of men at arms. He stationed some detached vessels as a reserve, full of archers, to assist and help such as might be damaged.

‘ There were in this fleet a great many ladies from England, countesses, baronesses, and knights and gentlemen’s wives, who were going to attend on the queen at Ghent : these the king had guarded most carefully by three hundred men at arms and five hundred archers.

‘ When the king of England and his marshals had properly divided the fleet, they hoisted their sails to have the wind on their quarter, as the sun shone full in their faces, which they considered might be of disadvantage to them, and stretched out a little, so that at last they got the wind as they wished.

‘ The Normans, who saw them tack, could not help wondering why they did so, and said they took good care to turn about, for they were afraid of meddling with them : they perceived, however, by his banner, that the king was on board, which gave them great joy, as they were eager to fight with him ; so they put their vessels in proper order, for they were expert and gallant men on the seas. They filled the Christopher, the large ship which they had taken the year before from the English, with trumpets and other warlike instruments, and ordered her to fall upon the English.

‘ The battle then began very fiercely : archers and cross-bowmen shot with all their might at each other, and the men at arms engaged hand to hand : in order to be more successful, they had large grapnels, and iron hooks with chains, which they flung from ship to ship, to moor them to each other. There were many valiant deeds performed, many prisoners made and many rescues.

‘ The Christopher, which led the van, was recaptured by the English, and all in her taken or killed. There were then great shouts and cries, and the English manned her again with archers and sent her to fight against the Genoese.

‘ This battle was very murderous and horrible. Combats at sea are more destructive and obstinate than upon land, for it is not possible to retreat or flee—every one must abide his fortune, and exert his prowess and valour.

‘ Sir Hugh Quiriel and his companions were bold and determined men, had done much mischief to the English at sea, and destroyed many of their ships ; this combat, therefore, lasted from early in the morning until noon, and the English were hard pressed, for their enemies were four to one, and the greater part men who had been used to the sea.

‘ The king, who was in the flower of his youth, showed himself on that day a gallant knight, as did the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, Hereford, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Gloucester ; the Lord Reginald Cobham, Lord Felton, Lord Bradestan, Sir Richard Stafford, the Lord Percy, Sir Walter Manny, Sir Henry de Flanders, Sir John Beauchamp, Sir John Chandos, the Lord Delaware, Lucie Lord Malton, and the Lord Robert d’Artois, now called Earl of Richmond. I cannot remember all the names of those who behaved so valiantly in the combat ; but they did so well, that, with some assistance from Bruges and those parts of the country, the French were completely defeated, and all the Normans and the others were killed or drowned, so that not one of them escaped. This was soon known all over Flanders : and when it came to the two armies before Thin l’Evêque, the Hainaulters were as much rejoiced as their enemies were dismayed.’

To conclude our character of Froissart’s work, we cannot pass over his excellence in descriptive scenery, of which a striking instance occurs in the beginning of the first volume, where he is giving an account of the most singular march of the English army in pursuit of the Scots between Durham and Newcastle. He himself, at a period long subsequent to the event he relates, travelled through the same country, and probably at that time made such observations as contributed afterwards to heighten the effect of the fine picture he has presented to us. The detail we have already given renders it almost unnecessary to remark that he is equally admirable in laying open to us the characters of the principal personages of his drama. This he does, not by long comments on particular actions, nor by pictures drawn on purpose to produce the effect (for it must be observed that Froissart never stops at all in the course of his narration to make reflections), but by minute details of actions and little strokes of character which occur naturally in the course of events. To call him a philosophic historian would expose us to the derision of every reader who opens the book ; but we may nevertheless venture to assert that in his plain, honest, ‘ unvarnished tale,’ we can generally discover for



ourselves those secret springs of action, which a more profound historian often labours to expose in vain, and only plunges us into greater obscurity by his learned and scientific endeavours to elucidate.

The defects of Froissart's history are exactly those which such a mind as Froissart's could not avoid. We are hurried from action to action, and from time to time, without regard to distinctness either of detail or of chronology. Like Ariosto, and the various romancers who have taken Turpin's Fables for the model of their poems, he leaves one of his heroes engaged, perhaps, at a siege of some castle in Brittany, to hasten without any reason to the exploits of another in Hainault, or the Cambresis, and thence carries us away in the same sudden manner to a feast or a procession at Paris or at Rome; to a long unconnected series of adventures in Languedoc or Provence, or a battle between the Scots and English on the Borders, and at length, after a space of ten or twenty chapters, or even of half a book, lands us again on the same spot and before the same town which we vainly fancied we had quitted some years before, and now find to our astonishment that no further impression has been made upon the outworks than when we left it,

His great diffuseness; and minuteness of detail (which is equally observable on the most trifling, as on the most interesting occasions), becomes frequently extremely tedious; but this we are readily disposed to forgive on account of the many counterbalancing advantages attending it.

His chronology is not more perplexed than his geography, and his knowledge of names and terms. Nor is his ignorance confined to those points, but becomes gross enough to scandalize all good Christians when they hear that a 'Priest, Canon, and Treasurer of the collegiate Church of Chimay,' calls Nebuchadnezzar "the prince and leader of God's Chivalry."

Indeed, though a churchman, Froissart was by no means addicted to priest-craft; and we readily forgive, and are even entertained by the superstitious tales which he now and then introduces into his history with the most honest credulity, as they have no mixture in them of Romish miracles or saintly legends.

Froissart has been accused by many French writers of partiality to the English; but from this charge he is very ably and satisfactorily (we think) exculpated by M. de St. Palaye, in the criticism on his history, which we have before noticed. The characters of King Edward and his son, of Sir John Chandos, and Sir Walter Manny, were indeed so splen-

did, and so far eclipsed the contemporary chivalry of France by the brilliancy of their great exploits, that it was impossible to write a faithful history of the times, without bestowing greater praise and honour on the English name, than a true Frenchman would probably feel inclined to admit: yet it does not at all follow that Froissart received an undue bias on the side of our countrymen, or was any further prejudiced than the most honest man must be in favour of superior worth. But he stands fairly acquitted from all stigma of this nature, on the internal evidence of the work itself. Many instances occur in the course of his history, where he gives the lie to many of our own historians, and seems to deal out with most just and scrupulous measure, the due shares of praise and blame that attached to each nation and court. M. de St. Palaye, in the Essay before referred to, has collected many of these instances. We will add one that recurs to our own observation in confirmation of our remark. The English have always looked on the splendid character of their *black Prince* with a degree of enthusiastic reverence approaching to adoration. They are quite unable to find a blemish in his illustrious character. Yet Froissart does not spare the recital of actions in which he must needs fall under severe censure. He mentions the unknightly conduct of which he was guilty, in letting loose the Free Companions, and encouraging them to renew their depredations and hostilities in France, after his return from the Spanish expedition.—He records, even with unusual warmth, the impolitic and ungenerous measures he took against his subjects in Aquitaine, which proved the cause of a general rebellion, and, not long afterwards, of a new and furious war between the two nations. He enters with zeal into the wise and manly remonstrance made him by Sir John Chandos, and appears to accompany that worthy knight, sullen and discontented, to his retirement at St. Sauveur in Coutantin.

We have thus attempted to give a sketch of the work, which Mr. Johnes has undertaken to translate. On the vast importance of the work itself, particularly to our national historians, we shall no further observe, than for the purpose of rendering to Mr. J. those acknowledgments which we think he justly merits from the literary world. This history, important as it is, and most highly interesting, from its subject, to every Englishman, has hitherto met with only one translator; but that translator was, at the time he undertook the task, in every respect most admirably qualified for the execution of it. Lord Berners was himself a soldier and a courtier in the reign of Henry VIII., a period at which the

spirit of chivalry was not entirely lost either in the camp or the court. Its peculiarities were still within the observation, or at least the remembrance of many, and its language and phraseology survived, for a very considerable period, the decay of its more noble qualities. The style and words of Lord Berners are, accordingly, precisely those of Froissart made English. It is, therefore, a real loss to literature that his translation is now become so extremely scarce and difficult to be met with, and it would still be a useful task, (the utility of which Mr. J. has now diminished indeed, but not superseded) to present a new edition to the world. We here disclaim all design of insinuating that Mr. Johnes should rather have employed his talents in such a work, than in the line he has chosen to adopt. On the contrary, it would be paying a very poor compliment to his labours not to add, (which we do most sincerely) that we have to thank him for a much more important service. The language of the days of Henry VIII. is become, in many respects, obsolete and almost unintelligible, except to antiquaries. A mere general reader could not sit down with other sentiments than those of disgust to so mouldy a meal, and would soon rise again, tired with the trouble of picking. Lord Berners has, besides, in most parts increased the deformity of his original with regard to the names of places and persons. Even those of our own nobility with which, we should suppose, he ought to have been perfectly well acquainted, are seldom, if ever, rectified, and are generally made more uncouth and barbarous than Froissart himself had left them.

To remedy all these deficiencies in our stores of national history was Mr. J.'s praise-worthy intention. The work he has undertaken is of a very extensive nature. The three volumes already published make but a fourth part of the whole, though they include much more than half the chronological period of the history, relating all the occurrences from 1326 to 1369. Possessed of many valuable MSS. himself, Mr. J. spares no cost nor pains in his task of consulting all the celebrated ones in our own country, and several of those which are preserved in foreign collections. From the Breslaw MS. in particular he has already received some important additions nowhere else to be found, which he has inserted in the present edition, and he gives us some reason to expect still richer treasures from the same mine. He has, with very great and commendable industry, reformed Froissart's innumerable errors in his proper names, wherever it is possible to do so. Many of these he has replaced from the best parallel authorities, which he seems to be in the constant



habit of consulting ; and in general, wherever he has been reduced to the necessity of guessing, (which must often be the case) he has mentioned in his notes the grounds from which he has drawn his conclusions. Those notes (though not so numerous as, perhaps, might be wished) are frequently valuable, and tend to remove obscurity and assist conjecture.

With regard to the style he has adopted in his translation, it is (in general) clear, easy, and unaffected. But here we are reluctantly compelled to pause in our praise, and make some observations that have occurred to us in the course of our perusal, which we have deferred to the conclusion of our criticism, with the hope that the translator may think them worthy his consideration in the further progress of his work.

Though we have commended Mr. J. for presenting Froissart to the public in a dress of his own, rather than reviving all the antique cuts and slashes of Lord Berner's jerkin, yet we by no means think that he should have appeared before us without his hat and feather, his point-laced ruff, and his golden spurs. Mr. J.'s is, at least, as much too modern, as Lord Berners' is too ancient a garb to enter the drawing-room in, with the gravity becoming our historian. Chivalry has a particular costume of its own ; it has its own dictionary and grammar ; its own vocabulary (as we may say) of technical terms, which can with no more propriety be interchanged for each other, or parted with for those of any other art or profession, than the language used on board ship in a storm can be applied to the evolutions of a marching regiment. In order to explain ourselves by examples, we will produce some instances to justify the censure we, in this respect, are compelled to pass on Mr. J.'s translation. '*Il fit moult de faits d'armes,*' is rendered by the indefinite and vulgar expression of 'he performed wonders ;' '*Grand pillage, et grande forage,*' 'immense wealth ;' '*Droite fleur de chevalerie,*' 'the flower of all his chivalry ;' '*Ainsi couroyoient les François un jour, et les Hainuyers l'autre,*' is rendered by the very vulgar phrase of 'the Hainaulters returned the compliment ;' '*Et plusieurs dirent qu'ils avoient etè en fantasme,*' means not 'that they had been bewitched,' but that they had been struck with a panic. '*Bonnes Gens,*' 'good sort of people ;' '*Et qui d'honneur et de largesse estoit plein ;*' 'acquitted himself' with honour and generosity ; '*Ils ne luy eussent accordè celle courtoisie,*' 'would not have granted their requests ;' '*Si estoient montez sur fleurs de coursiers et voides fousins et apperts,*' 'were mounted on excellent and well

dressed horses ;' ' *Ce que fait en avez, vient de grand gentillesse,*' he told him his actions were *full of honour and nobleness.* These are but a very few instances of the general habit of Mr. J.'s translation to neglect all the striking peculiarities of the original, and soften them down into one indiscriminate equality of language. One word more before we part with him on this subject. In translating such a book as this of Froissart's, it should be considered what is that term in the English language which answers nearest to every peculiar word in the French, and then that term should be applied with great care wherever the original word occurs. Thus, '*Beau fils,*' '*Beau frere,*' '*Bel cousin,*' &c. should be uniformly rendered '*Fair son,*' &c. &c. but Mr. J. sometimes has it '*sweet son,*' sometimes '*dear son,*' sometimes '*amiable son,*' &c. &c. The word '*moult,*' when joined to an adjective or an adverb should be always '*right,*' as '*moult vallaimment,*' '*moult courageux,*' '*right valiantly,*' '*right brave,*' &c. &c. This striking phrase which occurs on the description of the battle of Najara or Navaretta, '*Fut le bataille moult dure, grande, felonneuse, et horrible, et moult y eut de gens mis a grand mechef,*' is dwindled by the translation into '*a severe and bloody battle,*' terms hardly forcible enough for a report in the newspaper. Some words are so peculiar that they will hardly bear translation at all, and yet have their own fixed and appropriate meaning, and which is well understood by all who are in the least conversant with the writings of that period. Such are *preux*; as '*un preux chevalier,*' and '*un prud homme;*' Chevauchée, which answers (as we have before observed) to the Scottish '*Raid,*' but hardly has an appropriate phrase in English.—When such terms as these occur, we confess that, for our own parts, we had rather see them left in their original language than weakened and done away by false translation. The periods of the day, which are always marked in Froissart by the canonical terms of '*tierce,*' '*haute nonne,*' '*basse nonne,*' &c. would be better rendered literally or not rendered at all, than translated by the corresponding hours in general language. The technical law-terms which now and then occur should also be preserved with care; for the manners of the age are often shown by them. '*Je me mets en saisine,*' is erroneously rendered by Mr. J. '*I take possession;*' '*Droit heir de Bretagne*' is the *right heir* of Brittany, not the *lawful Duke.* '*En ousterent le Comte de Montfort,*' why not '*they ousted the Earl of Montfort?*'

Mr. J. is also sometimes careless in altering his own expressions unnecessarily. The peculiar addition or surname of '*Le Bergne de Rouvroy*' is sometimes made '*the one-eyed*'

and sometimes left (as it should be) untranslated. The unintelligible names of 'Bellemarines' and 'Tramesames' are in one place (very properly we should imagine) converted into 'Benamarin' and 'Tremecen,' but, further on, Froissart's blunder is preserved in the translation without a comment. The free-booter whom Froissart calls 'Ruffin,' Mr. Johnes calls sometimes 'Ruffin' and sometimes 'Griffith,' on the authority of a guess of Barnes's in his history of Edward III. which he acknowledges in a note to be no authority at all for the alteration.

We have not been sparing of our censures in these particular points, because we think them serious blemishes in a work that (in all other respects) deserves the highest praise it is in our power to bestow. We consider it as an undertaking of great importance, and even of high national interest.—Froissart is an historian consulted and cited by every writer whose subject leads him to the period in which he wrote; and yet he remains very generally unknown, except through the medium of short quotations and imperfect illustrations. He is the chief, if not the only authentic source of information we are possessed of with regard to one of the proudest and most striking portions of our national annals. Yet his antique original garb, and the yet more uncouth and obsolete dress imposed on him by his translator, have deterred most general readers from approaching him, till Mr. Johnes undertook to present him in a more familiar and agreeable form. But, in order to render that undertaking of the utility he proposes to himself, he must not sacrifice the peculiar and distinguishing marks of character to an easy and common phraseology, nor confound the language and manners of the first knights of the garter, and the martial exploits of the 'Preux Chevaliers' of France and England, with those of the court of George III. or the camps of Bonaparte. We most sincerely applaud his undertaking, and hail the continuance of his labours. Whether our opinion of his defects be well or ill founded, we are equally ready to thank him for the benefit he has conferred upon the cause of literature; and we should not perhaps have remarked so freely on his imagined faults, did we not reflect that when a work is yet unfinished, every suggestion from an unprejudiced reader may claim consideration, and consideration may lead to improvement.

The engravings from old illuminated MSS. which accompany the present portion of the work, are useful, as well as curious, ornaments. As the authenticity of the sources from which they are taken, cannot be doubted, they present valu-



able pictures of the costume of the times ; and, as such, we recommend them to the attention not only of the professed antiquary, but also of the managers of our theatres.

---

ART. II.—*Sylloge Confessionum.*

(*Concluded from page 122.*)

IT gave us very sensible pleasure when we first heard of the publication of the book of Homilies by the University of Oxford. There has been of late years a great deal of controversial artifice exerted, to prejudice the minds of the vulgar with an opinion that a large portion of the English clergy have renounced the venerable principles of the reformation, and would gladly suffer the memory of the doctrines and the example of their forefathers to be forgotten. On this account we beheld with much satisfaction the publication of the *Enchiridion Theologicum*, by a public professor of divinity, which contains so many valuable productions of the era of the reformation ; we saw with the same feelings the publication of Nowell's Catechism, by the learned Bishop of Bangor (then of Chester) ; we saw with like pleasure the diligent perusal of these and similar works continually inculcated upon the younger clergy and the candidates for holy orders, by several prelates and other dignitaries of the church, such as are perfectly free from all suspicion of Calvinism, or have even distinguished themselves for their opposition to Calvinistical doctrines ; and besides, on many other accounts, we saw with sensible pleasure the book of Homilies issuing from the Clarendon press, (certainly not under the influence of Calvinism,) because an opportunity was thereby afforded for every one to examine in person, and to acquaint himself with the genuine temper and principles of our reformers, in a way infinitely more complete and satisfactory than can be done from the mutilated, imperfect extracts, and partial comments of ignorant or angry controversialists. The book of Canons, and of the thirty-nine Articles, we regard also as very appropriate companions to the Homilies ; and we were therefore well pleased to see them all associated together. But why, let us be permitted to ask, was so thrifty a spirit suffered to prevail as to withhold from us the Latin edition of those articles, and to leave us to content ourselves solely with the English ? It is certain that the Latin copy is by no means among the least and lowest of the many helps towards the

investigation of the true interpretation of our articles. Nay, do not learned men with reason affirm, that the Latin copy was the genuine original; and that the English being a translation, and not executed with all the success which might have been desired, contains more than one or two blemishes from which the Latin is free?

We have already remarked that we recollect only one note from the editors contained in all the several volumes which we are referring to in this article. This note therefore must, if on that account only, needs be an object of curiosity. But it has besides intrinsic claims to our notice. It is as follows, and is subjoined to the eleventh article of the church, of the Justification of Man: 'The homily here referred to is that entitled, "Of the Salvation of all Mankind," Book i. Num. 3. This laconic annotation speaks in so summary and authoritative a strain, that, were there not an opportunity of referring to other editions, we are persuaded it would be taken for an expository remark of the original compilers, and as requiring the same submission and subscription with the rest of the book of articles. But being, we presume, the work merely of a man, such as men are now-a-days, of an expositor like ourselves, we really should have been better pleased had he condescended to unbend a little, and to vouchsafe to give some small reasons for, or confirmation of his assertion. We like much better the manner in which this subject has been handled by a Cambridge expositor,\* who, it will be found, entertains, along with other learned men, a very different opinion on the subject from the Clarendon editor: and yet, we believe, the latter is nearer the truth, and had we leisure, could give, as we think, a full and satisfactory proof of our judgment. But to come to the Homilies themselves.

These being venerable for their excellency and antiquity, being appointed to be read in the congregation, being acknowledged as a part of the public confessions of the English church, and possessing on so many accounts something of a sacred character, we might have expected that a more than ordinary degree of circumspection should have been exerted in the publication of them. But we are sorry to observe, that he who entertains such hopes will be miserably disappointed in the result. The matter being of so great importance, we shall give what will approach at no great interval to a detection of all the principal errors of this edi-

---

\* *Hey's Lectures*, vol. iii. p. 273, 4.

tion. He who will take the trouble to compare it with the folio copy, printed also at Oxford, A. D. 1683, will find that very few of these errors are to be imputed to the present typographer, but are to be laid to the charge of the editors, who ought to have placed in his hands a correcter edition.

P. 46, l. 23, for 'holy pardons, beads,' read 'holy *pardon*ed beads.'

P. 48, l. 15, for 'water, *psalms*, candles,' read 'water, *palms*, candles.'

This indeed is so ancient an error, found, if we recollect rightly, even in the edition of 1563, that it may be required of us to prove that it is an error. Surely then the reformers were men of more wisdom and moderation, than, without any reservation or discriminating epithet, to condemn all *psalms* among the 'pharisaical and papistical leaven of man's feigned religion,' among 'feigned relics, masses satisfactory, rosaries, fifteen Oes, hallowed beads, bells, candles, and such other.' Do we not know that the reformation was much indebted for its progress to the singing of psalms, and even of songs and ballads? And might not then these considerations have induced a suspicion of the authenticity of the word '*psalms*' in this homily? Again, what is the frequent *language* of those times? Hear the words of the Devonshire rebels in 1549. 'Wee wil have holy bread and holy water every Sunday, *palms* and ashes at the time accustomed.' (Strype's Cranmer, p. 100; Records.) Hear also the answer of the venerable Cranmer. 'The other that is called holy bread, holy water, holy ashes, holy *palms*, and all other like ceremonies, ordained the bishops of Rome.' (Ibid.) And hear, finally, the language of Bishop Gardiner in reference to this very passage of this homily. 'The book of homilies numbereth the hallowing of bread, *palms*, and candles among papistical superstitions and abuses.' (Strype's Cranmer, p. 78; Records.) It ought to have been remembered too that '*palms*' is not without authority in the printed copies, and that the error of '*psalms*' has been noticed so long ago as by the compilers of the Free and Candid Disquisitions in 1750. 'As to frequent errors in the print' (say those gentlemen) 'we pass them over, taking notice only of one, which has perhaps kept its place in all impressions, except the first by Whitchurch, in 1547, which in the *third* sermon of Good Works, hath *palms*, candles, &c. (the only true reading) instead of *psalms*, the false one." P. 358, 9. They are correct with regard to the edition of 1547; but *palms* is found also, as we can testify from our own inspection, in editions of 1549 and 1551.



Page 61, l. 24, for 'was sore,' read 'was so sore.'

— 63, — 4, from bottom, 'house consume him,' 'house *and* consume,' &c.

— 69, — 3, from bottom, 'he *still* turn,' 'he *will* turn.'

— 76, — 4, 'nor yet them all,' 'nor yet *they* all.'

— 10, 'which moveth him,' 'which move him.'

— 77, — 25, 'or holiness,' 'our holiness.'

— 85, — 4, from bottom, 'perfect *and* just men,' 'perfect just men,' (Edit. 1547.)

— 89, — 28, 'rulers, judges under them which be,' insert 'and' before 'judges,' and a comma after 'them.'

— 97, — 3, 'subjects, for the fear,' insert 'and' before 'for.'

— 122, — 23, 'soberness and *chastity*,' 'soberness and charity.'

— 138, — 7, 'which appeared,' 'which appeareth.'

— 156, — 8, from bottom, 'holy doctor's own,' 'holy doctors' own.'

— 174, — 2, from bottom, 'until *this* day,' 'until *that* day.'

— 180, — 33, 'seeing Isaiah and Daniel, by certain descriptions,' 'seeing *in* Isaiah and Daniel *be* certain,' &c.

— 187, — 5, from bottom, for 'Lemnians, and to such other,' read 'Lemnians and such other.'

— 192 — 19, insert in the margin, 'Lib. v. ad Jacobum De-  
mini fratrem.'

— 195, — 11, 'dampish weather' 'dankyshe.' Edit. 1563.

— 196, — 20, 'they pray *on* their beads bidding, that they may get it also *in* their hands,' '*in* their' and '*into* their.'

— 32, 'impudent, most shameless' 'impudent, *and* most,' &c.

— 198, — 23, 'days, the blasphemies' 'days, *and* the blas-  
phemies.'

— 228, 5, 'Messiahs, and Christ,' 'Messias, and Christ.'

— 236, — 2, 'then they *fasted*,' 'then they *fasted not*.'

— 245, — 3, from bottom, '*hath* Almighty God,' '*had* Al-  
mighty God.'

— 247, — 9, from bottom, 'and spare us so, that we, after,'  
&c. A false sense, from an erroneous punctuation; read 'and  
spare us, *so that we*, after, &c.' that is, '*on condition* that we.'

— 292, — 19, 'departed out,' 'departed *not* out.'

— 298, — 31, 'but as *the* people,' 'but as *a* people.'

— 35, 'beg at our,' 'beg *of* our.'

— 299, — 6, 'for *the* visible signs,' 'for visible signs.'

— 4, from bottom, 'institutions,' 'institution.'

— 3, from bottom, 'confirmation of *the* children,'  
'confirmation of children.'

— 301, — 22, 'diligent ears,' 'diligent ear.'

— 31, 'congregations,' 'congregation.'

— 311, — 5, from bottom, 'the simplicities,' 'the simpli-  
city.'

Page 316, l. 5, from bottom, for '*not sit,*' read '*nor sit.*'

— 321, — 4, '*souls, sanctification,*' '*souls, and sanctification.*'

— 326, — 5, '*that, when they have need, they may become their spokesman, either to obtain a commodity; or,*' &c. read, '*that, when they have need, he may become their spokesman, either to help with his good word to obtain a commodity, or,*' &c.

— 327, — 23, '*provide us, that,*' '*provide, that.*'

— 329, — 14, '*acceptation before God,*' '*acceptation before God.*'

— 335, — 25, '*Thus vain fear,*' '*This vain fear.*'

— 339, — 12, '*the only Lord,*' '*his only Lord.*'

— 349, — 2, from bottom, '*that we should,*' '*that he would.*'

— 357, — 8, '*maketh it guilty,*' '*maketh us guilty.*'

— 359, — 21, '*he cried,*' '*he crieth.*'

— 363, — 1, '*stedfastly at our,*' '*stedfastly in our.*'

— 374, — 7, '*virtue thereof in our life, and conform us,*' '*virtue thereof, and in our life conform us.*'

— 376, — 4, '*and not to perish for hunger whilst other devour all,*' '*and not perish for hunger whilst others devour all.*'

— 380, margin, for '*Euseb. Emiserem.*' read '*Euseb. Emis. Sam.*'

— —, l. 13, '*ourselves unfeigned,*' '*ourselves unfeignedly.*'

— 381, — 28, '*that ye be,*' '*that he be.*'

— 383, — 26, '*and pleasures,*' '*and pleasure.*'

— 385, — 1, '*in faith be*' '*in faith, be.*'

— 387, — 28, '*give me a learned*' '*gave me a learned.*'

— 389, at the bottom, after '*never have*' insert '*that which is born of the flesh, saith Christ, is flesh: and.*'

— 392, in the margin, over against '*Bede*' insert '*Hom. ix. sup. Lucam.*'

— —, — 20, '*expedient do discuss*' '*expedient to discuss.*'

— 395, — 32, '*but shall come and declare,*' '*but to expound and declare.*'

— —, — 33, '*so that it might,*' '*so that they might.*'

— 400, — 5, '*what availeth,*' '*what availed.*'

— 405, — 18. '*God only, his goodness.*' '*God only, of his goodness.*'

— — in the margin, after *Wisd. vii.* add '*v. 16—22.*'

— 411, — 29, '*truth of his,*' '*truth of this.*'

— 416, — 5, '*further in sapience,*' '*further in Sapience,*' i. e. in the *book* of Wisdom, then often so called.

— 426, — 4, from bottom, '*sharp words of stripes,*' '*sharp words, or stripes.*'

— —, — 22, '*wicked voice,*' '*wicked vice.*'

— 437, — 5, '*which grant us, he that,*' '*which grant us he, that.*'

— 439, — 5, from bottom, '*if he attended his,*' '*if he attend his.*'

— 452, — 6, '*whereby he signified,*' '*whereby be signified,*' or '*are signified.*' (Edit. 1563.)

Page 466, l. 29, for 'the sword of famine, read' 'the sword, the famine.'

— 42, 'full purpose and amendment of life,' 'full purpose of amendment of life.'

Not having at hand the first edition of the homily of wilful Disobedience and Rebellion, we do not inquire what errors may defile that also: before we proceed further, we may just observe, that the pains which we have here exerted may, we hope, be of use to correct the blunders in other editions of the Homilies, as well as in those of Oxford.

The edition of Bishop Pearson's Exposition of the Creed, would have been a much more acceptable present to the public, had it been made to comprize the few scattered remains of that great man in his native tongue, so as to constitute a complete edition of his English performances. Had all these been subjoined to the second volume in this edition, it would not much, if at all, have exceeded the dimensions of the first. Having never been collected together, these pieces are now, though very precious, scarcely ever to be met with. A discourse entitled, 'No Necessity of a Reformation,' two sermons, the one (Luke xi. 2) 'on the Excellency of Prayer, and especially the Lord's Prayer,' the other on Eccles. vii. 14, with a short paper of remarks on the Athanasian creed, (which is so scarce, that we own we have never seen it,) and his character of the 'incomparable Mr. John Hales, of Eton College,' nearly, if not entirely, complete the catalogue of these valuable relics.

Neither does it seem that much care has been used in the superintendence of this edition. Who would have supposed that the learned university of Oxford should have suffered this work to fall from their press, without the correction, or the slightest notice, for instance, of an interpolation, so commonly known among the learned, as that of the word 'not' in p. 137, of the second volume? Let our readers contrast with this strange negligence the pains which were taken so long ago as the year 1741, by John Berriman, on this very subject, in the preface to his 'Critical Dissertation upon 1 Tim. iii. 16.' We cannot give room to the whole investigation and argument of that faithful and learned man. But it will not be improper to insert that which follows. 'In p. 247, I took notice of an error in some editions of Bishop Pearson's most excellent Exposition of the Creed; where the word *not* had been inserted, p. 128. Some have thought this to be the true reading: but I have since examined every edition of that book, and found the first *four* of them agree in one uniform reading without the negative particle. The



first edition quarto, 1659, p. 256 ; the second in folio, revised and enlarged, 1662. p. 142 ; the third revised, and now more enlarged, 1669, p. 128; and the fourth, 1676, p. 128, do all read the passage thus ; ‘ he ejected him as he did other catholic bishops, under the *pretence* of Nestorianism, but for other reasons.’—But the word *not* having crept into the *fifth* edition, ‘ he ejected him, *not* as he did other Catholic Bishops; &c,’ from hence it has been continued in all the editions which follow after, in the years 1692, 1701, 1704, 1710, 1715, 1723 ; and I suppose also in the new edition, which is now nigh ready to be published. But enough has been said to shew the true reading of this place ; and *I hope to be excused for saying so much as I have done, to preserve the true reading of one single passage, in a book of such inestimable value.*’ Pref. p. 10, 12.

Jones’s work on the Canon, from the nature of the book, from the number of the chapters, the variety of the materials, and from having neither table of contents nor index, is exceedingly difficult of reference. This imperfection in the original, might have been in a great degree remedied by the Oxford editors, if they could think of remedying any thing, by prefixing to each volume the heads of those chapters which are contained in it, an effort neither requiring much intellect nor industry, as the author has already prefixed them, in a sufficiently copious and exact state, to each separate chapter. But we hasten to return to another peep into the Sylloge, and then to conclude. This book, like so many of the others, bears, besides what we have already referred to, some further marks of no very extraordinary skill or good fortune in editorship.

We have already apprised our readers that the Belgic confession in this collection does not correspond, as every thing else does, with that in the *Corpus et Syntagma Confessionum*. The differences between them are very numerous. Why then were we not forewarned of this circumstance ? The Sylloge being so obviously in its general characters, a transcript of the Syntagma, if the editors of the former thought fit in one particular only to deviate from the latter, the commonest precaution and prudence, and the slightest wish to protect their readers from falling into an erroneous, though otherwise very natural, and almost necessary presumption, one might have expected, would have led the editors to mention that deviation, even if they had not been pleased to suggest the reasons by which it was occasioned. But the fact and its reasons are alike passed by in silence.

We have taken some trouble to discover a copy of the

Belgic confession separately published, in the hope of making out from it the motives, by which the editors have been induced to quit the guiding hand of the compilers of the *Syntagma*. But, so scarce is the book in that form, that our search has been unsuccessful. We find, however, that the edition in the *Sylloge* corresponds with that which is contained in the *Harmony of Confessions* (Genevæ, 1581,) on which occasion it was first translated into Latin by the editors of that work. We do not say that the *Sylloge* is wrong in giving us this copy, instead of that which is contained in the *Syntagma*; but we do maintain that the matter is not so clear as to be quite unquestionable, and therefore a very low degree of respect for the public, we should have thought, would have extorted some account of the reasons upon which the decision was founded.

The first presumption surely is, that a confession should not be published as Belgic, which has not the approbation and authority of the Belgian churches. To the Synod of Dort, the States General referred (April 29, 1619,) to examine the Belgic confession, ‘in qua nihil mutatum cupiunt sine gravi et necessaria causa.’ Upon which a question arose, what edition of this Confession should be taken for authentic, inasmuch as they differed greatly one from another. The choice of the Synod fell upon that which is inserted in the *Syntagma*, ‘quæ inseritur Syntagmati Ecclesiarum Reformatarum.’ And on the following day this request was made, ‘propter editionum varietatem, ut exaretur exemplar aliquod unum exactum, ordinum generalium auctoritate confirmandum’ (Hale’s Remains, part 2, p. 160, 161.) After which a revision was accordingly made, sanctioned and published by the Synod, and inserted in the later edition of the *Syntagma*, A.D. 1654, and this is the copy which has been rejected by the Oxford editors. We have already said that we do not, in other respects, contradict the propriety of this rejection.\*

But if they desert the *Syntagma* once, when the reasonableness of that desertion may seem to admit at least of some argument and question, why not leave it again in a second instance, which could admit of none? We allude to the case of the Augsburg Confession. Of this the reader ought to

---

\* On further examination, we see reason to conjecture that the edition of the *Syntagma*, from which the *Sylloge* has been printed, has been that of 1612; for the Belgic Confession there corresponds with that in the *Harmonia*. But, if the editors had chosen to put a designed slight on the Synod of Dort, why not tell us so? Or did they know nothing of the edition of 1654?

be informed that there are two copies, (differing from each other, chiefly indeed in the article of the presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper, but by no means in that solely,) one only of which is accepted as authentic by the Lutherans, and the other has often been disclaimed by them, with zeal approaching almost to detestation. The spurious copy was inserted in the Harmony of Confessions and in the Syntagma, and very great offence was given to the Lutherans by that insertion. Some sort of reparation indeed was made, (though a very inadequate one) in the Syntagma, respecting one article, which of course is retained in this edition, p. 134: but it would have been much more worthy of the reputation of the university, if the editors had given us an account of this matter, if they had restored the authentic copy to its proper station, or had at the least given us an accurate collation of the variations between the two editions. The old and authentic copy may be found in the 'Formula Concordiæ' published at Leipsig in the year 1584, (as may the new in that of 1580), in the works of Grotius, tom. 3. p. 537, &c. and in other places.

After the length to which our remarks have already extended, we cannot leave ourselves any more space on this subject, than to repeat our sense of the obligations which are due to the university under whose auspices this excellent design has been carried on, and to express our earnest wishes for its further and successful prosecution. We do not apologize for the freedom of our remarks, because they are strictly in the line of our duty, and we are sensible of the motives from which they proceed, which are, not merely a regard to the public service, but a solicitude also for the reputation and honour of the university. It is these motives which besides induce us to express our earnest wishes for the further prosecution of this excellent undertaking, and embolden us to suggest to the deliberation of its conductors the propriety of a republication of the works of Chillingworth;\* of those of Cudworth, (after Dr. Birch's edition, and with a translation of the notes of Mosheim;) and of a Pastoral Manual in one volume, which should comprize Herbert's Country Parson, Burnet's Pastoral Care, Gibson's Directions to his Clergy, (perhaps also, Bishop Taylor's, though already contained in the Enchiridion Theologicum) with some other tracts, and with the Offices of Consecration and Ordination of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, to be prefixed to the whole.

---

\* Should this suggestion be complied with, it may be proper for the editors to bear in mind the hints for procuring a correct edition which are given by Dea Maizeaux in his life of Chillingworth, p. 223, note; p. 246, *ditto*.



ART. III.—*Military Memoirs of Mr. George Thomas, &c. with Geographical and Statistical Accounts of several of the States composing the Interior of the Peninsula, &c. Compiled and arranged from Mr. Thomas's original Documents. By William Franklin, Captain of Infantry, Member of the Asiatic Society; Author of a Tour to Persia, and the History of Shah Aulum. Calcutta, 1803. Cadell and Davies, 1805.*

OF all the subjects of biography, the life of a mere military adventurer appears the least calculated to produce either utility or interest. Amongst men of this description we must look in vain for what is probably the most valuable result of the history of individuals, the ethics of private life, and the distinctions of domestic character; and no greater advantage is likely to be derived from the consideration of what may be termed their public character, which is commonly very uniform, from the pressure of similar circumstances, and the necessity of exerting similar qualities. We are equally at a loss to conceive what interest can be excited by a narrative of circumstances which are unimportant in a military point of view, and are very seldom accompanied with any serious political results.

The subject of the present memoirs seems, however, to be in some respects superior to the rest of the same class, and to command some little share of attention, from the peculiar nature of his views, and the means by which he endeavoured to carry them into effect. The life of General Thomas in the hands of a tolerable artist might have been rendered capable of being read with some degree of interest and information; but the present biographer has foreseen the difficulty of the task, and has therefore chosen not to lavish any portion of talent or industry on a pursuit which might not be attended with success; he has stripped his hero of every appendage of circumstance or character, which there was any nicety in attempting to describe, and left his victories and adventures in all the nakedness of a Gazette, without any of its conciseness or particularity. In truth, we have not often been condemned to labour with so little pleasure or reward as in the case of the bulky volume which is at present before us; and we are fearful that in the few impartial and even favourable extracts which we shall produce, the public will feel very sensibly the truth of the assertion.

General George Thomas was a native of Ireland, who went over to India in the year 1782, in the capacity of

a sailor, and having deserted his ship, wandered for some time over the Peninsula, until he was employed in the military service of the Begum Sumroo, and afterwards in that of Appakandarow, a Mahratta chieftain, from whom he received as a subsidy for the forces he commanded, some districts in the neighbourhood of Delhi. With the means which were furnished by these possessions, he procured and kept up a small army, and having established himself in the country of Hurrianah, to the north-westward of the Peninsula, he declared himself an independent sovereign, and conceived the design of erecting an extensive empire by the conquest of the Panjaub, a large and fertile district, which extends from Paumpul to the river Setlege. This design was never carried into execution, for his independence soon became obnoxious to the Mahrattas, and the French interest prevailing in the councils of Dowlut Rao Scindiah, he was compelled in the year 1801 to give up his ideas of aggrandizement, and forced to take refuge within the British frontier, and soon after died on his road to Calcutta in August, 1802.

The attempt at establishing an independent sovereignty is the only particularity which distinguishes General Thomas from the mass of European adventurers who sought for employment in the service of the native princes, and were easily admitted to important commands. To this object General Thomas seems to have been attracted by the prospect of the pleasure arising from its pursuit, rather than its accomplishment. If he entertained any serious hopes of success, his ambition outstripped both his means and abilities. Though possessed of a strong athletic constitution, of sufficient military talent and personal courage, and of great mental and bodily activity, he wanted those enlarged views and that comprehensive capacity, which could alone insure him success in the pursuit of his projects, by managing the political relations of the adjacent powers, and by combining and directing all the means which were placed in his hands to the fulfilment of his ultimate object. Either General Thomas did not possess, or his biographer has been pleased to deprive him of these essential requisites, for he is at least represented in the volume before us as a mere partisan of considerable enterprize, but with more ambition to devise than ability to execute, and less occupied with the important ends of war, than the bustle and gratification of fighting.

Captain Franklin has considerable merit in having accomplished the construction of a very bulky volume, notwith-

standing the provoking meagreness of his style, and the scanty store of materials with which he has been supplied. The surprize of the reader will be somewhat increased, when he learns, that so far from complying with the modern custom, of introducing us to his hero, after the manner of Sterne, long before his birth, he hurries us at once to the more important period of his life—in *mediis res Non secus ac notas capit*—and after a few lines of prefatory observations, gives us to understand as follows :

From the best information we could procure, it appears that Mr. George Thomas first came to India in a British ship of war, in 1781-2: his situation was humble, having served as a quarter-master, or, as is affirmed by some, in the capacity of a common sailor.

Shortly after landing in the vicinity of Madras, the activity of his mind overcoming the lowliness of his situation, he determined to quit the ship, and embrace a life more suitable to his ardent disposition.

His first service was amongst the Polygars, to the southward, where he resided a few years; but at length setting out overland, he spiritedly traversed the central part of the peninsula, and about the year 1787 arrived at Delhi: here he received a commission in the service of the Begum Sumroo. This lady is well known in the history of the transactions of modern times. Soon after his arrival at Delhi, the Begum, with her usual judgment and discrimination of character, advanced him to a command in her army. From this period his military career in the north-west of India may be said to have commenced.

\*\*\*\* But unfortunately for the mutual interests of both parties, after a residence of six or seven years, Mr. Thomas had the mortification to find himself supplanted in the good opinion of the Begum; his authority was assumed by a more successful rival.

The exquisite conciseness of this narrative will excite as much applause as the candour and mildness which induces our author to refer to extraordinary mental activity, the simple act of deserting from one of his Majesty's ships; a species of energy, however, which we wish was a little less in fashion. We have also great praise to bestow upon the simplicity with which our author discourses upon circumstances of genuine importance, as for instance :

Arriving at Goorath, a large and populous village, he imposed heavy contributions. These amounted to a considerable sum. He found here also an ample supply of bullocks and forage.

Continuing his march, after a long and tedious day's journey, he encamped near the town of Tejara, a place in the centre of the Mewattee district. The night was dark and rainy. This and the extreme fatigue of the soldiers conspired to render successful an



attempt which the Mewattys made, and they carried off a horse from the very centre of the camp.' \* \* \* \*

In consequence of this important enterprize, conceived and executed in the very spirit of Diomede and Ulysses, an action took place the next day, which terminated in the success of General Thomas.

'In its first view, this action, by the dread it spread among the enemy, proved highly fortunate. Great as was Mr. Thomas's loss of brave and attached soldiers, that of the Mewattys was infinitely more considerable. The immediate consequence was an overture on the part of their chief of terms which shortly led to an amicable adjustment. They agreed to pay Mr. Thomas *a year's rent*, and to restore him the property that had been stolen. The performance of these articles was *guaranteed by securities*.'

After the specimens we have given of the style and important matter of these Memoirs, it would be trespassing too much upon the time of our readers, to tire them into a full conviction of what we have asserted, by giving them many further extracts. We shall, however, present them with one, which is a description given by Mr. Thomas himself of his establishments and his views, and which throws some light upon his character:

'Here I established my capital, rebuilt the walls of the city long since fallen into decay, and repaired the fortifications. As it had been long deserted, at first I found difficulty in procuring inhabitants, but by degrees and gentle treatment I selected between five and six thousand persons, to whom I allowed every lawful indulgence.

'I established a mint, and coined my own rupees, which I made current in my army and country: as from the commencement of my career at Jyjur, I had resolved to establish an independency, I employed workmen and artificers of all kinds, and I now judged that nothing but force of arms could maintain me in my authority; I therefore increased their numbers, cast my own artillery, commenced making muskets, matchlocks, and powder, and in short made the best preparations for carrying on an offensive and defensive war, till at length having gained a capital and country, bordering on the Seik territories, I wished to put myself in a capacity, when a favourable opportunity should offer, of attempting the conquest of the Punjab, and aspired to the honour of planting the British standard on the banks of the Attock.'

These objects Gen. Thomas was disabled from accomplishing by the prudent interposition of Scindiah, whose forces under the direction of M. Perron compelled him to take refuge within the British territory, and he soon after died, in Aug.

1802, at the military cantonments of Berhampoor. The affectionate warmth of Captain Franklin has bestowed upon him every qualification of mind and body, which were necessary to form a perfect commander, and has prefaced the long catalogue by saying, that 'George Thomas was a native of Tipperary, in Ireland, *about 46 years of age.*' We conceive that our author meant to convey by a new sort of metaphor, to the understandings of his readers, that he was gifted in perpetuity with the perfection of all the faculties which belong to that age, and which the rest of mankind only enjoy for a year.

The volume is swelled to its present unnatural size by the very common expedient of calling in the aid of association. Accordingly, we find our author launching out into very long and tedious descriptions of different places and people, the recollection of which is excited by modes of connection much more delicate than the singular circumstance of General Thomas's happening to pass through them, or to fix his quarters in the neighbourhood. We shall trouble our readers with one instance of this felicity of transition, which occurs as early as the 6th page, and which will illustrate sufficiently well the mode in which this work has been constructed.

'The march thus postponed, Appakandarow repaired to Delhi, to guard against an apprehended commotion in that capital. On their arrival at court, Appakandarow and other chiefs, among whom was Mr. Thomas, were honoured with Khillats. Similar presents were likewise given to Dowlut Rao Scindiah, who had now succeeded to the possessions of his deceased uncle.

'The mention of Delhi affords an opportunity of presenting the reader with an account of some remarkable buildings, which stand within the precincts of the new city, and have hitherto escaped the observation of travellers. They were obtained by the compiler of these memoirs, during a visit to this celebrated city in 1793.

'We came *next* to the tomb of Humaion, the son of Baber, second of the imperial house of Timoor,' &c. &c.

This description of Delhi completely conceals the life of the General from our view for seven pages of the first thirteen in the book, a very convincing proof that, in our author's opinion at least, it was a much more interesting subject of description than the life of his hero.

This biblical unwieldiness, which we so strongly reprobate, is further increased by three appendices, the first of which contains a barren detail of the exports and imports of the different countries to the north-west of Delhi; the second, a prospectus of a survey of the Doob, which is now useless,

because we are acquainted with its actual results; and the third, a general statement of the forces of several of the native princes. From the last of these documents, Scindiah appears to have had only 31,150 cavalry, and 38,050 infantry, badly disciplined and officered, and Holkar's force amounts only to 13,800 infantry, and 40,000 cavalry. These numbers certainly lessen our idea of the difficulty of effecting conquests in India, and diminish our surprize at the power and extent of our oriental empire.

On the whole, we could have wished that Capt. Franklin had been at least good enough not to oppress the memory of General Thomas with so bulky a tome, and that he had not inflicted the terrible retribution of modern biography, by adding to a long life of difficulty and labour, a still longer posthumous life, which there is infinitely more difficulty and labour in getting through. We can only say that there is but one remedy for this defect, which Martial long ago pointed out, and which we feel it our duty to call to the recollection of our readers,

Si nimius videor, serâque coronide longus  
Esse liber: legito pauca, libellus ero.

ART. IV.—*An Examination of Mr. Dugald Stewart's Pamphlet, relative to the late Election of a Mathematical Professor in the University of Edinburgh. By one of the Ministers of Edinburgh. 2d Edition, with an Appendix. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman. 1806.*

ART. V.—*Postscript to Mr. Stewart's short Statement of Facts relative to the Election of Professor Leslie. With an Appendix, consisting chiefly of Extracts from the Records of the University, and from those of the City of Edinburgh. 8vo. Cadell and Davies. 1806.*

ART. VI.—*Letter to the Author of the Examination of Professor Stewart's short Statement of Facts. With an Appendix. By John Playfair, A. M. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. Cadell and Davies. 1806.*

A THEOLOGICAL warfare, commenced in the 19th century, on the ground of an abstract metaphysical doctrine, is a *phenomenon* which the hardest speculator of modern times would scarcely have ventured to predict. We have, in truth, so long been accustomed to regard with indignation or contempt, those controversies which formerly brought so much scandal upon the christian church, that mankind



seemed to be for ever warned against the renewal of such odious perversions of the mild spirit of religion. So blindly, however, and partially do we view our own pretensions to an enlightened superiority, that whilst we are glancing with an eye of pity over the records of theological hostility, or shrinking with horror from the almost fabled atrocities of religious persecution, we are summoned to listen to a new signal of alarm and battle, from a quarter whence, according to all human calculation, it might least have been expected. In the bosom of a church which is supposed to disdain the interested connections of temporal dominion, and to dread even the privilege of inquisitorial jurisdiction; in an university deservedly renowned for liberal science; and a metropolis adorned by liberal manners; the spark of sacred contention has once more been discovered, and, by a singular course of events, has unhappily been fanned into a flame. The actual mischief, however, which such a conflagration is in these days likely to spread, is considerably less than the alarm; nor are these transient evils at all comparable to the lasting magnitude of its disgrace.

Our readers will recollect the statement which we lately afforded them in our Review for July 1805, of the various controversies, relating to the election of a mathematical professor in the University of Edinburgh. We do not mean to recount the dull and extravagant charges, which were alleged against the moral character of a very respectable candidate for the vacant academical chair, by a body of ecclesiastics, prompted to opposition from the double motives of zeal for their religion and ambition for their aggrandizement. It is with reluctance that we resume the discussion of any part of a question which has already kindled so much animosity, and betrayed so much unworthy principle and conduct, which should have remained for ever unsuspected. Prudence, or at least justice ought to have constrained the offending and vanquished party to a submissive silence. The evils which their mistaken and suspicious conduct had produced, demanded the atonement; and far more advisable would it have been for their own interests, to seek shelter in the retreats of oblivion, than venture their cause again before the tribunal of the public.

In an anonymous publication, the ministers of Edinburgh have recently stepped forth, not only to vindicate their own conduct on the late memorable occasion of their interference with the proceedings of the university, but to recriminate upon those individuals whose timely exertions repelled the meditated outrage. Tenderness for the sacred

character of the ecclesiastical profession might perhaps have induced us to pass lightly over the sin of obstinate adherence to a speculative error; whilst caution mingled with pity might have prompted us to pardon some excesses of fanatical zeal, mysteriously wrapped up in the cant of an unintelligible jargon. But neither pardon nor pity is due to a wanton and unprovoked attempt to injure the reputation of an unoffending individual. We may smile at the instrument, but we startle at the motives of so unaccountable a design: whilst the deliberate vindication of such conduct cannot but be considered as the signal even of popular indignation.

In the first page of the 'Examination of Mr. Stewart's Statement of Facts,' &c. we are told that 'there was no other apparent motive to the publication of the third edition of Mr. Stewart's pamphlet, but a desire to injure the reputation of a majority of the ministers of Edinburgh,' which therefore challenges them to their own defence. It is added, in the second page, that such a defence was rendered necessary, by the credit given to the same author's 'gross misrepresentation of facts.' Malice and falsehood deliberately committed, and steadily maintained throughout three several editions of the publication which was destined to scatter them abroad, are imputations of no trifling magnitude. In vain, however, have we searched to discover any credible foundation for these foul and unqualified allegations. We refer to Mr. Stewart's own clear and candid vindication; and we appeal to the more elaborate defence of professor Playfair, as incontrovertible testimonies of the truth and accuracy of the original 'Statement.' One solitary and equivocal instance of error, proceeding from misinformation, and relating to a point of no importance whatever, is ingenuously acknowledged and explained by Mr. Stewart. With the calm but lofty tone of offended dignity, he has exposed at once the futility and the meanness of the expedients to which his adversaries have resorted. Not condescending to enter the lists of rude and personal aggression with the ten ecclesiastical champions who have conspired in darkness to assault him with their anonymous manifesto, he has singled out one whose situation as principal of the university demanded some regard, and to him has appealed for the recantation of those charges to which it should seem that he had weakly or wantonly assented. In the 'Postscript,' (to which we allude,) Mr. Stewart thus vindicates himself, and retorts upon the misconduct of his calumniator.

‘The station which one of these reverend gentlemen\* happens to hold, as head of that learned body to which I have had the honour to belong for more than thirty years, claims, on my part, an attention to the foregoing passage, to which I should not otherwise have conceived it to be entitled; and will, I hope, furnish some apology for the notice which I am thus compelled to take, of a performance, unsanctioned by one single name known in the republic of letters; and, in itself, not a fit object of criticism to any person who possesses the liberality of a scholar or the feelings of a gentleman.

‘I feel it incumbent on me to take the earliest opportunity of calling the attention of our reverend principal to the prudence and propriety of that sanction which he has been pleased to bestow on these vindictive effusions of disappointed intrigue and detected ignorance; more particularly, to the propriety and consistency of his conduct, in lending his name to an abusive libel on a *deliberate and unanimous act of the Senatus Academicus*,—voted at a meeting uncommonly numerous, which had been summoned several days before for that express purpose; a meeting where he himself presided, without venturing to hint the slightest dissent from the general opinion!†—I feel it also incumbent on me, as a duty still more imperious and sacred, (and it is a duty which no regard to personal consequences shall deter me from discharging), to call the attention of my fellow-citizens, and, above all, of our honourable patrons, to the danger which so imminently threatens their illustrious seminary, if the reputation of its members is to be traduced, and their honour insulted, from that very chair, to which they and their predecessors had been so long accustomed to look with attachment and with pride;—the chair of Rollock, of Leighton, of Carstairs, of Hamilton, of Wishart, and of Robertson.—While Dr. Baird continued to move quietly in his official round, he cannot accuse me of having failed in that deference which my disposition prompted me to pay to his station, by whatever individual it might chance to be filled: Nor can he reasonably impute to me, even at present, any feelings of undue hostility, if he recollects the kindness with which my regard for his private character led me to receive him as a colleague, at a period when his appointment was the subject of almost universal regret and astonishment. But when his indiscretion and facility have combined to render him the tool of a cabal, in giving circulation to calumnious statements, the falseness of which, if he did not know, he might have easily ascertained to a demonstration,—it is time to remind him, (and when I do so, I am confident I shall be seconded by the public voice), that such of his colleagues as devote themselves to the active and momentous duties of the university, or who are ambitious to illustrate, by their writings, this

---

† Dr. George Baird.

\* See the extracts from the records of the university in the appendix subjoined to this postscript.



seat of learning and of science, HAVE A RIGHT TO EXPECT AND TO DEMAND that he will no longer interrupt, with the ignoble and restless politics of an ecclesiastical junto, those liberal and tranquil pursuits in which he does not participate; nor employ the consequence he derives from his casual elevation to ruin the interests of a society, which so many others are studious to adorn.—As for his associates among the ministers of Edinburgh, if their late publication should ever draw from me any farther animadversion, it will be indebted for this distinction *solely* to my apprehension of the weight which his high academical situation may give, (“at a distance from the scene of the dispute”), to the details and *innuendos*, which, in common with his reverend brethren, he has covered with his responsibility. The pledge which I originally gave, when I stood forth as *their* accuser, has been long ago redeemed. I promised to remain *at the bar of the public, till they should receive their doom.* That *doom* I had the satisfaction to hear pronounced (not many hours after these words were written) in the general assembly of the church of Scotland; and the ratification which it has since received from that more awful tribunal, whose unbiassed and paramount sanction the justice of my cause emboldened me to invite and to solicit, has now fixed and sealed their destiny for ever.—IN THE PLACE WHERE THE TREE HATH FALLEN, THERE MUST IT LIE. D. S.

A regular analysis of the bitter invective, entitled ‘An Examination of Mr. Dugald Stewart’s Pamphlet,’ is a task to which we should have stooped with reluctant condescension, had the specious imputations which it exhibits remained hitherto unrefuted. That painful office, however, has already been performed by a judge whose candour and integrity are at least equal to his extraordinary intellectual abilities. The name of professor Playfair is a sanction at once to the soundness of reason, and fidelity of representation, which his pamphlet contains. It will be more agreeable to our own feelings, and more satisfactory to our readers to pursue the path of vindication which he has adopted, than to venture alone into the scene of contest, with our feelings of indignation unallayed by any of that tenderness or respect for the personal characters of the opposing party, which can proceed only from a personal acquaintance with their merits. Our review of the controversy must nevertheless be cursory and rapid.

It will be recollected that the two most important circumstances, revealed in Mr. Stewart’s ‘Short Statement of Facts relative to the Election of Professor Leslie,’ are the following: 1st, That a numerous, and therefore powerful party among the ministers of Edinburgh, has for some time been struggling to annex to their clerical functions, the offices and the emoluments of professors of the university; and

2dly; That this ecclesiastical junta has recently united to oppose the election of a respectable individual to the mathematical chair, on no other tenable or even plausible grounds than his interference with the pretensions of one of their own body to the same honour. To these two considerations therefore we shall endeavour to confine our remarks, deviating only occasionally into those topics of contention, which the anger or refinement of Mr. Stewart's and Mr. Playfair's opponents have prompted them to employ. The letter which was addressed to the Lord Provost by the latter of these respectable gentlemen, was occupied entirely in demonstrating the flagrant impolicy of suffering academical professorships to be united with clerical benefices either in the city or vicinage of Edinburgh. It was impossible to expose fully the danger of such an innovation, without hinting that the mischief so much to be dreaded was at that time impending. An additional motive both of caution and resolution was thus urged upon the consideration of a person whose influence was considerable enough to be courted by one party, and apprehended by the other. The fact is notorious to all who have had the opportunity of watching the proceedings of a large body of the Edinburgh ministers, that they have long had it in active contemplation, to secure for themselves and each other the vacant academical chairs. Such an union of sentiment and coincidence of determination deserves, if any thing can deserve, the name of *combination*; a term at which it appears the apprehensions of the party startle with amazement, as though they had ventured on a conduct for which till now they had not dared to give a name. 'At the word combination,' says Mr. Playfair, addressing himself to the author of the 'Examination,' 'at the word combination you take fire.'

'Another effect of it is stated in my letter to the Lord Provost. "Laymen would be almost necessarily excluded, and, when they came forward as candidates, would always have a powerful *combination* against them." At the word combination you take fire, and would have us believe, that it is unreasonable and uncandid in the highest degree, to suppose that the Ministers of Edinburgh can possibly combine. But there is no occasion, Sir, for all this anger; every body knows, that men who are accustomed to consult and to act together, to pursue the same object, and to be influenced by one common interest, whether they are clergymen or laymen, are very apt to combine: That they are not the less so for being of the former description, is not quite a new nor paradoxical opinion, nor wholly discountenanced by the history of the world. I therefore meant no obscure hint when I spoke of a combination among the

ministers of Edinburgh; nor did I insinuate any thing that I was afraid to speak out fully. I meant to say, that the clergymen of Edinburgh, with a view to aggrandize, or accommodate their own body, might on many occasions unite to get possession of chairs in the University, and even to exclude candidates of acknowledged superiority. I looked upon this, when I wrote my letter to the Lord Provost, as a thing possible, and a future contingency that might happen, in times less virtuous than the present. I did not know that the moment was at hand when this prediction was to be fully verified. For, is it not notorious, Sir, to all the world, that the ministers of Edinburgh have combined; that they have combined to oppose Mr. Leslie's election, by means that it is impossible to justify? Still you affirm that they have not. They unite in writing a pamphlet, and virtually set their names to it, in order to support the measures in question; and yet, with this *Round Robin* in your hands, you come forward exclaiming, that there is no combination. You advance at the head of this ecclesiastical phalanx, crying, Woe to him that says we have combined together! There can hardly be a greater outrage on common sense than such conduct as this; the more loudly you raise your voice, the more violence and anger you betray, the more difficult do you render it to give credit to your assertions. If any of the combinations for raising wages, that happen to be the objects of legal animadversion, were proved with half the evidence that this admits of, the punishment of the ringleaders would be inevitable.

‘But we have not yet done with the subject of combinations. You have chosen, on occasion of Mr. Stewart having alluded to something of this sort, to pour out against him a very ample share of abuse. The diligence and impartiality with which you distribute reproach, must, no doubt, be very edifying to your readers. You suffer no degree of talents, or of worth; no eminence in public character, nor of amiableness in private life, to interrupt your favorite gratification. This was to be looked for; envy will be excited in proportion to the pre-eminence that gives rise to it; and you perhaps are sensible, as well as the world at large, that in Mr. Stewart you have an antagonist, whose fame, already extended so widely, will continue to flourish, long after oblivion has rescued his enemies from disgrace.’

The beautiful and well merited compliment with which the preceding extract is closed, will be regarded with more than usual respect as proceeding from the pen of one whose ability is exceeded only by his disposition to pronounce the sentiment of truth and justice. Situated as we are at a considerable distance from the northern metropolis, we have nevertheless imbibed no small degree of veneration for the learning and genius of that enlightened philosopher. With unrivalled skill in the abstruse sciences of moral and metaphysical philosophy, he has combined a spirit of inquiry at



once sound and liberal. His keen and comprehensive speculation has already surveyed the limits of his science; whilst with a firm but cautious hand he is engaged in demonstrating their course to his numerous disciples. With admiration have we observed, and with gratitude will posterity acknowledge the signal service which he has lately rendered to the cause of learning, by resisting the *combination* which is the subject of the present controversy. A more momentous duty could not have been required of him; and the voice of an enlightened public can be divided only in extolling the candour, the eloquence, and the success which have signalized his exertions.

The trumpet of ecclesiastical orthodoxy being once sounded by the ministers of Edinburgh, it is not difficult to conceive that a host of accusing and avenging spirits would flock around them with charges of every possible complexion, against the supposed champions of revolt. The various degrees and denominations of religious heresy and political disaffection could not fail to be revived, and ascertained in their precise relation to each individual. Loud clamours and secret criminations might obviously be made to subserve the same purpose of propagating the scandal and precluding its justification; whilst the implacable spirit of aggression could with equal convenience assume the mask of caution and of enterprize. With indefatigable zeal did the ecclesiastical decemvirate study to fix the odious imputation of political discontent, upon men whose loyalty differed from that of their accusers only in being of a firmer consistence; and whose attachment to the laws of order and subordination was contrasted with theirs only in the soundness of the principles from which it was derived. It would be amusing (if the occasion were less momentous) to observe the pliant ingenuity with which the ministers of Edinburgh have varied and adapted their feeble but insulting accusations. It were indeed impossible to forbear a smile at their proceedings, when, hurried by rashness or folly into the modern Anti-Gallican armoury, they seize indiscriminately a load of offensive and defensive weapons, which their abortive efforts barely enable them to scatter at the feet of their adversaries. At one and the same moment they echo the senseless clamour against *experiment* and *innovation*, whilst they are calling loudly for a *trial* to be made whether academical duties cannot be rendered compatible with the ecclesiastical benefices. The demonstrative argument of Mr. Playfair against such an experiment is too precious to be overlooked, and too succinct to be epitomized.

‘Whenever the trial,’ says he, ‘is too important to be risked, we must decide from general practice, from principle, or from analogy : and if this rule is rejected, there is an end of all prudence and sobriety in the conduct of affairs, whether public or private. Should we, for example, introduce a minister of Edinburgh as a professor of mathematics, just by way of experiment ? By no means, and that for two reasons : *First*, The experiment might last for thirty years, and, if it did not succeed, it would for all that time hurt the interests of the university, and obstruct the progress of science. *Secondly*, When the experiment was at an end, though it had injured the university, it is not certain, considering that there is a body interested to have it repeated, but that it might really be continued, and grow into a general practice. From being an experiment, it would become a precedent.

‘The making of experiments on human affairs is not therefore to be rashly gone about ; nor are we wantonly to reject the information which use, the practice of the world, and the analogy of things, can furnish. When you insinuate, that a more direct kind of experiment is required, you are coming very close on principles which are of dangerous tendency, and which you yourselves have been accustomed (if I may judge from your *Examination*) to oppose, with more zeal than candour or discretion. Had you perceived an approach to such an argument in any of your antagonists, the word of French principles would have been immediately given, and your brethren and you would have set off in full chase after the delinquent.

‘Indeed, I must say, that you have not been at all fortunate in your attempts at philosophical speculation in the course of this controversy. First, you would be metaphysicians, and you narrowly escaped the imputation of atheism : you would now give us a specimen of your skill in the method of experiment and induction, and you immediately fall in with the maxims of revolutionary politics. If this be a preparation for the exercise of your superintending and censorial power over the university, it must be acknowledged that your *coup d’essai* has been singularly inauspicious. An excellent moral, however, may be derived from it. Nobody supposes, that you or your brethren are atheists, or revolutionists, or that you bear any good will to either, and yet you have adopted the language and reasonings of both. What a striking lesson of humility, candour, and forbearance may you thus receive from your own conduct ! How strongly does it enforce the precept, *Judge not, that ye be not judged !*’

The truth of the preceding argument is exemplified by a statement which follows, in the 44th page of Mr. Playfair’s pamphlet.

‘Dr. FINLAYSON stands not alone in this extraordinary proceeding, but has along with him the principal of the college and two other professors. This is a strong proof how dangerous it is to

have men for members of two different societies, which societies may have their interests opposed to one another. As long as the presbytery and the college were unconnected; while the former did not aspire at directing and superintending the latter; and when there were no thoughts of making the chairs in the university a part of the livings of the ministers of Edinburgh; there was little fear from the same person being a member of both societies, and his duty to the one could hardly interfere with his duty to the other. The case is now very different: a collision between the presbytery and the university has actually taken place; and the difficulty of remaining faithful to the one, without betraying the interests of the other, has been experimentally evinced.

Passing over a host of accusations which the petulant vanity or exasperated hostility of the sacred junta have poured upon their adversaries, we come next to a charge of so foul a nature that even its fabricators have ventured only to exhibit it through the dark medium of insinuation. Enough, however, and more than enough is disclosed, to shew the colour of a design on which we disdain to bestow any epithets but such as find no place in the pages of our journal. Suffice it to observe that the object of these mistaken gentlemen is to fix upon the characters of two eminent individuals, distinguished not less by their sound integrity and blameless lives, than by their acknowledged learning, the monstrous imputation of endangering the moral and religious principles, and seducing the allegiance of the youth committed to their care. We shall not disturb our readers or occupy our sheets with a transcript of the whole mass of accusation, but shall content ourselves with referring to Mr. Playfair's answer, for a complete exposure of its errors. The following is a part of his refutation.

‘The assertion, that at the present time there is “an infidel party arraying itself with increasing confidence against the religion of the country;” your pointing out the doctrine of Mr. Leslie’s note as a matter to be taken in connection with this circumstance; the reference that you make to the *illuminati*, who in Germany are supposed to have conspired to overturn the religion and government of their country, and who were to prepare their way by seizing on the universities, and excluding clergymen from the places of trust and influence which they occupied in those seats of learning, (p. 54); the question you propose, whether Mr. Stewart’s letter and mine do not savour of a combination similar to one or other of the foregoing (p. 50,) and the mysterious alarm with which you conclude your second section, “that there is in the present state of the literature of this country, more than enough to make every friend of religion bethink himself” (p. 55.): these are all insinuations, which, however unfounded and calumnious, it must be confessed, are by no means ob-



scure in their tendency. Your meaning, no doubt, is, that Mr. Leslie is one of those to be introduced into the university for the purpose of undermining religion, and that his friends and supporters are engaged in the same conspiracy.

‘Were you required to give any proof of these charges, you might produce a note from a book on Natural Philosophy, where Mr. Leslie maintains an opinion about the relation of cause and effect different from yours, but in which there is no question about any religious tenet whatever. In proof of my belonging to this conspiracy, you might argue, that I had written a letter of thirteen pages, to prove to the patrons of the university, that their professor of mathematics had quite enough to occupy him, though he had no duty to do as a minister of the church. With regard to Mr. Stewart, the evidence was, if possible, more satisfactory : he had written what many had been weak enough to think a learned, ingenious, and complete defence of Mr. Leslie ; nay, what was worse, had attempted to show, that the ministers of Edinburgh, in trying to fix the charge of heresy on another, had fallen into a much more dangerous heresy themselves.

‘Your conduct, sir, and that of the nine reverend gentlemen your colleagues, in bringing forward so heavy an accusation on such slight grounds, and supporting it with your united authority, must, I think, excite the indignation of every honest man. It would have merited the severest reprobation, had it been in the quietest and most tranquil season, when all the movements of society proceeded in their regular and accustomed course, and all its pillars rested firmly on their old foundations. But when done in times like the present, how great is the aggravation of the offence;—in a moment, as you know but too well, when men’s minds are only regaining tranquillity after the alarm produced by the sudden and unprecedented revolutions they have so lately witnessed, and after the impression made by the crimes and misfortunes of a neighbouring nation ? You seize this moment, before the agitation had completely subsided, before men’s confidence in one another was perfectly restored, to awaken new alarms, and to direct against your private enemies, the jealousy and apprehension of a nation, watchful over the inestimable inheritance of its laws and liberties. What insensibility must prevail in the mind, that can employ so formidable an engine for the purposes of private vengeance ! But a double end may be answered by such attempts : if they are successful, the fall of an enemy is secured : though they be not successful, they may yet serve to keep alive those suspicions, which artful men can so easily turn into instruments of power and oppression.

‘I have, however, confidence enough in the good sense and justice of my fellow-citizens, to think that you have failed in both these objects. The present are times, when it behoves the public to be watchful, not only for its own safety, but for the safety of those whom false accusation may oppress ; watchful that its jealousy and vengeance do not receive a wrong direction,—that they be not

turned aside by treachery or deceit, nor made to fall on the innocent.

‘Not only was the time selected for this accusation favourable to your purpose, but farther effect must be given to it by the sanction of your sacred character, and the number united in the charge; two circumstances that could not but have weight in a country, where the impressions of religion are strong and general. Ten ministers of the Gospel, joining together to point out, and solemnly to denounce an individual, or a set of individuals, as men not only ill affected to the religion and civil establishments of their country, but as actively employed to subvert them, was no common circumstance. Men who, by profession, were teachers of the religion of peace, if they complied with the precepts or were animated by the spirit of that religion, must be very tender of the good name and reputation of their neighbours, and were not likely to join in so serious an accusation, but in a case where the evidence was clear, and the danger urgent.’

From the passages we have now adduced from the histories of this notorious controversy, our readers may have formed some idea of the inveterate and unmeasured hostility with which the ten ministers of Edinburgh have attacked the characters of Mr. Stewart and Mr. Playfair. For their further conviction of the manifest injustice of the charges which these arbitrary decemvirs have alleged, we could furnish abundantly more proofs. But we trust that their designs have already been sufficiently shewn, to effect the great purpose of vindicating the conduct and motives of the two illustrious characters which they have grossly and wantonly traduced. It would certainly be no difficult, and it might, perhaps, be a salutary office, to examine those parts of the strange ecclesiastical manifesto, which relate to the original subject of contention, their metaphysical riddle concerning *necessary connection*. At first it excited our surprise, that the ministers had again dared to venture on a ground of which they had already betrayed a total and disgraceful ignorance; but our surprise soon yielded to our pity, when we observed in their attempted vindication nothing but the impotent struggles of despairing, yet unyielding, obstinacy. The weakness of such a vindication could be equalled only by the puerile temerity which first plunged them into the error. We forbear to offer any extracts.

That the ministers of Edinburgh were not acute metaphysicians or very profound reasoners, might readily have been pardoned. The duties of the clerical station do not necessarily demand such accomplishments. That they should have singled out an individual, (Mr. Leslie, the present professor of ma-

thematics,) respectable in private life, and eminent for his scientific attainments, in order to vilify him for a circumstance which *their* ignorance alone had construed into a crime; that they should take measures at first in secret, and afterwards in the face of day, to prevent his advancement to a chair, for which they had destined one of their own body; that they should affix the odious imputation of atheism upon a harmless philosophical speculation, which that writer had introduced into one of his physical treatises, and to which the unqualified assent of all profound inquirers has long since been accorded; that undaunted by the opposition of their more moderate and enlightened adversaries, they should proceed to imprecate the aid of ecclesiastical authority, and to demand of Mr. Leslie, not merely a recantation of his former opinions, but an explicit declaration of his belief in an *absurd* or *impious* dogma,\* fabricated by them for that express purpose; that the ten ministers of Edinburgh should deliberately combine to put the last seal upon their designs, by a public and written declaration, which, under the thin disguise of artifice, has disclosed even to vulgar eyes, the unfounded calumnies, and even misrepresentations, employed in vain against the triumphant prowess of superior force; that such, we repeat, should have been the conduct of so many men engaged in the offices of a sacred and peaceful profession, amidst a society where good faith and liberal manners are exacted as the indispensable qualifications of its members, must excite the amazement and indignation of every reflecting mind.

What may be the personal characters of the individuals engaged in this singular conspiracy against the rights of civilized life, we are wholly ignorant. Even their names have scarcely reached our ears. We cannot, however, believe otherwise than that the majority, if not the entire number, are faithful in the discharge of their clerical duties, and respectable for their conduct in private life. We are willing even to consider this as a solitary and unpremeditated occasion of error, in which the rashness of some, and the equally blameable compliance of others, has involved the whole party. Nothing can be farther from our design, than to

---

\* Our philosophical readers will judge of the propriety with which we have attributed to this new article of faith, the desperate alternative of *absurdity* or *impiety*. It is as follows: 'That there exists such a necessary connection between cause and effect, as implies an operating principle in the cause.' If this dogma have any meaning at all, it establishes the only foundation of unqualified *atheism*.



throw general or undistinguishing imputations on the characters of individuals. Among *them*, as among the members of all other *bodies* united by common interests, plots may be meditated and offences committed, which individuals, though willing to participate, dare not alone undertake. The history of mankind furnishes abundant examples of the inexcusable excesses into which even virtuous men have fallen, when collected into *associations* for particular purposes. Submission to counsel, confession of error, retraction of wrong, all the conduct and all the motives which spring from the noblest propensities of our nature, seem to be almost inevitably stifled by the very condition of *corporate* capacity; whilst the pitiable shelter of community in ill-doing, and the feeble consolation of community in peril, are bartered for the honourable satisfaction of independent virtue.

Leaving the ministers of Edinburgh to approve themselves individually innocent of the outrage which they have collectively perpetrated, we turn to the more pleasing task of presenting our tribute of respect to those who have withstood and repelled the insult. The attack was too fierce to be opposed merely by defensive measures; the injury too gross to admit of compromise. The defeat which followed has been signal, and will be for ever memorable. The personal animosity which may have been kindled in the conflict, will, it is hoped, soon die away, as such an extinction will furnish the most unquestionable proof that public spirit, and not party interest, was the motive which originally prompted their conduct.

It may afford some pleasure to our readers, and it cannot but furnish sentiments of complacency to the distinguished supporters of Mr. Leslie's cause, to be assured, from the most unquestionable authority, that their conduct has been conformable to the views and notions of their late illustrious principal, Dr. Robertson.

ART. VII.—Επεα πτερόεντα; or, the Diversions of Purley.

(Continued from p. 129.)

WE have hitherto indulged ourselves much at length in observations on the artful sophisms with which this work abounds, and which seem destined by the author to prepossess the reader at his entrance on it.

In the second chapter, he assumes the character of a philosopher, to destroy the error of abstraction, as the Parisian

anarchists assumed the appellation of patriots, to destroy, not to preserve their country.

Poor Sir Francis takes the lead in this work of verbal destruction.

Passing by the prettiness of *Rex, Lex loquens*—and *Lex, Rex mutus*, as very improperly assigned to the baronet, who, but for the seductions of Wimbledon, would never have aimed at any thing beyond personal prettiness, we proceed to a view of Mr. Tooke laying his paw (his claws half-sheathed) on truth, candour, and real philosophy, personified in the immortal Locke.

His dapper disciple says, (p. 16.)

'F. But I wish at present for a different sort of information. Is this manner of explaining RIGHT and JUST and LAW and DROIT and DRITTO, peculiarly applicable to those words only, or will it apply to others? Will it enable us to account for what is called *Abstraction* and for *abstract ideas*, whose existence you deny?

H. 'I think it will: and if it must have a name, it should rather be called *subaudition* than *abstraction*; though I mean not to quarrel about a title.'

Arrah! by Jas—s, but you must; for you have invaded the land of bulls. We have tolerated your English deprecations for collections of witticisms and jokes; but it is the first time we have seen an Irish bull in the provinces of grammar and pretended philosophy, which have hitherto been principally appropriated to the various tribes of the asinine family.

But our present author is a witty philosopher, and where arguments fail, he is ready with a witticism, a pun, or a bull.

Every school-boy who has passed the lowest form, knows that *subaudition* is to supply a word which he does not either pronounce or insert, in order to complete the sentence, or to render its meaning obvious. Now this is the very reverse of *Abstraction*, which is an effort of the mind to *withdraw*, not to *supply* a word, or to suppose or understand any thing not expressed. When we affirm any thing of colour, (white for instance), instead of supplying the colour to which the substance is attached, as a boy supplies the noun, &c. in parsing his lesson, our effort is of a directly contrary tendency, and we strenuously endeavour to *separate* the colour from its substratum, and to think of *white*, and not of white wood, or white silk, or white linen, &c. Speaking accurately, the effort is never completely successful; it is

like all human efforts, imperfect; it is, however, an *effort to abstract*, and it is very useful in generalizing our language, when it succeeds but imperfectly in generalising our ideas. It will therefore, require more wit or more artful sophistry than Mr. Tooke possesses, to substitute for *abstraction*, an act of the mind so directly opposite as that of *subaudition*.

He proceeds, justly as a grammarian, after grossly blundering as a philosopher.

‘The terms you speak of, however denominated in construction, are generally (I say *generally*) Participles or Adjectives used without any Substantive to which they can be joined; and are therefore, in construction, considered as Substantives.

An <i>Act</i>	— (aliquid) <i>Act um</i>
A <i>Fact</i>	— (aliquid) <i>Fact-um.</i>
A <i>Debt</i>	— (aliquid) <i>Debit-um.</i>
<i>Rent</i>	— (aliquid) <i>Rendit-um, redditum.</i>
<i>Tribute</i>	— (aliquid) <i>Tribut-um.</i>
An <i>Attribute</i>	— (aliquid) <i>Attribut-um.</i>
<i>Incense</i>	— (aliquid) <i>Incens-um.</i>
An <i>Expanse</i>	— (aliquid) <i>Expans-um. &amp;c.</i>

‘Such words compose the bulk of every language. In English, those which are borrowed from the Latin, French, and Italian, are easily recognized; because those languages are sufficiently familiar to us, and not so familiar as our own; those from the Greek are more striking; because more unusual: but those which are original in our own language have been almost wholly overlooked, and are quite unsuspected.’ P. 17.

‘These words, these participles and adjectives, not understood as such,’ (hear it, reader, with becoming reverence! ! ) ‘have caused a metaphysical jargon and a false morality, which can only be dissipated by etymology.’

Where is thy blushing countenance, audacious Pinkerton, who hast blasphemed etymology as folly? In the sage and virtuous hands of the apostle of Wimbledon, what wonders it effects! For all miracles must sink before the pretensions of the man who shall dissipate metaphysical jargon and false morality by etymology.

He adds,

‘When they come to be examined, you will find that the ridicule which Dr. Conyers Middleton has justly bestowed upon the Papists for their absurd *coinage* of Saints, is equally applicable to ourselves and to all other metaphysicians; whose moral deities, moral causes, and moral qualities are not less ridiculously *coined* and imposed upon their followers.’ P. 18.

He then gives the following examples, like a true book-



maker, in a line running in single words through the centre of the page, which our purchasers would not thank us for imitating:

'*Fate, Destiny, Luck, Lot, Chance, Accident, Heaven, Hell, Providence, Prudence, Innocence, Substance, Fiend, Angel, Apostle, Saint, Spirit, True, False, Desert, Merit, Fault, &c. &c.* as well as *JUST, RIGHT and WRONG*, are all merely participles poetically embodied, and substantiated by those who use them.

'So *CHURCH*, for instance, (*Dominicum*, aliquid) is an adjective; and formerly a most wicked one; whose misinterpretation caused more slaughter and pillage of mankind than all the other *cheats* together.' p. 18.

To use the author's *slang*—and the Wimbledon purliens are much infested with such language, which must affect even its philosophy—how will these *cheats* be rendered honest by assigning them their proper parts of speech! They would proceed in their rogueries as effectually under the denomination of adjective, as they now do, or as they ever did, under the denominations of moral causes and moral qualities.

Sir F. Burdett, however, affects to be more sagacious on this subject than we can pretend to be.

'*F.* Something of this sort I can easily perceive; but not to the extent you carry it. *I see* (docile youth!) that those *shum* deities *FATE* and *DESTINY*—aliquid *Fatum*, quelque chose *Destinée*—are merely the past participles of *Fari* and *Destiner*.' p. 19.

What *learning* in a pupil? But he is the pupil of the best scholar, and the only\* patriot of the age, at least in the Wimbledon dialect.

The baronet proceeds with examples from a greater number of books than he has perused in his whole life, until he stumbles, in p. 49, on Dr. Johnson, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Malone, as commentators of Shakespeare. This disturbs the bile of his master.

'I wish you had separated Mr. Steevens (for he has really done some good service) from the names of such (commentators I cannot call them) as Johnson and Malone.' p. 49.

Where are all the advocates of the giant Johnson? Where is Dr. Parr, the very shadow of the mighty shade? Will livings, will even bishopricks avert the wordy wrath of the

---

\* Sir F. Burdett has a bust of Horne Tooke, on the pedestal of which is inserted a wretched copy of verses (we do not know whether they are his own,) in which Mr. T. is affirmed to be the only patriot of the times. This should have been known to Lord Grenville when he selected a new ministry.

Doctor from those who insult the memory of the *God of Words*? Pour on them, Doctor, the phials of your vengeance! Whirl them into the air in Johnsonian, Ciceronian, and Demosthenian tornadoes! Turn against cavillers their own weapons, and suffocate them, as they suffocate their readers, with endless quotations!

In the mean time we will accompany them a little longer. In page 95, they discuss, in their flippant manner, the influence of custom and fashion on language.

‘But, in our inquiry into the nature of language and the meaning of words, what have we to do with capricious and mutable fashion? Fashion can only help us in our commerce with the world to the rule (a necessary one, I grant) of

*Loquendum ut Vulgus.*

But this same fashion, unless we watch it well, will mislead us widely from the other rule of

*Sentiendum ut sapientes.*

‘*F.* Heretic! What can you set up, in matter of language, against the decisive authority of such a writer as Horace?

Usus

*Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*

‘*H.* I do not think him any authority whatever upon this occasion. He wrote divinely: and so Vestris danced. But do you think our dear and excellent friend, Mr. Cline, would not give us a much more satisfactory account of the influence and action, the power and properties of the nerves and muscles by which he performed such wonders, than Vestris could? who, whilst he used them with such excellence, did not perhaps know he had them. In this our inquiry, my dear Sir, we are not poets nor dancers, but anatomists.’  
P. 95.

This is a witticism, and formed from a fallacious simile. There is scarcely any similitude between the art of dancing and the construction of language; and etymology has more resemblance to genealogy than to anatomy. A writer rather more extravagant than Mr. Tooke, has lately published a work entitled *Verbotomy*, and in his treatment of language he has often availed himself of such knowledge as he might obtain in the dissecting-room of the dear Mr. Cline. But he analyses words into their constituent parts; and Mr. Tooke traces words to their origin, in radical words, which he pretends to have a certain meaning, independent of custom, and owing to their being the original representations of our ideas.

This we directly and positively deny; and we consider the masses of quotations (which may be useful to other purposes)

when applied, as they are constantly, to cover this fundamental doctrine of the *ἑπὶ πτεροῦντα*, as enormous fallacies.

We will allow that Vestris may be ignorant of the philosophy of dancing; so is Mr. Cline; and lectures from him on that art would soon leave him without bread. The uses and capabilities of the human nerves, like those of the letters of the alphabet, may be known to the anatomist and to the verbotomist; but the language which may be the result of their use, either by dancing, or speaking, or writing, is an art founded on education and arbitrary use. The dancing of Kamschatska, and the dancing of Paris, are as different as their languages, and Mr. Cline's anatomy would be of little use in tracing the causes of that difference; nor would the verbal anatomy of those great sages, Tooke and Burdett, be of more avail in ascertaining the causes of the difference of their languages. The authority of Horace will therefore remain unimpeached by their philosophy; and until some better reasons are adduced than have yet appeared in the *ἑπὶ πτεροῦντα*, custom will be considered as the GREAT LAW of language.

But we must proceed to other specimens of the author's mode of deducing philosophical conclusions from grammatical inquiries.

'F. Enough, Enough. Innumerable instances of the same may, I grant you, be given from all our ancient authors. But does this import us any thing?

'H. Surely much; if it shall lead us to the clear understanding of the words we use in discourse. For, as far as we "know not our own meaning;" as far as "our purposes are not endowed with words to make them known;" so far we "gabble like things most brutish." But the importance rises higher, when we reflect upon the application of words to Metaphysics. And when I say Metaphysics, you will be pleased to remember, that all general reasoning, all Politics, Law, Morality, and Divinity, are merely Metaphysics.

'F. Well. You have satisfied me that *Wrong*, however written, whether *Wrang*, *Wrong*, or *Wrung* (like the Italian *Torto* and the French *Tort*) is merely the past tense (or past participle, as you chuse to call it) of the verb *to Wring*; and has merely that meaning. And I collect, I think satisfactorily, from what you have said, that  
'Song—i. e. Any thing *Singed*, *Sang*, or *Sung*, is the past participle of the verb *To Sing*: as *Canus* is of *Canere*, and *Ode* of *αἰδω*.  
That

BOND	} —however spelled, and with whatever <i>subaudition</i> applied, is still one and the same word, and is merely the
BAND	
BOUND	

"As the custome of the lawe hem BONDE." page 29.

"We shall this serpent from our BONDES chase." page 56.



" His power shall fro royalme to royalme  
The BONDES stratche of his royalte  
As farre in south as any flode or any see." page 156  
" As the custome and the statute BANDE." page 99.  
" And false goddes eke through his worchyng  
With royall might he shall also despise  
And from her sees make hem to arise,  
And fro the BANDES of her dwellynge place  
Of very force dryue hem and enchace." page 155.

*Life of our Lady.* By Lydgate. (1530.)

The author proceeds in this manner through six or seven quarto pages, and then starts something like an observation by way of relief to the reader.

'BOLT—is the same.—You seem surprised: which does not surprise me: because, I imagine, you are not at all aware of the true meaning of the verb *To Build*; which has been much degraded amongst us by impostors. There seems therefore to you not to be the least shadow of corresponding signification between the verb and its participle. HUTS and HOUSES, as we have already seen, are merely things *Raised up*. You may call them habitations, if you please; but they are not *Buildings* (i. e. *Buildens*;) though our modern architects would fain make them pass for such, by giving to their feeble erections a strong name. Our English word *To Build* is the Anglosaxon *Býlðan*, to confirm, to establish, to make firm and sure and fast, to consolidate, to strengthen; and is applicable to all other things as well as to dwelling places.

" Amyd the clois undar the heuin all bare  
Stude thare that time ane mekle fare altare,  
Heccuba thidder with hir childer for BEILD  
Ran all in vane and about the altare swarmes.  
Bot quhen she saw how Priamus has tane  
His armour so, as thought he had bene ying;  
Quhat fuliche thocht, my wretchit spous and kinge,  
Mouis the now sic wappynnis for to weild?  
Quhidder haistis thou? quod sche, of ne sic BEILD  
Haue we now myster, nor sic defendoris as the."

*Douglas.* booke 2. page 56.

'And thus a man of confirmed courage, i. e. a confirmed heart, is properly said to be a *Builded*, *built*, or *BOLD* man; who, in the Anglosaxon, is termed *Býlð*, *Býlðeoð*, *Le-býlð*, *Le-býlðeoð*, as well as *Bald*. The Anglosaxon words *Bold* and *Bolt*, i. e. *Build-ed*, *built*, are both likewise used indifferently for what we now call a *Building* (i. e. *Builden*) or strong edifice." p. 128.

These repetitions, proper only for a dictionary, are continued to a tedious and useless length, as one tenth of them

would have been sufficient to illustrate philosophic propositions.

But Mr. Tooke had his common-place book to sweep, and his quarto volume to fill. The reader must therefore have patience with us, as we have with the author, and allow us to sift and rummage the rags and tatters he has thrown together.

Of all the labours of the reviewer, and they are various, that of ascertaining the merits of a dictionary, is the most fatiguing. Voltaire, by rendering the form of a dictionary, the vehicle of wit and humour, though sometimes profligate, relieved this species of drudgery. Mr. Horne Tooke follows his example, *haud passibus aqvis*. The derivation of words generally from the Anglo-Saxon, would be insufferably tedious, if the reader were not frequently roused by the author's political creed, which, like a snake in the grass, creeps through every part of the work. The following is a striking example.

'SCOT and SHOT are mutually interchangeable. They are merely one and the same word, viz. the Anglosaxon *ſceat*, the past participle of *ſceatan*; the *ſc* being differently pronounced. SCOT free, SCOT and lot, Rome-SCOT, &c. are the same as SHOT free, SHOT and lot, Rome SHOT, &c.

'The Italians have (from us) this same word *scotto*, applied and used by them for the same purpose as by us. Dante uses it in his *Purgatory*: and is censured for the use of it, by those who, ignorant of its meaning, supposed it to be only a low, tavern expression; and applicable only to a tavern reckoning. And from this Italian *scotto* the French have their *Escot*, *Êcot*, employed by them for the same purpose.

'This word has extremely puzzled both the Italian and French etymologists. Its use and application they well knew: they could not but know: It was—"L'argent *jetté* sur la table de l'hôte, pour prix du repas qu'on a pris chez lui."—But its etymology, or the real signification of the word, taken by itself (which alone could afford the reason why the word was so used and applied) intirely escaped them. Some considered that, in a tavern, people usually pay for what they have eaten: these therefore imagined that *scotto* might come from *Excocetus* of *Cogere*; and that it was used for the payment of *Excocetus cibus*. *Excoceto*, *Escoto*, *Scotto*.

'Others considered that men did not always eat in a tavern; and that their payment, though only for wine, was still called *scotto*. These therefore fixed upon a common circumstance, viz. that, whether eating or drinking, men were equally forced or compelled to pay the reckoning: they therefore sought for the etymology in *Cogere* and *Excogere*. *Coacto*, *Excoacto*, *Excoceto*, *Excotto*, *Scotto*.

'Indeed, if the derivation must necessarily have been found in the Latin, I do not know where else they could better have gone for it. But it is a great mistake, into which both the Italian and Latin

etymologists have fallen, to suppose that all the Italian must be found in the Latin, and all the Latin in the Greek: for the fact is otherwise. The bulk and foundation of the Latin language is Greek; but great part of the Latin is the language of our northern ancestors, grafted upon the Greek. And to our northern language the etymologist must go for that part of the Latin which the Greek will not furnish; and there, without any twisting or turning, or ridiculous forcing and torturing of words, he will easily and clearly find it.' p. 138.

This observation, though it relieves us, as such, is certainly not just. By consulting Jones's origin of languages, and the prefaces and notes of William Owen to his dictionary and translations, it may be seen that the modern languages (and the Greek in this question is a modern language) have borrowed abundantly from the Celtic as well as the Gothic; and that the task of the etymologist is not half finished when he has traced all he can trace, into the Gothic.

This is also extremely probable from history. For the Celts had overrun a great part of Europe, before they were pursued and conquered by the Goths; a more warlike people, but less civilized.

Mr. Tooke then offers some violence to his nature, to bestow a little praise on the memory of Gilbert Wakefield, a brother zealot in the random doctrines of reform; and we quote it as a new method of pointing censures, &c. by omitting, and leaving for the reader's imagination, all exceptionable passages.

'It would therefore, I believe, have been in some degree useful to the learned world; if the present system of this country had not, by a

that virtuous and harmless good man, Mr. Gilbert Wakefield. For he had, shortly before his death, agreed with me to undertake, in conjunction, a division and separation of the Latin tongue into two parts: placing together in one division all that could be clearly shewn to be Greek; and in the other division, all that could be clearly shewn to be of northern extraction. And I cannot forbear mentioning to you this circumstance; not to revive your grief for the loss of a valuable man who deserved

but because, he being dead, and I speedily to follow him, you may perhaps excite and encourage some other persons more capable to execute a plan, which would be so useful to your favourite etymological amusement. I say, *you* must encourage them: for there appears no encouragement in this country at present

which swarm amongst us as numerous as our volunteers with this advantage, that none of the



former are ever rejected  
on account of their principles.

Good God! This country !———What  
cannot an at-

chieve! America, Corsica, Hanover, with all our

ancient dependents, friends and allies

And in how short a time! And the inhabitants of this little

Island (the only remaining spot)

Besieged collectively by France from

without:

in his house by swarms of

whilst his

growing rents, like the goods of an insolvent trader, are

in the hands of his

who

now suddenly find that they too have a new and additional rent, beyond their agreement, to pay to a new and unforeseen landlord.

‘F. Turn your thoughts from this subject. Get out of the way of this vast rolling mass, which might easily have been stopped at the verge of the precipice, but must now roll to the bottom. Why should it crush you unprofitably in its course?’

‘H. Ever right, Menenius. Ever, Ever.’

This quotation not only illustrates the author's manner of interweaving his politics with grammatical disquisitions, but it may serve as a model for young and future libellers, the martyrs of some new systems of political constitutions.

After six or seven pages of sarcasm, he attempts, we think in vain, a satisfactory definition of the word *patch* (p. 369,) which any oyster-woman, accustomed in her best humour to call her husband *Cross-patch*, would have defined for him.

It is but justice, however, to say, that Mr. Tooke is often very happy in his definitions, and that he renders the perusal of them tolerable, when he has no prejudices to mislead him, either literary or political. The following, we think, the best instance of his style.

‘Lowth observes that *MANY* is used “chiefly with the word *Great* before it.” I believe he was little aware of the occasion for the frequent precedence of *Great* before *Many*; little imagining that there might be—a *Few MANY*, as well as a *Great MANY*. S. Johnson had certainly no suspicion of it: for he supposes *Few* and *Many* to be opposite terms and contraries: and therefore, according to his usual method of explanation, he explains the word *Few*, by—“*Not many*.” What would have been his astonishment at the following lines? A comment of his upon the following passage, like those he has given on Shakespeare, must have been amusing.

“In nowmer war they but ane FEW MENYE,  
Bot thay war quyk and valyeant in melle.”

Douglas. booke 5. page 153.

'F. Will this method of yours assist us at all in settling the famous and long contested passage of Shakespear in the Tempest?

"These our actors  
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and  
Are melted into ayre, into *thin ayre*,  
And, like the baselesse fabricke of this vision,  
The clowd-capt towres, the gorgeous pallaces,  
The solemne temples, the great globe itselfe,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,  
And, like this insubstantial, *Pugeant* faded,  
Leaue not a RACKE behind."

*Tempest.* page 15, col. I.

'Many persons, you know, and those of no mean authority, instead of RACKE read WRECK. And Sir Thomas Hanmer reads TRACK: which Mr. Steevens says—"may be supported by the following passage in the first scene of *Timon of Athens*"—

"But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no TRACT behind."

'H. The ignorance and presumption of his commentators have shamefully disfigured Shakespear's text. The first folio, notwithstanding some few palpable misprints, requires none of their alterations. Had they understood English as well as he did, they would not have quarrell'd with his language.

'F. But if RACKE is to remain, what does it mean? P. 388.

After enumerating some errors of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone, with rather less asperity than his master, Sir Francis repeats:

'Upon the whole, What does RACK mean? And observe, you will not satisfy my question by barely suggesting a signification; but you must shew me etymologically, how the word RACK comes to have the signification which you may attribute to it.

'H. You ask no more than what should always be done by those who undertake to explain the meaning of a doubtful word. It surely is not sufficient to produce instances of its use, from whence to conjecture a meaning; though instances are fit to be produced, in order, by the use of the word, to justify its offered etymology.

'RACK is a very common word, most happily used in the *Tempest*, and ought not to be displaced because the commentators know not its meaning. If such a rule for banishing words were adopted, the commentators themselves would, most of them, become speechless.

'In *Songs and Sonets* by the Earl of Surrey and others, page 61. we read:

"When clouds be driven, then rides the RACKE."

'By this instance also we may see that RACK does not mean the course of the clouds when in motion.

"Some time we see a clowd that's dragonish,  
A VAPOUR some time, like a beare, or lyon.  
That which is now a horse, euen with a thought,  
The RACKE dislimes, and makes it indistinct  
As water is in water."

*Antony and Cleopatra.* page 362. col. 1.

'Mr. Steevens says—"The RACK dislimes, i. e. The *fleeing away of the clouds* destroys the picture."

'But the horse may be dislimed by the approach of the RACK, as well as by the *fleeing away* of the clouds: for RACK means nothing but *Vapour*; as Shakespear, in a preceding line of this passage, terms it.' p. 391.

Mr. Tooke then, in his usual method of giving importance to his opinion, subjoins numerous and tedious instances from ancient writers, and in page 395, seems to draw towards a conclusion.

'RACK means merely—That which is *Recked*. And, whether written RAK, WRAICH, RECK, REIK, ROIK, or REEKE, is the same word differently pronounced and spelled. It is merely the past tense and therefore past participle, *neac* or *pec*, of the Anglosaxon verb *neacan*, *exhalare*, *To Reck*. And is surely the most appropriate term that could be employed by Shakespear in this passage of the *Tempest*; to represent to us, that the dissolution and annihilation of the globe, and all which it inherit, should be so total and complete;—they should so "melt into ayre, into *thin ayre*;"—as not to leave behind them even a *Vapour*, a *Steam*, or an *Exhalation*, to give the slightest notice that such things had ever been.

'Since you seem to be in no haste to reply upon me, I conclude that the explanation is satisfactory. And on this subject of *Subaudition*' (Where is the *Subaudition*?) 'I will at present exercise your patience no farther, for my own begins to flag. You have now instances of my doctrine' (What doctrine? that a word used adjectively is the past tense of another word used as a verb? Is that a doctrine, which his man of straw is to take proofs of?) 'in a thousand instances' (where ten would have fully answered the end.). 'Their number may be easily increased,' (That we readily believe.) 'but, I trust, these are sufficient to discard that imagined operation of the mind, which has been termed *Abstraction*: and to prove, that what we call by that name, is merely one of the contrivances of language, for the purpose of more speedy communication.' p. 396.

When the atheists discard a Deity from the universe, or any principle analogous to intelligence, they substitute for them, chance, necessity, or the eternal laws of nature. We are far from imagining a man—nay, a clergyman, of Mr. Tooke's known orthodoxy, to have any purposes heterodox



or profane ; and we know the risk of any imputation of that nature on so sacred a character ; but we must be allowed to smile at the resemblance of the *righteous* and the *wicked*. *Abstraction*, or an effort at *abstraction*, is unquestionably an effort of what is denominated the mind. No, says Mr. Tooke —this would be poetry, and the substitution of a moral cause. ‘ It is only the *contrivance of language*.’ And what is language, that it should have the faculty of contrivance ? Is not this poetry ? Is it not substituting a moral cause ? He might as well have affirmed that algebra is not the result of reason or of the mind, but the contrivance of algebraic language to simplify and accelerate the communication of ideas.

We must trespass again on the patience of our readers, and once more defer the consideration of this important work to our next Number, when we shall take our leave of it.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. VIII.—*A Tour in Zealand in the Year 1802 ; with an Historical Sketch of the Battle of Copenhagen. By a Native of Denmark. The Second Edition. 8vo. 5s. Baldwin. 1805.*

THERE exists among the continental nations a marked fondness for imitating whatever is English. It was for the purpose of combating this ruling ANGLOMANIA in the minds of his countrymen, that M. Fievée, who now enjoys a place of trust under the French government, came over during the truce which succeeded the treaty of Amiens, and on his return published his ‘ Letters on England,’ a work as full of misrepresentations or falsehoods, as ever issued from the pen of the most superficial observer, or the most audacious contemner of truth. The author of the present work, a native of Denmark, seems to be infected with the same partiality ; for having had occasion to take a journey of business or pleasure, to the distance of a few miles from Copenhagen, and understanding that in this country it is not easy for any one to travel from London to York or Canterbury without laying an account of his excursion before the world, he was induced by the above motive, by the thirst of fame, or by desire of money, to follow the example of Englishmen. But recollecting that his placid countrymen had too much phlegm or too much sense to be entrapped into the purchase of a work which promised so ill to reward their liberality, he took his passage from Tonningen, and put his manuscript into the hands of a London printer.

It is our duty to premise, that the correctness of the style and language with which this volume is written, does the greatest credit to the author, and, we hope, will encourage other foreigners to the study of the English language. He assures us that he has only been two years in this country.

The English reader, who has probably but an imperfect acquaintance with the geography of Scandinavia, will be apt to expect in the present work, an account of the principal productions of nature, and the most curious works of art, (if indeed there be any works of art in Denmark, except the great drinking-horn at Copenhagen, described by Guthrie many years ago) he will look for information on the natural history and the government of the Danish dominions, together with observations, at least as profound as are usually met with in books of a similar description, on the manners and customs of their inhabitants. Such expectations will be damped when he hears, that this 'Tour in Zealand' was performed on foot in the space of somewhat less than a fortnight, and that the limit of our author's excursion did not extend to more than thirty miles from the city whence he set out. Any person therefore who should take a walk from London to Gravesend, and give an account of whatever happened to meet his eye in the villages through which he passed, would possess a store of materials calculated to fill a volume but more important similar than the present, inasmuch as the neighbourhood of the British metropolis doubtless furnishes a greater variety of erratic musicians, dancing bears, and puppet-shows, than the vicinity of the capital of Denmark. Our English tourist would commence his work with an account of the obelisk in St. George's fields; he would then turn out of his way to amuse his readers with a description of the motley groupe of Sunday company, at the gardens of the Dog and Duck; he would copy epitaphs from the church-yards of Newington or Deptford; and if fortune had ordained that his journey should take place in Easter-week, the whimsical sports of Greenwich hill would give an interesting diversity to his narrative. Of precisely similar places and things, the pages before us contain a full, and, we doubt not, a true account. But as a candid critic never withholds praise where praise is due, so must we return our thanks to this author for not filling a larger volume with his descriptions, for not making more copious extracts from the books enumerated in his preface, and for not extending to a greater length the speculations and reflections to which his own understanding has given birth. Happily for reviewers and for literature, the iron age of folios is past; the present, which

is an æra of quartos, may fairly be called the brazen age of learning; and grateful must the public be to the man who brings us to the days of Silver, and confines his lucubrations within the limits of a modest octavo.

Let it not, however, be hastily imagined that we have derived no gratification from the perusal of this work. The very first page is calculated to excite pleasing emotions in the breast of the philanthropist. It contains an account of the monument erected in the vicinity of Copenhagen, to commemorate the emancipation of the Danish peasantry. Humanity rejoices in the contemplation of an act which reflects the highest honour on the head and heart that planned and executed it; which demonstrates the progress of civilization, the expansion of the human intellect, the increase of social happiness, and the extension of real liberty—of liberty founded on the principles of moderation, justice, and reason.

‘We set off in the month of June, by the Western gate, close without which a glorious monument stands on the high road, in commemoration of the emancipation of the peasants.

‘Four figures of white marble, emblematical of peace, plenty, content, and industry, occupy the corners of the pedestal; from the center of which rises a beautiful pyramid. On one square of the base is written, “*For Christian den syvende de Danskes og Norskes Konge af eenige og taknemmelige Borgere.*” \* And on the other, “*Grundsteen en blev lagtaf Frederik Kongens Son, Folkets Ven. 1792.*” † The body of the pyramid contains two inscriptions, purporting, that the king considered liberty, rationally exercised, as an incentive to virtue,—a promoter of happiness, and a stimulus to loyalty and patriotism.

‘Such a monument cannot but gratify the feelings of every beholder. The affluent, who commiserated the former sufferings of the rustics, rejoice at this triumph of humanity; while the peasantry contemplate it with enthusiasm, as descriptive of their rescue from slavery, and their elevation to that rank of society, which is the prerogative of human beings. Even the stranger is interested: On viewing it, he conceives a favourable opinion of the government which studies to give happiness to those, whose ancestry, by resigning their rights and privileges to the crown, established the basis of its independence.” p. 1.

The concluding sentence of the above extract naturally

\* “To Christian the Seventh, King of the Danes and Norwegians, from united and grateful citizens.”

† “The foundation stone was laid by Frederick, son of the king, the friend of the people. 1794.”



brings to the mind of the philosopher and politician one of the most singular events in history, that of the Danish people formally and voluntarily resigning their rights and privileges into the hands of the sovereign, which took place in the middle of the seventeenth century.

True it is, that power and superiority are so flattering and delightful that, fraught with temptation and exposed to dangers as they are, scarcely any virtue is so cautious, or any prudence so timorous, as to be sufficiently on its guard against their seductive influence. History furnishes but few examples of men who possessing the power to be tyrants, have wanted the will. Highly therefore does it redound to the honour of the sovereigns of Denmark, that the confidence reposed in them by their subjects has not been belied; that in few, if any instances, it has been exerted otherwise than for the welfare of the people, and that fortune has once seen her golden cup tasted without inebriation. The mild spirit of the Danish laws in all the ramifications of their influence, is the first object which strikes the observing traveller, and the government of Denmark, however inferior in constitution, will, in its administration, yield to none in Europe.

One great inducement with the writer to give the present production to the public, seems to have been a laudable desire to remove the unjust and unfavourable notions which foreigners are apt to entertain of his countrymen. The foundation of these false ideas he attributes to the Germans, against whom he loses no opportunity of dealing out the effusions of his spleen. 'It seems to have been the peculiar province of German travellers,' says he, 'to augment their bulky volumes of incomprehensible falsehood, with visionary details on the state of Denmark. Naturally phlegmatic, their splenetic minds and jaundiced eyes distort or discolour every object they encounter; and their chaotic brains give an hideous aspect to the prospect that surrounds them.' Scarcely a page either of the preface or text is free from similar invective or innuendo. He congratulates his country that the system of enlisting Germans into their service is done away, and rejoices that with the abolition of German recruits, German habits, or, to use his own expression, 'the habits of these vagabonds,' are also done away, and that military discipline is enforced by reward instead of punishment. 'It is no longer necessary,' he observes, 'to make men soldiers by flogging them, and having no Germans to run away, desertion, formerly so frequent, is now little known.' Whence arises this hostility between the Germans and Danes, we cannot say, nor does our author hazard any conjectures.

Of Danish taste, the reader may form some estimate from a passage (page 67), which informs us that a nobleman, Count Schimmelmann, has erected a monument to the memory of his wife in the neighbourhood of a certain spring, of which, that it might be a symbol of his excessive grief, he has caused the water to spout from an eye, on which occasion the spring is vulgarly called 'The Weeping Eye.' Our author thinks this an interesting spot.

The concluding sentences of this Tour are, like the opening ones, calculated to interest the feelings of humanity.

'Just as we were passing the most remarkable field about Copenhagen, I begged him to accompany me a few paces out of the way, that I might shew him something worthy his observation. Immediately on the shore stands a small stone with this inscription; *Justitz Stedet*,\* the sight of which cannot fail to excite agreeable sensations, when we consider how seldom it is frequented. The last execution took place in the year 1797. I shall not turn casuist on this occasion; whatever the cause—effects combine to render this stone an honorable monument of the national character.

'*May the laws of our country have no occasion to disturb the grass which shades this spot!*'

No consideration is more important, whether taken in a political and religious point of view, or with reference to our private feelings, than the execution of criminals. It comes home to every man. The politician reflects how far the lives thus wantonly destroyed, might have been rendered serviceable to society; the divine considers in what cases, and in what cases only, the immutable law of God authorizes us to take away existence; and on the days when the prisons of this metropolis are emptied into the grave, let every spectator of the legal massacre, as is reported of the learned and pious Boerhaave, put this question to his own heart, 'Are these men less culpable than I am?'

By way of supplement the author has subjoined an historical account of the battle of Copenhagen, which he observes has not hitherto been impartially described. That splendid victory adds such an inestimable jewel to the glory of England, that no one will be disposed to quarrel with him for this addition. The day of Copenhagen, though unsuccessful, was glorious to Denmark, and the high praises of our late lamented hero, bore honourable testimony to Danish valour. We are happy therefore to meet with the particulars of that va-

---

\* Place of Justice.

lour in an enemy, narrated in a simple and candid manner, and the hope of our author will, we are convinced, be fulfilled, 'that his account will be acceptable to both nations, which have been reciprocally raised in the estimation of each other.' But while we are ready to allow all due praise to our foes, we cannot help remarking that our author's patriotism leads him on this occasion, and indeed throughout his work, to use somewhat hyperbolical expressions, when celebrating the valour, and more particularly the naval intrepidity of his countrymen. On one occasion even, the feeble ray of the star of Denmark, is boldly put in apposition with the meridian splendor of the sun of Britain. A captain of a Danish frigate is exalted to the honours of heroism, for having driven off a Tripolitan corsair; a lieutenant is crowned with glory for fighting a drawn battle with a privateer; and no inconsiderable honour is allotted to the gallant crew of a frigate for weathering a storm in the bay of Naples. The writer anticipates the glory of the midshipmen of the academy of Copenhagen; and a parcel of school-boys are, by the magnifying powers of his optic, already transformed into present heroes. (p. 57.) But the poets inform us that the love of our country is superior to reason, and a favourite hobby-horse must be permitted to every writer and every man. By way of apology, however, for our *perciplage*, we will gratify our author\* by quoting from his work an instance of disinterested heroism, which has been rarely equalled in any nation, and which is worthy of the best days of the Roman republic. It took place in the year 1710, in an engagement between the Danish and Swedish fleets.

'During the engagement one of our line of battle ships—the Danbrog, took fire, nor could all our efforts to extinguish the flames avail. Captain Hvittfeldt saw one ray of hope which seemed to promise safety to himself and his crew; it was to cut his cables and drive ashore; there was, however, danger to be apprehended if the wind should change, in which case she would be drifted among our own fleet, and thus endanger both shipping and town. Of two evils, Hvittfeldt chose the least. He gave positive orders that the cables should not be cut: then sent his officers among the crew, briefly to explain to them, that their fate either way would be inevitable; and at the same time to ask them, if it would not be more glorious to pursue the destruction of their enemy while the Danbrog existed, than, by a vain attempt to save themselves, endanger thousands of their countrymen?

---

\* This truly patriotic writer is determined to accomplish his favourite point. He informs us that he is about to publish a work from the Danish, entitled 'The great and good Deeds of Danes, Norwegians, and Holsteinians.'



The sailors approved the opinion of their gallant captain by their cordial cheers. Hvitfeldt then sent six men on board the admiral to inform him of their determination, and to bid their country farewell. In a few minutes the flames reaching the magazine—explosion followed, and all on board mounted to the skies.

But our author is not content that his countrymen should perform illustrious actions; the Muses of Denmark are put in requisition to record them.

‘ Captains and poets  
Shall, with their Bilboa blade and grey-goose quill,  
Conspire to honour me.’

Accordingly Messrs. Bruun and Thaarup, Rahbek and Hagerup, names, which should seem to be as unconsonant with the Muses as they are unknown to fame, are represented as embalming the exploits of their compatriots in imperishable numbers, and depositing them in the temple of immortality.

The reader is dismissed with an account of the beneficial effects that have accrued to Denmark from the above memorable conflict; these, however, may not at first sight be quite so obvious to an English reader. Faithful to his antipathy or resentment, he estimates, among the first of these advantages, the expulsion of Germans from the service, which immediately took place when the natives had so well proved themselves both capable and disposed to protect their country. Another good consequence was, the institution of a patriotic fund, which, in 1802, had accumulated to upwards of 50,000*l.* sterling, and the interest of which is applicable to the maintenance, relief and education of individual sufferers, or of those who had lost, or may hereafter lose, their husbands, children, or other relations in battle. But the most important benefit is the improvement which has taken place in the navy, and which, according to the present statement, (p. 52.) is very considerable. The number of midshipmen also in the Royal Naval Academy was increased from 60 to 120; and various batteries were built, and others projected, which will render the metropolis impregnable, in the opinion of our author, who asserts that ‘ the 2d of April, 1801, surpassed the uninterrupted calm of an eighty years peace, in yielding substantial benefits to Denmark.’ He forgets, however, one material advantage, viz. that the above battle produced a peace which prevented the bombardment of Copenhagen, induced the Northern states to consult their real interest, laid open the delusions of French influence, and dissolved the coalition which had been set on foot by the madness of Paul I.

What part Denmark may be eventually disposed or compelled

to take in the contests which will probably agitate Europe for many years, it is impossible to determine. She is not a substantive power, and her motives must ever be influenced in a great degree by those of her more potent neighbours. Such is the uncertainty of the present state of things, and such the precarious situation of Europe, that the best grounded speculations seem to be made only to be defeated. We shall not, however, close this article without expressing our pleasing sense of the author's loyalty to his late sovereign, the Prince Royal of Denmark, whose virtues and wisdom claimed the highest regard. Nor is any thing more delightful than to contemplate the devotion of a grateful and happy people to the prince to whom they looked up as their friend and protector, and whose loss must be as sincerely lamented as it is irreparable.

‘The Prince married Maria daughter of Prince Charles, Stadtholder of Holstein. Several children were the fruit of their union, of whom, the Princess Carolina is the only survivor. She is about ten years old, but excluded from inheriting the crown by the laws of Denmark, which confine the succession to heirs male. This has several times afforded the people grounds to evince their affection to the prince, by expressing their heartfelt regret, that the throne of Denmark was not likely to be filled by his immediate descendant; but it was never more cordially manifested than on the 13th of February 1802.

‘In the morning of that day the cannon announced the delivery of the Princess. The people anxiously listened for a second, and third discharge,\* but their wishes were disappointed, and a certain gloom clouded every face in the city. Notwithstanding which, when night approached, all sacrificed their personal feelings. The city was illuminated, and the hut emulated the palace in testimony of unfeigned loyalty and joy.

‘When the Princess was sufficiently recovered to go abroad, she visited the theatre. The streets through which the Royal family had to pass, were brilliantly embellished with devices, and otherwise disposed to give eclat to the occasion.

‘On the Royal personages entering their box, they were, quite contrary to custom, greeted with the enthusiastic acclamations of the audience; and at their departure from the theatre, the populace, amid thundering huzzas, surrounded the royal party with such eagerness and impetuosity, that the guards were compelled to recede and suffer them to follow the carriage.

‘This circumstance recalls to my mind the reply of Frederick the Fourth to the French Ambassador, when the latter expressed his surprise, that his Majesty should live at his country seat without guards. “I am always safe in the arms of my people,” replied the King.

‘But the sense of the nation cannot be conveyed in stronger language, than by relating the following anecdote: “A gardener in

---

\* On the birth of a prince the guns fire three times.

Norway, having injured his private fortune through his zeal to promote the interests of horticulture in that country, died, leaving his family without any other means of support than their claim on the gratitude and justice of the public, in whose welfare he had sacrificed his all.

‘ Their case was made known, and their distress was relieved. Among others, one gentleman particularly distinguished himself; he sent 50 dollars to the poor family in a letter concluding with these words, “ *Let us all hope, the approaching delivery of the Princess Royal may bless this country with another Christian the Fourth.*” This elegant, impressive note, fully described the feelings of the people towards their present good and gallant prince, and formed a pleasing union of humanity and loyalty.’

No stronger proof can be desired of the conviction of his subjects that the object of their confidence and attachment discharged the highest duty of monarchs, in making their happiness his principal aim and study. Since this article was written, the hand of death has snatched him from his weeping country: vain therefore are the wishes we had expressed, that he might be able to steer his bark securely amid the rocks and shoals which now beset the ocean of politics, that he might continue to deserve the affection of his people, and hold out to the kings of the earth a bright example of real glory. ‘ *Quid enim est gloria? Est illustris et pervagata multorum magnorumque, aut in suos, aut in patriam, aut in omne genus hominum, fama meritorum.*’—Cic.

ART. IX.—*Researches into the Properties of Spring Water,*  
&c. Johnson. 1803.

ART. X.—*A Medical and Experimental Inquiry into the Origin, Symptoms, and Cure of Constitutional Diseases,*  
&c. By William Lambe, M. D. Fellow of the College of Physicians. 8vo. 7s. Mawman. 1805.

AS both these works pursue the same route of inquiry, and as the former has remained hitherto unnoticed in the Critical Review, we shall now couple them together. Dr. Lambe’s Analysis of Leamington Springs was noticed some time ago in this journal.

Since the discovery of the composition of water by Mr. Cavendish, and the confirmation of the truth of this doctrine by the French chemists, pure water, though not a simple and uncompound element, may be considered as a principle, *sui generis*, admitting of no variation in quality from the proportions or the method of admixture of its constituent ingredients. But as it comes to us from the great laboratory of



nature, whether from the clouds, where it mingles with the volatilized exhalations of decomposed terrestrial matter ; or from the fountain, which pours it out, after having passed over the different strata of which the surface of our globe is composed ; it is generally contaminated, bringing along with it some particles of heterogeneous matter, which are dissolved or suspended in it. The commixture, solution or suspension of these heterogeneous substances, occasions that great variety of waters which is to be found in all countries and climates, and that amazing diversity of operation which is undergone by all animated bodies from their use. Thus some waters are noxious to man and to animals, from the impregnation of poisonous minerals ; whilst others, by a more salutary impregnation, are the means of alleviating and of curing their diseases. Thus also some waters, either from accidental admixture, or greater purity, are useful in arts and manufactures, and help to add embellishment and comfort to life.

As a subject in which the continuation of their existence was immediately involved, water, from the first, must have engaged the anxious attention of mankind. If not the instrument of nutrition itself, it is the instrument by which aliment is conveyed into all organised and living matter, in which it is dissolved, and through which it is immediately applied to the vital powers. In the early stages of civilization, and in climates where water was scarce, a fountain or a river was necessarily chosen as the seat of a colony.

As a subject of medical research, it could not be long before water engaged the attention too of the enquiring part of mankind. It would be soon observed, that health was materially affected by the choice of waters, that some produced giddiness, that others occasioned purging, and that the strong smell of others rendered them at least fit subjects of trial as medicines. The Father of physic in the tract *περι Αερων, Υδατων, Τοπων*, has given rules for the choice of waters chiefly looking to the situation from which they proceed. He has, however, laid down some few rules for the choice of them, looking at their contents and their obvious qualities: vid. CX. &c. Pliny is more explicit as to the effect of certain waters, some of which he says intoxicate ; but though the physician might watch the effects, and by experience calculate the operation of particular waters—yet was there no rule on which to ground a philosophical notice of the causes which operated, till chemistry began to lay open the wonders of nature. As a subject of chemical research, water had scarcely been noticed before the days of our celebrated countryman Robert Boyle, who discovered

several precipitants, and proposed many methods of examining the contents of waters. Hoffmann had, with his usual diligence and sagacity, written on mineral waters. Short had laboured through a thick quarto, to inform his readers of the nature of warm waters and purging waters, and chalybeate waters, and had perplexed himself about vitriol, and alum, and nitre. But it was not possible that the composition of impregnated waters could be examined with any degree of precision, whilst the gaseous contents were unknown; and consequently no great progress was made in this branch of science till the discovery of the composition of magnesia by Dr. Black. This discovery, which forms an æra in chemical science, prepared the way for those great improvements in the investigation of the contents of waters, which enabled the illustrious Bergman to embody their chemical analysis, within the legitimate rules of scientific inquiry. The knowledge of the composition of water, and the progressive improvements in chemistry, have still further advanced this most important branch of science; and in the works before us, we have to examine the truth of a discovery of infinite importance to society, and which has resulted from the deductions of some of the wisest applications of chemical art: whether, as is asserted in the *Researches into the Properties of Spring Water*, bread, dissolved in very minute quantities in water, and not discoverable by the usual chemical tests, becomes slowly the occasion of many painful and lingering diseases: or, as is asserted in the *Medical and Experimental Enquiry*, whether water does not commonly contain a septic poison, which, received into the stomach, and absorbed into the system, contaminates it, and lays a foundation for some of the most serious constitutional diseases, particularly scrophula, gout, cancer, and consumption.

Dr. Short, who seems not to have spared those of his contemporaries who disagreed with him in their opinions, and whom we may suppose to have been honest in his sentiments, as he is blunt and unreserved in communicating them, says, 'I know it has been a common thing both with naturalists and physicians to impregnate mineral waters with imaginary, not real principles, and they have scarce left a metal, mineral, or fossil, which some spring or other shall not contain: hence are they in continual fear about their effects, and in the utmost uncertainty about their uses and hurtful consequences, when, in truth, it is their own fruitful fancy, not nature, that impregnates them with poisons.' Short, on *Mineral Waters*, Pref p. 11, 12.

From the analysis we shall now give of Dr. Lambe's two works, let the reader judge, whether or no *his* imagination has been so impregnated, or whether we are not indebted to him for the means of discovering a subtle poison, which gradually undermines the comforts and the prospects of life, whilst we receive it, without suspicion, as the most innocent vehicle of nourishment.

1. The Researches into the Properties of Spring Water are divided into three parts ;

In the first, the author assumes the solvent power which he attributes to water, as an acknowledged fact ; relying only on a single proof of the truth of the assertion ; viz. that he has extracted and reduced a globule of the metal from a portion of suspected water. This part of the work is occupied by some general considerations on the subject of water ; and an inquiry into the symptoms which may be attributed to the action of this poison, when habitually introduced in the very minute quantities which common water is capable of dissolving. The second part contains a variety of cases to illustrate the general doctrine, and to point out more distinctly and fully the nature of the symptoms ascribed to this poison. In the third part are recited the chemical experiments by which it is proved that common water is a true solvent of lead, and thus becomes deleterious to the human frame. By *common water*, the author always understands, water in the condition in which it is applied to domestic uses, as contra-distinguished from pure or distilled water.

Several writers of eminence, Sir Geo. Baker, Dr. Heberden, Dr. Percival, and others, have already paid considerable attention to the point in question ; being fully aware of the dreadful mischiefs often arising from the slow and unsuspected introduction of saturnine poison. But these writers, finding that the volatile liver of sulphur (sulphuret of ammonia,) the most delicate test which was employed in their times, when added to water which had been long kept in contact with lead, does not in the least discolour the fluid, they concluded that none of the metal was dissolved, and that the fears and suspicions of the antient physicians were without foundation. Though he acknowledges the correctness of these experiments, the present author denies the justness of the conclusion. From observing the phenomena which take place, by keeping a piece of lead in common water, he became convinced that a portion of the metal is really dissolved by the fluid. For in this case, after ten or twelve days, a crystalline matter began to be deposited on the glass at the surface of the water ; and



the water itself became gradually covered with a pellicle. This pellicle was examined, and found to contain some lead; the metal must therefore have been held in solution by the water, from which the pellicle had been separated.

There must therefore exist in water some matter which, by its union with the metal, prevents its detection by the usual chemical re-agents; and to discover it, recourse must be had to other processes. These are precipitating the water, and fusing the precipitate with an alkali. By this simple operation, a globule of metal was reduced. It may also be rendered evident to the action of sulphurated hydrogen gas, by other processes; but for these, and the other chemical experiments connected with the subject, we must refer to the work itself.

What then are the symptoms of disease which may be expected from the use of water so contaminated? Those which will first occur to the mind are the well-known train of evils attending the saturnine colic. Dr. Lambe has observed instances of this disease, and believes them to be far from rare occurrences; and he cites the opinion of the observant Herberden, (p. 36) in confirmation of his own. But chronic pains of the bowels, not of so great severity as to be esteemed genuine instances of saturnine colic, he believes to be much more common. On this subject he lays down some practical rules for discriminating these pains from those arising from common causes.

‘To remove obstruction and resolve inflammation are the chief indications in most of the ordinary diseases of the bowels, and by pursuing these with sufficient steadiness, considerable advantage is frequently gained. But the operation of lead upon the system is powerfully sedative and debilitating, and directly adverse to exuberant action. Hence in the most acute form of the saturnine disease, opium (which is strongly stimulant on the arterial system) is administered with safety and advantage, in quantities much larger than can be borne in most other diseases; bleeding, which is imperiously requisite in inflammations of the intestines, is here rarely admissible; and cathartic medicines are useful only so far as they support or excite intestinal action, and remove or prevent unnatural and morbid accumulations. The pains of which I am now treating, participate in the nature of those of the proper saturnine colic, or to speak more justly, are the very same, except in degree; and they are still more adverse to strong and repeated evacuations, from the exhaustion of the vital powers produced by the previous slow, silent, and unheeded operation of the poison on the constitution. Opiates united to laxative medicines, cordials and tonics, may be frequently admissible and necessary, which in common bowel complaints would be more detrimental than useful; whilst the remedies which

are often serviceable in the latter diseases, will produce little or no benefit in the saturnine pains. The small relief obtained by common modes of treatment, or even the injurious tendency of them, if pushed too far, are circumstances which may give an attentive observer an insight into the nature of these pains, and excite his suspicions of their cause, if he were previously uninformed of it.' P. 39, &c.

But though the bowels are not particularly affected, it is difficult to conceive that the perpetual introduction of a deleterious poison can be unattended with pernicious consequences. The information, however, to be gained on this subject from medical writers is very scanty and imperfect. It is commonly acknowledged as one of the parents of chronic and lingering diseases; it has been supposed to operate as a slow poison; and it has even been asserted to have been made subservient, in some countries, to such nefarious purposes. But as the genuine and peculiar symptoms of such diseases have not been hitherto described, they can be discovered only by a careful and original observation. Dr. L's. experience has not enabled him to point out any precise diagnostic symptom, or train of symptoms, by which saturnine diseases may be certainly distinguished. Still there have been found some very strong points of resemblance in the cases which have occurred: insomuch that the author regards it as by no means difficult to detect the operation of the poison, and in consequence to cut off the source of mischief.

But notwithstanding that in very numerous examples the deleterious quality of water, which has been tainted by the tubes through which it has been conducted, or the cistern in which it has been kept, is sufficiently obvious, it is allowed that the great majority of those who use them receive no injury so sensible and well marked as to be referred with certainty to the poison of lead as its specific cause. This apparent salubrity is ascribed to the great slowness of its operation, and the very minute quantities of the metal which are taken up; so that in most cases, it rather co-operates with other morbid causes than produces any distinct and peculiar disease, and is to be esteemed a depressing and sedative power, which is in constant action, but of which it is not very easy justly to appreciate the effects.

Such are the sentiments of the writer on the particular object of these Researches. They are illustrated by a variety of cases, the greater part of them original. One we are pleased to see sanctioned by the name and the authority of the venerable Sir George Baker, whose labours in this department of medical science are so much esteemed.

The more common and general affections which are attributed to water contaminated by lead, are pains of the stomach; these are often referred to the sternum, and very commonly they seem fixed between the shoulder-blades; in females the abdomen is apt to swell, and it becomes permanently distended, as in tympanitis; the digestive powers are destroyed; there is a general laxity of all the muscular fibres; the body becomes emaciated; the heart is affected with irregular palpitations, which are quite distinct from the palpitation excited by organic disease; the respiration is contracted and often asthmatic; the voice feeble; the complexion sallow and cadaverous. These subjects are rarely feverish; their pulse is commonly slow and feeble, and if any fever accompanies their disorders, it is low and obscure. Saturnine colic and subsequent palsy have been observed, but they must be deemed rare occurrences.

All the cases related do not appear to us of equal weight, or equally adapted to prove the point intended to be established. But it is at the same time fair to observe, that in one or two instances, the hypothesis is proposed rather as a reasonable conjecture than advanced as an established truth. We select the following cases in which the symptoms were somewhat uncommon.

‘Cases VII. and VIII. In the spring of the same year, (1801) two of the children of this family, the elder about seven, the younger five years old, were attacked about the same time with a disorder in the respiration, exactly similar in each. The elder happened to be removed very soon to another house, and the disease quickly disappeared. But it continued to affect the other several months. The respiration was performed with a croaking sound, like a slight degree of the croup, and as if the passage of the air through the glottis was obstructed. At times the action of the heart appeared to be very irregular; but from so young a subject, a distinct account of his feelings could not be expected. The countenance was pale, and the health and strength a good deal impaired. Repeated emetics were administered, and many medicines tried, but without giving any effectual relief. At length he removed with his father to the west of England, where the disorder wore off, without the aid of medicine, in no great length of time. But though he has been without complaint for more than a twelvemonth, his countenance did not acquire the appearance of health till the close of 1802.

‘It is very observable, that this child, during the course of the disease I have described, was also afflicted with ophthalmia in each eye. The inflammation was of that indolent species which would have been termed *scrofulous*. This resisted likewise all the usual



applications, but it disappeared with his other complaints, and has not recurred.'

That lead may be dissolved in common water, but in such a form of combination as not to be discoverable by the usual chemical tests, Dr. Lambe has demonstrated ; for he procured a globule of lead from water, on which these tests had been tried : that water so impregnated may be the source of saturnine diseases, and of some of those anomalous disorders which affect weakly people, is certainly very probable from some of the cases which he has adduced. But we cannot but consider, that when the mind has laboured hard or long in the investigation of any subject, it perhaps is not in the nature of things but that it should receive some bias towards its own favourite system. Thus the purity of truth is corrupted by preconceived opinions, facts are twisted into a constrained agreement with these opinions, vague resemblances are enlisted as decisive arguments, and a system is built up corresponding chiefly with the prejudices or the fancy of the author. We do not say that this is the case with Dr. Lambe's hypothesis, which is supported by very decisive chemical analyses, and by some striking and probable instances. We wish however to warn this learned physician, against pushing his favourite hypothesis too far. In some of his instances he has certainly done this, to the disadvantage of his book. His system in itself is of sufficient importance to interest every philosophical enquirer ; he has supported it ably, and we would recommend him to mature it, by patient and persevering industry, rather than by any forced constructions, to attempt to break into the secrets of nature, with violence and precipitation.

*(To be continued.)*

ART. XI.—*Elements of Self-Knowledge, intended to lead Youth to an early Acquaintance with the Nature of Man by an Anatomical Sketch of the Human Frame, a concise View of the Mental Faculties, and an Enquiry into the Genuine Nature of the Passions. Compiled, arranged, and partly written by R. C. Dallas, Esq. Second Edition. Octavo. pp. 368. Crosby. 1806.*

MR. DALLAS, the compiler, arranger, and author of this volume, is a very terrible personage. Our unfortunate friends, the British Critics, have fallen under his displeasure, and they are exhorted or commanded to discharge from their

service the impudent writer who has ventured with profane hand to arraign the chastity of this jumble of the sciences. We verily tremble with apprehension as we approach the den of the lion, bestrewed with the spoils of our brethren, and know not whether we can assume courage to enter into its recesses, though tempted by the promised beauties of the structure. But we must leave our fellow-labourers in the divine art of criticism to defend their own errors, if they have committed any, and proceed ourselves to the task of investigation, dangerous as it may be.

This work, then, consists of three parts, of which the first regards the anatomy of the human body ; the second contains a view of the mental faculties ; and the third, an enquiry into the passions and their deviations, as Mr. Dallas calls them. The object of the publication is to give women, children, and other ignorant people, some knowledge of *themselves*, and we are therefore entitled to demand of it to be concise, perspicuous, accurate, and delicate. If it turns out to have these properties, we promise Mr. Dallas to commend his performance, even if nobody else should have that goodness.

At the beginning, Mr. Dallas, quoting a celebrated author, defines man to be an animal endowed with reason ; though a little further on he seems to be of opinion, that our species is sufficiently distinguished from the brutes by the passion of love, of which the latter know nothing. We are far from questioning the ingenuity or truth of this, or indeed of any of Mr. Dallas's remarks ; we are duly sensible of the danger of that procedure. But we can assure that gentleman that his observation is not original, for we were favoured many years ago with the perusal of a work on the nature of the human mind, of which the introductory sentence was, 'man is superior to the other beasts inasmuch as he loveth woman.' It is clear that Mr. Dallas has been very uncandid in this instance, in not referring to his authority.

Having, at length, fairly settled what a man is, with nearly the same success as the Grecian philosopher, who defined him to be a two-legged unfeathered animal, and had a plucked hen sent him for his pains, with a request to know if that was a man ; we next come to the corporeal frame, which we are informed is 'a collection of vessels disposed to form certain parts of different figures for different uses.' We dare not start any exceptions to this as a definition, though really we almost had imagined that some allusion was meant to the water pipes of the New River Company, which we erroneously thought at first sight to be a collection of vessels (i. e. pipes, as Mr. Dallas also understands by the word)

so disposed as to form certain parts of different figures, (as great and small pipes in all shapes and combinations,) for different uses (as kitchen cisterns, water-closets, &c.) We confess, we are no great anatomists, but did not know before that *all* the body consisted of vessels : we must treasure the remark ; we may not meet it again. Muscular fibres and nerves are accordingly stated as *wholly* consisting of minute blood-vessels.

Mr. Dallas is very successful in giving a view of the causes of the various parts of our frame. From this he proceeds to the brain, to which he only allows two membranes, though three are usually enumerated. We really forgot our critical gravity for a moment, at Mr. Dallas's whimsical account of the origin of the names of these coverings, one of which, the pia mater, he says is so called, because it folds the brain as a good mother folds her child : the other, the dura mater, we presume, is a kind of a step-mother, no better than she should be, and the cause of great vexation to our unfortunate sensoriums. The anatomy of the organs of sense is afterwards explained, neither very luminously nor always accurately, but probably sufficiently so for general readers : though whatever is learned even by the *veriest* tyro, or person who views the body of man merely as a philosophical curiosity, ought unquestionably to be accurate in the minutest particulars stated. Completeness may sometimes be dispensed with, but accuracy never. Proceeding in his plan, Mr. Dallas describes various parts of the body with laudable propriety, and informs us that new-born children have always milk in their breasts, and that grown men may themselves occasionally give suck when excited to do so by a vehement desire. Thus milk, it seems, is a more common commodity than the vulgar imagine, and Virgil had greater reason than the learned have credited, to talk of milking the he-goats twice in an hour. The subject of the organs of speech is elucidated in a pithy sentence, ' the lungs furnish air out of which the voice is formed ; and the mouth, when the voice is formed, serves to publish it abroad,' as the song goes, abroad or at home, or alone in a crowd. However, this publication is not made after the fashion of a newsman's horn, but the sounds are modified into articulation, as is very sensibly explained by Mr. Dallas. A conglomerate gland is here affirmed to be composed of a number of conglobate glands, the use of which is not known, but by some mystery the use of the compound is. Upon the whole, the compendium of anatomy is not without its merits ; if it does not rise to the top, it is also far removed from the bottom of the scale of



excellence. It is certainly concise, it is often accurate, it is generally perspicuous, and it is always as chaste as anatomy can be rendered.

In the second division of his work, Mr. Dallas treats of the faculties of the mind, which he anatomises in an effectual manner into seventeen divisions. We have always regarded this method of proceeding as little calculated to explain the nature of the human mind, and the learner commonly retires from the study of the subject with very false notions. By an extension of the same plan, fifty or five hundred faculties might be discovered, and add yet further to the perplexity of the student; the mind is a whole, and can never be justly considered while it is frittered down into numerous and insignificant distinctions. Instead of giving a formidable list of faculties, we should have greatly preferred the plan of commencing by an explanation of the nature of ideas, as excited by external objects; of the power of the mind to recall, to associate and to compare them. After the great progress made by philosophers in the science of the mind, we could have expected something better even in this elementary work, though we are ready to allow that it is more defective than erroneous. As our readers may feel some difficulty in dissecting the mind of man with the expertness of Mr. Dallas, we subjoin a list of the various faculties which he has enumerated,

#### THE FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

Perception	Discernment or intention	Will
Attention	The power of abstracting	Design
Retention or Memory	The power of compounding	Foresight
Recollection	Reasoning	Liberty
Imagination	Judgment	Conscience
The power of comparing	Invention	

In following this plan, Mr. Dallas has been careful not to adopt any of the principles of the new schools, and has adhered with pertinacious fidelity to the practice of his ancestors. This part of the work before us, concludes with a very distinct view of the arguments which tend to prove the immortality of the soul, as far as that can be done by natural religion.

In his last division, Mr. Dallas proceeds to the consideration of the passions. He adopts the theory that all these affections are in themselves good and useful, and that there are no bad passions but what can be fairly referred to the excess of good ones. Thus revenge and rage are the excess of anger, envy of ambition, and despair, of sorrow. All bad

dispositions of the mind therefore are called deviations from the good, according to this writer. His account of the passions is upon the whole very respectable, though we do not profess to subscribe to every article of Mr. Dallas's creed. Under the head of revenge, some dark hints are thrown out respecting the nature and origin of evil, and it is gravely asserted, that 'however mysterious the cause, it is evident that human nature has received a hurt;' for which the best reason assigned is, that we may lay it down as a rule, that whatever is not lovely is not natural: in this argument the *petitio principii* is too plain to require to be pointed out. It is certainly very good ladies' doctrine however, as these fair companions of men have always adored the lovely.

Mr. Dallas is very happy in his definitions and illustrations of the various passions, which he distinguishes from each other with minute care; as for example, moroseness we learn, is a habit of being angry, less active than its brother sullenness, which 'is apt to growl a little more.' 'Futile curiosity,' says our author, 'is a deplorable imbecility of the heart, you shall see gossips *thrusting their noses into every* filthy corner to see what is lying there, merely for the pleasure of imparting the important discovery to a neighbour gossip.'

We cannot dwell on every branch of Mr. Dallas's arrangement. We therefore proceed to a subject on which he is very copious, the delightful topic of love. Be it known then to all whom it may concern, more especially to dying swains and tender-hearted damsels, now melting under the quick approaches of spring, that this love is 'that noble, genial, and warm affection of the mind, excited by amiable objects, that while it exalts the soul, communicates inexpressible delight to every part of the human frame.' This definition cannot fail to prove of the greatest utility to all those distressed personages who know not the certain marks of the tender passion, but who hereafter will be sure to have it always at their finger ends. With regard to sudden *falling in love*, Mr. Dallas will not allow of the existence of that folly, or at least pronounces a disposition to it to be allied to madness, and forthwith proceeds to tell a story, which seems however to have little tendency to prove his positions. A lady, it seems, was captivated by the appearance of a comedian in the character of Felix in the Wonder, and sent her confidante in the disguise of a middle-aged ordinary woman, to enquire if he was single, unengaged, and not in love. Having answered these questions in a satisfactory manner, she walked off, and he concluded some lady had fallen in love with him. However he heard no more of the

affair, and the mystery was unexplained till one night he descried the person of the inquirer at a place of public amusement in a party of ladies, and, fortified by impudence and curiosity, he addressed her : ' You must certainly allow, madam, that I have a right to put one question at least to you, and to expect a sincere reply.'—' Certainly.'—' Pray then what was the motive of the questions you put to me, since I was never more to hear from you?' Her answer was, ' A beautiful young woman of large fortune, whose time had been chiefly spent in the country, was at the theatre when you performed Don Felix; she was enraptured, fell in love with you, and directed me to put those questions. While she was contriving the means of forming an acquaintance with you, the bills announced your appearance in the character of Scrub. She saw you, and was cured of her passion; she could have united herself to a Felix, but not to a Scrub.'

Mr. Dallas next proceeds to give what he styles the golden rules of love, which he holds in no moderate estimation, and earnestly recommends to be got by heart and quoted both by married and single. We have had the pleasure to read these regulations, may perhaps have the additional satisfaction of copying one or two of them, but really cannot think of getting them by heart. We hope Mr. Dallas will not take this neglect amiss of our venerable years and cool blood, though we dread the fate of our brethren, and write with a fear and trembling, which is only alleviated by the consideration that Mr. Dallas has designed his maxims for the perusal chiefly of the fairer and weaker sex. After telling us that the virtues are necessary to love, Mr. Dallas declares that general kindness is the avenue to that passion, and that there the barrier ought to be kept. Whether this is a physical or a moral barrier, we do not learn, but it is probably provided with a bell, as we are told, that ' the man who offers unusual kindness rings for further admission.' The great minuteness of Mr. Dallas's information, and the depth to which he penetrated into the arcana of the Cyprian goddess, is truly edifying. ' The emotion,' says this gentleman, ' that is excited by certain intelligible movements of the eye, is not love. Yet the eye speaks its most harmonious periods.' ' A kiss,' continues he, a little further on, ' is the link of union between mental affection and animal sense; it is brittle at first, and needs the aid of a solemn engagement to secure the chain entire.' Ye fair ones of the land! ye sister lilies, who neither toil nor spin! if ye receive hereafter any brittle kisses, remember Mr. Dallas, proceed to a smith without delay, who may temper your chain.



Here then we must terminate our analysis of this performance, and end as we began, with love. This passion appears to be a great favourite of Mr. Dallas, and has received a considerable portion of his attention. We were sometimes tempted to think that he must have had the good fortune to have overheard the instructions of some aged and experienced duenna, to her blooming and ignorant charge. But when Mr. Dallas attempts to palm all that ingenious information upon the credulous public as his own, it is what we cannot pretend to believe, and do not require of our readers. We rather suspect that in the days of his youth, being well washed and shaved close, he has been furbished up for a strong farmer's daughter, and nefariously introduced into some hapless boarding school, to spy the nakedness of the land. But this being no better than a guess on our part we do not demand for it more credibility than it deserves. Yet certainly Mr. Dallas knows women to the bottom, and may fairly rival all his predecessors in that line, if we except Solomon and Dr. Alexander.

The reader may naturally perceive from our remarks, that this little work contains the quintessence of ponderous volumes, is a sort of epitome of science, and professes to instruct the young without the fatigue of profound study, or the occupation of unreasonable time. And there are few of the youth, more especially of the female sex, who may not derive some advantage from the perusal of the work. It is a bad book, it is said, from which something good may not be extracted by the patience of the reader, and this we are far from pronouncing to be a bad book; in every point, indeed, it is not accurate, and in many points it is not complete. But it condenses a great deal of information in a moderate bulk, and for a reasonable price, and where ever it is correct, it may easily be understood with a moderate effort. Upon the whole, we do not wonder that it should have run to a second edition, and with a little clipping and paring, its success would be still greater and more permanent. It treats of those sciences where improvement is most difficult, and progress least rapid, and may therefore linger a greater time on the shelf of the reader than more profound and able works on more changeable subjects. We bid you then farewell, a long farewell, Mr. Dallas, we crave your mercy, and assure you that your dreadful threats to our brethren, the British Critics, have discomposed us very grievously, and really prevented us from using the pruning-hook with that frequency which the nature of the case demanded.

**ART. XII.**—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for 1805. Part II. 4to. 10s. 6d. Nicol. 1805.*

**ART. 10.** Concerning the Differences in the Magnetic Needle, on board the Investigator, arising from an Alteration in the Ship's Head. By Matthew Flinders, Esq. Commander of his Majesty's Ship the Investigator. In a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks.—Near the coast of New Holland, the author of this paper observed a variation in the magnetic needle when the ship's head was either easterly or westerly; the variation was easterly when the ship's head was towards the west, and westerly, when the ship's head was towards the opposite point: the ship's head being either north or south, no variation was observed. This fact is rather curious and valuable. We perceive no reason for it. Magnetism indeed is very imperfectly understood; we can do nothing more than register, that is, map the variations of the magnetic needle; it seems to follow no simple laws. Captain Flinders, however, proposes, but with diffidence, a theory: he supposes that near the centre of the ship, there is a central or focal point endowed with the same polarity as the hemisphere in which the ship is: which focal point, therefore, in the southern hemisphere, attracts the south pole of the magnetic needle: the immediate consequences of this would be, certainly, the phenomenon observed by Captain Flinders, but we do not therefore pronounce his explanation to be a just one. Before such judgment can be pronounced, many and various observations must be made in different regions of the globe.

**Art. 16.** On the Direction and Velocity of the Motion of the Sun, and Solar System. By William Herschell, LL.D. F. R. S.—The first business of astronomy is accurately to observe and to record phenomena: the next, and not the least difficult, is to explain, or to assign the causes of such phenomena. The proper motion of the fixed stars is certainly a very remarkable phenomenon, it has long engaged the attention of astronomers, and in 1783, Dr. Herschell endeavoured to deduce from it, a motion of the sun and of the solar system towards  $\lambda$  Herculis. This argument is pushed farther in this paper: and it is proposed to assign the direction of the solar motion; the velocity of the solar system is postponed for future discussion.

In the outset of the present paper, the learned author recapitulates many of the arguments that seem to establish the existence of the solar motion. Some of these arguments are founded on theoretical considerations, which perhaps do not carry much weight; if by an impulse the sun's ratory

motion was caused, the same impulse must cause a translation of his center: but then this hypothesis of the cause of the sun's rotation by impulse, is a mere hypothesis resting on no other ground than that of slight probability, and the hypothesis is still weaker with respect to the motion of those stars that change their magnitudes periodically; for we must first suppose that these changes arise from their rotatory motion, and secondly that their rotatory motion is a sign or symptom of their motion of translation.

But recourse is had to considerations of greater weight than theoretical considerations. If a star appears to have a motion, such motion may either be a parallactic motion, that is, caused by the motion of the solar system, or a real motion, or its motion may be compounded of a real and of a parallactic motion, in which case it will be represented by the diagonal of a parallelogram, of which the two sides are the above mentioned motions. But how shall we distinguish parallactic motions from real motions? Dr. Herschell says by their directions; for if a real solar motion exists, all parallactic motions will tend to a point in opposition to the direction of that motion; whereas all real motions will be indiscriminately scattered in space.

'With these distinctions in view, (says, Dr. H.) we may examine the proper motions of the principal stars; for these, if the sun is not at rest, must either be entirely parallactic, or at least composed of real and parallactic motions; in the latter case they will fall under the denomination of one of the three motions we have defined, namely, *sa*, the apparent motion of the star.

'In consequence of this principle, I have delineated the meeting of the arches arising from a calculation of the 36 stars in Dr. Maskelyne's catalogue, on a celestial globe, and, as all great circles of a sphere intersect each other in two opposite points, it will be necessary to distinguish them both; for if the sun moves to one of them, it may be called the apex of its motion, and as the stars will then have a parallactic motion to the opposite one, the appellation of a parallactic center may very properly be given to it. The latter falling into the southern hemisphere, among constellations not visible to us, I shall only mention their opposite intersections, and of these I find no less than ten that are made by stars of the first magnitude, in a very limited part of the heavens, about the constellation of Hercules. Upon all the remaining surface of the same globe, there is not the least appearance of any other than a promiscuous situation of intersections; and of these only a single one is made by arches of principal stars.'

The author then gives a short table of the ten intersecting points made by the brightest stars, which strongly indicates the parallactic effect which he is desirous of ascertaining: the proper motions of other stars are, however, examined, and the



Argument for the parallaxic motion strengthened. The object of the learned astronomer is to establish the reasonableness of the hypothesis of a solar motion, by making such solar motion explain in a great degree the observed proper motions of stars; that is, by resolving such proper motions either into mere parallaxic ones, or into motions compounded of parallaxic and very small proper motions.

The next object of Dr. H. is to establish the direction of the solar motion: he takes two stars, Sirius and Arcturus, and from their proper motions in right ascension and north polar distance he calculates the arches in which such proper motions may be supposed to take place; these arches continued, meet in a point, to be called their parallaxic center; the opposite point to this, is the required apex of the solar motion.

Having found out the apex, he takes the velocity of the sun to be such, that to a person situated at a star 90 degrees distant from the apex of the solar motion, and at a distance from the sun equal 1, the sun shall appear annually to describe an arch  $= 2''\cdot84825$ : from such an hypothesis, and by the aid of a formula, the parallaxic motions of Arcturus and Sirius are calculated, and these are found to agree with the proper motions established by observation.

Are all proper motions then parallaxic, and is the point, the apex of the solar motion, really that towards which the sun and his system is moving? Were this the case, then taking a third star, finding the arch in which it moves, and its intersection with the curve of the proper motion of one of the preceding stars, such intersection ought to give the same solar apex as has been already determined. But if a third star be taken, and the intersection determined, the apex of solar motion is not the same, and consequently the motion of this third star is not parallaxic solely, but is compounded of a real and of a parallaxic motion. But if this third star (Capella) have a proper motion, why should not Sirius and Arcturus? And if they have, is not the former determination of the apex of solar motion erroneous? Dr. H. thus takes notice of this objection:

'This objection is perfectly well founded, and I have given the above calculation on purpose to shew that, when we are in search of an apex for the solar motion, it ought to be so fixed upon as to be equally favourable to every star which is proper for directing our choice. Hence a problem will arise, in our present case, how to find a point whose situation among three given apices shall be so that, if the sun's motion be directed towards it, there may be taken away the greatest quantity of proper motion possible from the given three stars. The intricacy of the problem is greater than at first it may appear, because by a change of the distance of the apex from any one of the stars, its parallaxic motion, which is as the sine of

that distance, will be affected : so that it is not the mere alteration of the angle of direction, which is concerned. However, it will not be necessary to enter into a solution of the problem ; for it must be very evident that a much more complex one would immediately succeed it, since three stars would certainly not be sufficient to direct us in our present endeavour to find the best situation of an apex for the solar motion ; I shall therefore now leave these stars, and the apices pointed out by them, in order to proceed to a more general view of the subject.

The remaining part of the paper is employed in approximating to a point the apex of the solar motion, which shall be so situated as to give to the proper motions of the fixed stars the least quantity possible. We have thus, somewhat in detail, and fully, stated the arguments and investigation of the ingenious astronomer, rather from respect to his fame and talents than from conviction either of the accuracy or utility of his inquiries. The first part of his paper gave us reason to hope, that the direction of the solar motion was about to be established ; but in the conclusion of the paper, the point towards which the motion tends, is only approximately and by conjecture assigned, and stars retain their proper motions. Yet this indetermination has not arisen from any philosophic horror of hypotheses, from any scrupulous observance of the rules of just induction : the velocity of the sun is assumed ; and, what must cause surprize, different distances are assigned to fixed stars. Arcturus is at the distance 1, Sirius at the distance 1,6809. Is not this assumption completely arbitrary ? Indeed, after mature consideration, the positions and assertions of the author seem to rest on no foundation.

Art. 19. Observations on the singular Figure of the Planet Saturn. By William Herschell, LL.D. F. R. S. p. 272.—The indefatigable author of this paper has for many years contributed largely to the volumes of the Royal Society. Of late years, he has manifested a proneness to conjecture, theory, and hypothesis. In our opinion, that portion of his fame, which is destined to float down the stream of time, will not be derived from his conjectural researches. We rejoice, therefore, to find him, in the memoir before us, restored to his ancient and peculiar province, recording observations and making occasional inferences from them. The result of the observations now recorded, must surprize the scientific world : we say the scientific world, because, to the generality of the world, the ring, the satellites, and the belts of Saturn, are much more an object of surprize and curiosity, than any deviation of the form of the planet from a sphere or ellipsoid. A deviation from a spheroidical form,

appears to result from Dr. H.'s observations, and is the subject of the present philosophic communication.

The equatorial diameter of Saturn, according to the present and all preceding observations, is greater than the polar: this is conformable to theory; but the equatorial diameter is not the greatest diameter: the greatest diameter is that which is drawn from latitude  $45^{\circ}$ . At this latitude, the curvature is greater than either at the poles or at the equator. Such at least is Dr. Herschell's account. Let us attend to his own words:

'The figure of the planet is certainly not spheroidal, like that of Mars and Jupiter: the curvature is less on the equator, and on the poles, than at the latitude of about 45 degrees. The equatorial diameter is however considerably greater than the polar.

'In order to have the testimony of all my instruments on the subject of the structure of the planet Saturn, I had prepared the 40-foot reflector for observing it in the meridian. I used a magnifying power of 360, and saw its form exactly as I had seen it in the 10 and 20-foot instruments. The planet is flattened at the poles, but the spheroid that would arise from this flattening is modified by some other cause, which I suppose to be the attraction of the ring. It resembles a parallelogram, one side whereof is the equatorial, the other the polar diameter, with the four corners rounded off, so as to leave both the equatorial and polar regions flatter than they would be in a regular spheroidal figure.

'The planet Jupiter being by this time got up to a considerable altitude, I viewed it alternately with Saturn, in the 10-foot reflector, with a power of 500. The outlines of the figure of Saturn are as described in the observation of the 40-foot telescope; but those of Jupiter are such as to give a greater curvature both to the polar and equatorial regions than takes place at the poles or equator of Saturn, which are comparatively much flatter.'

The small table in which Dr. H. has registered his observations is as follows, in proportional parts:

The diameter of the greatest curvature	36
The equatorial diameter	35
The polar diameter	32
Latitude of the longest diameter	$43^{\circ} 20'$

The learned author observes, that the contents of his paper will lead to some intricate researches by which the quantity of matter in the ring, and its solidity, may in some degree be ascertained.

The researches must be intricate no doubt, in a question so extremely complicated. But at present, we indulge no expectation of soon seeing this phenomenon explained by the laws of physical astronomy. Without entering into a detailed examination, from arguments that obviously suggest themselves, this phenomenon of Saturn's figure seems ano-



malous. If the matter of the ring attracts the matter in Saturn, ought not the parts in the same plane with the ring to be attracted from Saturn's center? We put the question with diffidence. There can be no mistake surely in Dr. Herschell's experiments, for they were frequently repeated and with different telescopes. Indeed, his character for accuracy of observation ought to guarantee him from such a suspicion. On such a subject, indeed, when calculations, laborious and intricate in the highest degree, will be founded on these new observations, inaccuracy would be unpardonable. So many curious appearances have been accounted for by the powers of analysis, in physical astronomy, that we dare not talk of despairing of the solution of this curious phenomenon. At present however, surprise is with us the predominant feeling, not unmixed with some trifling and obtrusive inquietudes concerning the justness and regularity of the laws of material attraction.

ART. XIII.—*The Life of Thomas Dermody, interspersed with Pieces of Original Poetry, many exhibiting unexampled Prematurity of genuine Poetical Talent; and containing a Series of Correspondence with several eminent Characters. By James Grant Raymond. 2 Vols. 8vo. 16s. Millar. 1806.*

BIOGRAPHICAL memoirs of literary men have of late years been presented to (we had almost said obtruded on) the public in no inconsiderable profusion, in a great variety of style and manner, from the dignity of moral and philosophic instruction, to the insipidity of colloquial garrulity; and in as great a variety of exterior attraction, from the splendid quarto to humble twelves.

The general tenor of a studious life may be expected to exclude all striking and uncommon occurrences: these works are therefore found to partake in no small degree of a prevailing monotonous character, but little calculated to arrest the attention by variety of incident, or to interest the passions by detailing 'enterprizes of great pith and moment.'

Men who have distinguished themselves by their mental acquirements, and who have attained to great celebrity in the paths of science and literature, may be supposed to afford useful examples, both with respect to their habits of application, and their mode and course of studies.—When we are instructed by a display of profound and accurate knowledge, and delighted by an appropriate and graceful style, our curiosity is naturally excited to inquire, by what degrees of exertion these excellencies were attained, what portion of them the possessor might owe to the bounty of nature,

and how much the natural powers might have been expanded and improved by a judicious application to the labours of others. In this respect the task of the biographer of literary men becomes highly interesting, and a lucid illustration of the steps that have led to excellence, may stimulate and assist the advancing votaries of science.

Instruction of a very different, and even of a more useful nature, may often be drawn from just and minute exhibitions of conduct; for though a great master in biography hath observed that 'it is no wonder that men will not take advice, since they will not even take warning,' yet we may reasonably hope that works presenting both advice and warning cannot be wholly without good effect.

To mark the aberrations of great and resplendent genius, and from them to impress the necessity of moral and religious discipline,—to erect beacons upon those rocks, on which the richest endowments of nature have been frequently and fatally wrecked,—to point out those sands that have so often immersed in premature and irretrievable misery, talents that gave promise of extensive utility and lasting fame, must be an employment worthy of the best head, and the best heart, and well entitled to public approbation and public gratitude. On this principle, the author of the *Life of Dermody* demands our thanks. The work he has given us can boast little dignity or variety of incident; it details no laborious and persevering course of study, it attempts not to unravel the progress of scientific improvement, or to trace out the advancing steps of the critic, the historian, or the legislator: but it calls the attention to a most astonishing and interesting phenomenon in the history of early genius; it presents to our notice a highly gifted but unhappy youth, the dupe of vulgar profligacy and the victim of intemperance; it awakens our sympathy by a display of fervid imagination, correct taste, and versatility of talent, conquering obstacles apparently insurmountable, and starting almost suddenly into an early maturity; but sinking under the baneful influence of an unstable disposition and the degrading indulgence of low company, and falling an untimely sacrifice to the early impressions of bad example, the eccentricities of an aspiring genius, and an unrestrained propensity to ruinous dissipation.

Thomas Dermody was born on the 17th of January, 1775, at Ennis in the county of Clare, and so early as his ninth year was placed in the situation of Latin and Greek teacher in his father's school. 'Vigorous and enlightened as the mind of Dermody was at this period, he could not guard against the influence of early bad example, and fatally, as it proved, accustomed himself to mix with the vulgar and dissipated cha-

racters with whom his father's unhappy propensity (to drinking,) led him to associate.' At ten years of age this wonderful boy had written a considerable quantity of genuine poetry: as a specimen of these early productions, we shall give the last stanza of a monody written in his *tenth* year, (1785,) by this juvenile favourite of the Muses, on the death of his brother.

' Yet cease to weep, ye swains ; for if no cloud  
 Of thwarting influence mar my keener sight,  
 I marked a stranger star, serenely bright,  
 Eurst from the dim inclosure of a shroud.  
 'Twas Corydon ! a radiant circlet bound  
 His brow of meekness ; and the silver sound,  
 Shook from his lyre of gratulations loud,  
 Smoothed the unruffled raven plume of night.  
 ' Thus chanted the rude youth his past'ral strain,  
 While the cold earth his playmate's bosom press'd.  
 And now the sun, slow westing to the main,  
 Panted to give his wearied coursers rest ;  
 The azure curtains took a crimson stain,  
 And Thetis shone in golden garments drest.  
 The shepherd minstrel bent his homeward way,  
 And brushed the dew drops from the glittering spray.'

On the death of his brother, without intimating his purpose to his father or any of his associates, Dermody, with only two shillings in his pocket and a single change of linen, left his home, and after some few adventures, writing a poem within the dilapidated walls of a desolated monastery, bestowing his two shillings on an unfortunate widow, and passing over a distance of one hundred and forty English miles, he arrived at Dublin, where for a few days he wandered through the streets indulging his curiosity, till the scanty supplies afforded by the sale of his second shirt were exhausted; and when reduced to the utmost distress, this penniless child of Apollo found his first patron in the inhabitant of a cellar, the keeper of an obscure book-stall, who observing a forlorn youth, earnestly poring over a Greek author, was induced to question him, and finding that he understood the language, received him into his family and constituted him *tutor to his son* ! Soon growing disgusted with his situation, he next appeared as shopboy to a second-hand bookseller, in somewhat easier circumstances, and soon after his Greek learning again befriended him by attracting the notice of the humane Dr. Houlton.

' Happening one day to notice a little country looking boy, meanly habited and evidently not more than ten years old, standing at an humble book shop, and reading Longinus in the original Greek



text, I asked him home to dine with me:—whatever subject was started I found him intelligent, he conversed in such nervous language, and with such pertinency of remark, that I could not but contemplate him as an infant philosopher, or as a little being composed entirely of mind.'

He accepted the Doctor's generous offer of an asylum in his house, and submitted to his inspection a bundle of papers containing his poetical works, translations from Virgil and Horace, and original sonnets:

'It is impossible to describe the pleasure I received when I began to peruse his sonnets; in which his mind was unshackled, and his natural genius at full liberty to take its youthful flights into the regions of poesy. A justness of expression and sentiment, an appropriate imagery, an ease and sweetness of versification, together with the strictest accuracy of rhymes, pervaded the whole of the productions that were the offspring of his own brain. The following is a copy I took of one of the sonnets. A lady to her linnet.

THE SENSITIVE LINNET.

'My fond social linnet, to thee  
What dear winning charms did belong!  
On my hand thou would'st carol with glee,  
On my bosom attend to my song.  
Sweet bird, in return for my strain,  
Thou warbled'st thy own o'er again.  
'Love, jealous a bird should thus share  
My affections, shot speedy his dart:  
To my swain now I sung ev'ry air;  
The linnet soon took it to heart.  
Sweet bird, in how plaintive a strain  
Thou warbled'st thy own jealous pain.  
'But faithless my lover I found;  
And in vain to forget him I tried:  
The linnet perceiv'd my heart's wound;  
He sicken'd, he droop'd, and he died.  
Sweet bird, why to death yield the strain?  
Thy song would have lighten'd my pain.  
'Dear linnet I'll pillow thy head;  
In down will I coffin thy breast;  
And when thy sad mistress is dead,  
Together in peace we will rest.  
Sweet bird, how ill-fated our strain!  
We shall warble, alas! ne'er again.'

Dermody's restless disposition and impatience even of the mildest controul drove him from under the Doctor's benevolent protection, after about ten weeks' residence in his house. The Doctor did not suffer him to depart without good advice, and a liberal donation; this his improvidence soon wasted, and af-

ter suffering the severest distress, he had recourse to a scene painter belonging to the Dublin Theatre, whom he had seen at the Doctor's house, and here we find him carrying the poor painter's breakfast to the theatre and warming the size pots. Whilst in this employment he produced a satirical poem, which being read in the Green Room by Mr. Cherry, induced the performers to visit the painter's apartment, to gratify their curiosity by a sight of the author.

'Infantine in appearance, and clad in the very garb of wretchedness; with a meagre, half-starved, but intelligent countenance, a coat much too large for him, and his shoulders and arms seen naked through it; without waistcoat, shirt, or stockings; with a pair of breeches made for a full grown person, soiled and ragged, reaching to his ankles; his uncovered toes thrust through a pair of old slippers without heels, almost of the magnitude of Kamtskatka snow shoes, his hair clotted with glue, and his face and almost naked body smeared and disfigured with paint of different colours; thus in amazement stood before them, with a pot of size in one hand, and a hair-brush in the other, the translator of Horace, Virgil, and Anacreon.'

This interview produced the poet a warm and steady friend in Mr. Owenson, and the author seizes this opportunity, with perhaps an excusable partiality, to pay a 'tribute of praise to the members of a profession too frequently injured by prejudice and insulted by ignorance.'

That the performers upon the English stage are frequently injured by prejudice or insulted by ignorance, we cannot easily believe; that the profession offers to our approbation and applause some most praiseworthy instances of decorum, benevolence, and virtue, we with pleasure allow; and those who preserve their honour and character unsullied in that sea of danger, have certainly little cause to complain of the reception they experience in the most respectable circles of society: but it might be no injury to the best interests of either social or domestic life, if the conduct of those members of this profession who disregard the most sacred ties of both, were marked by a disapprobation of the public much more decided than what they now receive. We most sincerely wish we could give our unqualified assent to Mr. Raymond's eulogium on the stage: he describes what it *might* be; we deplore what it *is*. Few, very few, accurate observers of public manners will, we believe, even in this age of *candour and liberality*, allow this profession, in its present state, to be 'equally useful to the *morality* and the glory of a nation.'

Should this work reach a second edition, we hope the author will, for his own credit, not provoke a comment by permitting the sarcastic remarks on Dr. Johnson to occupy any part of the pages of a work, the general tendency of which is laudably employed not to blazon the casual errors and la-

mented weakness of the illustrious dead ; but to spread the mantle of compassion over the foibles and imperfections of genius, and which are sufficiently perceptible in every part of human nature.—But to return : the zealous benevolence of Mr. Owenson introduced the youthful poet to a numerous and most respectable circle of friends, and would no doubt have ultimately placed him in a situation of affluence and comfort, had not the kindness of his patron been continually counteracted by his indiscretions. Under the protection and tuition of Dr. Young and Mr. Austin he would have been prepared for and placed at college ; but his misconduct lost him in succession the exertions of these friends ; ‘ for when he was thus hourly courted by the great, he would relinquish their invitations, and give a preference to the society of despicable and vicious characters.’ He was then compelled to procure a scanty and precarious supply of the common necessities of life, by commencing diurnal writer in a newspaper. Another opportunity of retrieving all his former errors soon after presented itself in the patronage and protection of the Countess dowager of Moira : ‘ by the desire and at the expence of her ladyship he was furnished with suitable necessities, and placed under the care of the learned and reverend Mr. Boyd ; in this situation he remained about two years, and his acquirements were as conspicuous and extraordinary as his genius and eccentricities ; but while his talents placed him on an eminence among the great and learned, his corrupted qualities sunk him to the low but sociable frequenter of a country ale-house.’ During this time Lady Moira honoured him with her correspondence, some interesting extracts from which, together with various other specimens of the poet’s early ability, terminate the first volume ; and which at once proved how lamentable was his folly, how grateful and industrious his muse, how splendid his genius, and how great his knowledge of human nature. Those who can appreciate with candour the faculties of the mind, and contemplate with sensibility the misfortunes of life, will value these fragments as literary wonders, and memorials of premature greatness.’

The infatuation that impelled Dermody to defeat all the benevolent intentions of Lady Moira, continued, on his return to Dublin, to counteract the effects of a patronage highly honourable to the character of the Irish metropolis. We find him not deserted by his warm friends, Mr. Owenson and Mr. White, and successively assisted and protected by numerous distinguished patrons, whose friendly notice, but for his own negligence and misconduct, must have placed him in a situation of ease and independence. ‘ While he ex-



perienced the generosity of a Charlemont, a Flood, a Grattan, and a Percy, he was flattered with the applause of a Preston, a Walker, a Stirling, and a Tighe.' The generosity and friendship of the late Chief-Justice Kilwarden, then Attorney-general for Ireland, and of the present Honourable Baron Smith, were unable to rescue him from the degrading influence of his inveterate habits; he passed upwards of two years in alternate successions of short intervals of hope and comfort under the auspices of a patron, and much longer periods of misery and extreme want, during which he appeared as a paragraphist, and occasional contributor to the periodical publications; a solicitor of subscriptions to a volume of his poems now first published, and at last 'sinking the elevated spirit of the poet in the meaner importunities of distress.' He also sought relief in the too general retreat of literary misery and disappointment, political disaffection; and published a pamphlet and poem avowing and defending revolutionary principles. This rash effort of folly and despair, though it displayed many marks of genius, totally disappointed the hopes of the starving politician, and

'He calmly abandoned the projects which he had conceived were speedily to raise him to fame and fortune, and returned to the steady course of loyalty in the character of a humble but faithful supporter of his country's honour as a private soldier in the 108th regiment; he was progressively advanced to the ranks of corporal and serjeant; and on the 17th September 1794, in the 19th year of his age, embarked with the regiment for England. On his arrival it was his good fortune to be placed under the immediate notice and protection of that beloved and excellent nobleman the Earl of Moira, who appointed him to a second lieutenancy in the waggon corps.'

He was in almost every considerable action, and received several dangerous wounds. On the reduction of the army, he was put upon the half-pay list, and arrived in London determined to renounce his former follies and begin a new life of glory; at the expence of the Earl of Moira he was placed in the house of Mr. Faulder; but his virtuous resolutions were speedily disregarded or forgotten—and a course of vicious dissipation was speedily followed by the most abject degradation and misery. His generous patron liberated him from prison, and accompanied an admonitory letter with a liberal donation; but neither kindness nor suffering could overcome the force of early propensities, and an alternation of sanguine hope and sorrowful disappointment nearly similar to that he experienced in the Irish capital, now took place in London. After exhausting the generous patience of the Earl of Moira, he was successively protected and assisted by

the author of the work before us, by Mr. Allingham, Sir James Bland Burgess, Mr. Addington (now Lord Sidmouth,) his brother Mr. H. Addington, Mr. Bragge, and the Literary Fund.

That notwithstanding patronage so distinguished, this ill-fated youth should have expired in misery and want, before he had reached his 28th year, is a melancholy confirmation of the important and impressive truth, with which the great biographer of our poets concludes his memoirs of a life nearly similar in its eccentricities and sufferings: 'Those who in confidence of superior capacities or attainments disregard the common maxims of life, should be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.'

The correspondence between Dermody and Sir James Bland Burgess affords several interesting specimens of epistolary excellence, and the generous conduct of the worthy Baronet entitles him to the regard and attention of all the friends of genius. We were rejoiced to see the letter from an officer of the Literary Fund (Mr. Yates;) that excellent institution has our most cordial wishes for its prosperity; like virtue, to be admired, it needs but to be seen, and it is the more necessary on all suitable and proper occasions for literary men to notice its silent merits, because a standing order of the society generously and delicately regards the sensibility and feelings of suffering genius, by requiring that no disclosure of its benevolence should be made during the life of the beneficiary; and we perfectly agree with Mr. Yates, that Dermody's intercourse with the Literary Fund 'is illustrative both of the liberality and the caution with which the concerns of the society are administered.'

We were much entertained with the sarcastic and whimsical extracts from Dermody's *Battle of the Bards*, and shall be rejoiced to find some further effusions of his satiric muse in the promised publication of his poems: no sufficient reason appears to us why Mr. Raymond should not present to the public a complete edition of Dermody's poetical works, rather than confine himself to a selection from his juvenile poems, which would, we conceive, form a pleasing and acceptable companion to the present work.

The manners and fate of Dermody necessarily recall to our recollection the celebrated life of Savage, and Mr. Raymond, in a sufficiently well written and animated character of his unfortunate friend, has noticed the similarity of propensities, and discriminated the varieties of temper and dis-

position that distinguished these equally unhappy votaries of the Muses.

In perusing these volumes we have remarked some redundancies and inaccuracies of expression, and must observe that the interest of the narrative is weakened by the insertion of some humorous and critical pieces, which, though curious in themselves, would have been more appropriately placed at the end of the history.

But if all the dignity of philosophical remark, and energetic accuracy of style, with which the biographer of Savage has elevated his subject, do not appear in the life of Dermody, we can nevertheless recommend it as an entertaining and instructive work, well calculated, by a striking example of misery, to impress the mind of rising genius with the useful knowledge, that no powers of nature can compensate for the want of virtue, and that all the advantages of the most engaging and splendid acquirements, may be lost by a disregard of the established maxims of prudence and moral conduct.

*N. B. In consequence of the illness of the gentleman who is reviewing Good's Lucretius, we are reluctantly obliged to defer the conclusion of that article to our next number.*

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### RELIGION.

**ART. 14.**—*An Address to Methodists, and to all other honest Christians who conscientiously secede from the Church of England. By the Rev. W. Cockburn, M. A. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Christian Advocate in that University. 8vo. pp. 24. 1s. 6d. Hat. hard. 1805.*

WHEN we first heard of the institution of the office of a Christian Advocate, whose duty, as we have heretofore explained to our readers, it is, to defend our common faith against all foes, who may endeavour to insult or injure it, we own that we congratulated ourselves not a little, and took great courage at the arrival of so good news. Here, said we, we shall indeed have a chosen champion, who will go out for us clad in seven-fold armour, against Turks, Pagans, and Saracens. We may now smoke our pipe securely under our vine, and sleep quietly in our beds. No Gallicized philosophers shall any longer puzzle our brains, nor pick our



pockets. Here is one whose duty it is to be our protection, who has a license to take, kill, and destroy ; an authorized certificate and diploma to bleed, cauterize, or amputate.

It is possible that some portion of still more private and selfish feelings might intermix themselves with our joy. Perhaps our hearts whispered to us, that our own labours would be materially abridged by this salutary institution. Those sciolists in literature, said we, whose cobweb speculations in theology or philosophy have sufficed sometimes to teize or to perplex even sage reviewers, will now be no more ; or if they dare to re-appear from their hiding places, the Christain Advocate will undertake the combat in our stead, he will soon be upon them with his spear and his shield : or on the least favourable supposition, all stich as he, in contempt or in clemency, shall please to spare, we shall be more competent to encounter, after a few hints and lessons in the art of war from so great a master, and shall not despair of disarming a second-rate antagonist, or even of running him through the body, if occasion should so require, after the best manner of the Christian knights and champions of ancient days, *secundum artem*.

It will be no matter of surprize to hear, that in the luxury of these speculations of our indolence, the thoughts of a reviewer should recur to his common places. Giants and knights-errant, the tales of our infancy and our youth, the exploits of a Hercules and a Theseus, successively rushed into our minds ; and were compared in our imaginations, but not preferred before the future promised triumphs of the Christian Advocate. The picture of the Cave of Polypheme was realized to us afresh. The terrors of Ulysses and his companions, their skulking in holes and corners, their miserable fate in the relentless grasp and the bloody jaws of that huge and merciless monster, were, we thought, not more than an apt resemblance of the fears, the flight, the unavailing flight, and death of many an unpitied wretch, who was hereafter to tremble or to fall before the might of this Academical Advocate.

But alas ! how vain, how short-lived, how delusive are human expectations ! Our triumph, our self-congratulation, our courage is almost all gone. Nay, there is a danger that our fears and our peril shall be even greater than they were before ; that our labours, instead of being abridged, may be multiplied ; that the Christian Advocate may not silence, but provoke hostilities ; that to us his alliance may be, like that of some of the allies of our country, much more a hindrance than a help, a cause of advantage to our foes, and of increased perplexity, trouble, and peril to ourselves.

One hope only remains to us ; a hope, however, so uncertain, and so ambiguous, that we can hardly distinguish it from fear. It is, that Mr. Cockburn may perhaps possess all the subtlety, as well as strength of a consummate warrior ; that he willingly, that he designedly, withholds, suppresses, conceals his power ; that he understands the trick and efficacy of stratagem and ambush ; that he

suffers the adversary to collect, to harangue, to refit their scattered bands; that he will leave them leisure to lick their wounds in the shade. Meanwhile he himself hides his strength, and

‘ Calms the terrors of his claws in gold ;’

but in due time he shall arouse himself, wake the forest with his roar, indulge no longer in playful skirmish, in the prelude and mockery of war, but leap in among his unsuspecting foes, and soon spread tenfold death and destruction around him.

We derive this our only remaining hope, as well from the *general* contents and complexion of the essay which is before us, as also from some particular passages, in which the ground of it more especially appears—for instance, from the following which occurs in the first page, where Mr. Cockburn affects (*affects*, we, say it must be, or else woe betide all our hopes!) an extraordinary, and *otherwise* utterly unaccountable share of ignorance.

‘ A few years ago, all the many sects who differed from the church of England, were very commonly denominated methodists: they are now more usually called dissenters, sometimes independents, non-conformists, separatists, &c. and methodists are, in strict propriety, only one sect of these dissenters. Since, however, I have been unable to ascertain with accuracy in what respects they differ from each other, or what precisely constitutes a methodist, I shall address myself generally to all those protestant Christians in this kingdom, who separate from the communion of the church of England.’

A sentence comparable to the above in ignorance, from the hand of a constituted advocate of religion, in the name of an English university, we are well persuaded that hardly any industry, or any felicity of research can again administer. ‘ All the many sects who differed from the church of England, a few years ago, were very commonly denominated methodists’—idle, foolish, and incredible assertion, impossible to be made by any man but the most ignorant and illiterate. ‘ They are now called dissenters, independents, non-conformists, separatists, &c.’—most lame and shameful confusion of *genus* and *species*. Mr. Cockburn tell us, that a methodist is a separatist—is he then an independent, is he a presbyterian? Is a presbyterian an independent?—Besides, to say that methodists are dissenters or separatists, without any distinction or reserve, betrays want of knowledge of the grossest kind. Some, no doubt, have left the communion of the church, and many more, it is to be feared, are hurrying on into the sin of schism; but to say this of the body in general, to term them all in one word dissenters, is an unwarrantable assertion, indicative of ignorance extreme. And why ‘ not be able to ascertain, (what every body else can,) what precisely constitutes a methodist?’

Thus, we see, is this tract founded in lamentable ignorance. The superstructure, we can promise our readers, is in sufficient harmony with the character of the foundations.

**ART. 15.**—*The Seventh Day a Day of rest for the Labouring Cattle. A Discourse preached in the Parish Churches of Staple and Bickenhall in the County of Somerset, by the Rev. Charles Toogood. 8vo. 1s. Vidler.*

A LECTURE ‘on the Sin of Cruelty towards the Brute Creation,’ was instituted in the year 1799, by the Rev. Henry Brindley, of Lacock, in the county of Wilts, and during the first four years preached at Bath. Since that time it has been preached at different places; at Bristol, and in the neighbourhood of that city; at Frome, and an adjoining parish; it has been preached several times in the cathedral church of Exeter, at Crediton, and other parishes in the county of Devon. It has been generally delivered on the Sunday before Shrove-Tuesday; but the benevolent institutor has not confined himself to an annual lecture, for he has generally had two discourses preached every year; and the compliment which he pays those clergymen who are so obliging as to undertake the office is three guineas a lecture. We should also add, that the worthy founder does not limit his benevolent exertions to a particular district or diocese, but would gladly extend them to any town, where a lecture on the subject might be expected to do good.

In what year Mr. Toogood was invited to deliver this Lecture, the title-page does not inform us. This, however, is of little consequence, for the sermon does credit both to his head and heart. The arguments adduced are indeed not new, but being drawn up with precision, and enforced with considerable energy, they will, we trust, tend to produce that effect, which was designed by the humanity of the founder.

**ART. 16.**—*Plain and useful Selections from the Books of the Old and New Testaments, according to the most approved Modern Translations. By Theophilus Browne, A. M. late Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Large 8vo. 15s. Vidler and Johnson. 1805.*

IN the introduction to this work the author takes great pains to inform us, that his object is to promote a more general diffusion of scripture knowledge; this object, however, must necessarily be defeated by the price of the book. For who shall purchase a large octavo containing only a small portion of the scriptures, for fifteen shillings, when the whole Bible may be had for nearly one sixth of the money? We will say nothing of the many deviations, of which we highly disapprove, from the established version; yet we cannot but think that Mr. Theophilus Browne has shewn very little judgment ‘in his omission of the Jewish ceremonies and ritual observances, the histories of wars and wicked rulers, descriptions of buildings, the severe reproofs and threatenings denounced against the perverse and apostate Jews, and prophecies of inferior moment, extending indeed to small distance only from the time of their being uttered, and which have been long since accomplished.’ These are



historical facts, from the perusal of which few readers of the Bible wish to be exempted.

ART. 17.—*The Lord Jesus Christ's Sermon on the Mount, with a Course of Questions and Answers explaining that valuable Portion of Scripture, and intended chiefly for the Instruction of Young Persons. By the Rev. John Eyton. 8vo. 1s. Hatchard. 1806.*

THE pious author of this catechism, divides the Sermon on the Mount into nine sections, which are afterwards explained by two hundred and seventy-four questions and answers, in an easy and familiar manner. An oversight of 'narrow' for 'broad' occurs at p. 34.

ART. 18.—*The Overflowings of Ungodliness, a Sermon on the Times, preached at St. James' Church, Bath, on Sunday, January the 19th, 1806. By the Rev. Richard Warner. 8vo. Cuthell and Martin. 1806.*

MR. WARNER, among other reasons assigned for the publication of this Sermon, affirms that, as the subject was offensive to a few of his hearers, who quitted the church during the delivery of the discourse, he is fearful that the same hastiness which occasioned this very novel mode of expressing disapprobation, may also produce a mistaken representation of its language and tendency, and he feels anxious therefore to present the Sermon to an impartial public, that a candid estimate may be formed of the degree of *disgrace* it was calculated to excite, and of the *propriety* of adopting the above method of manifesting it.

We, however, have experienced much pleasure from the perusal of this animated discourse, in which the author delivers his sentiments on subjects of great importance, with a freedom equally remote from rude censure and unbecoming acrimony. We with him enter our *public protest* against all accommodation, in preaching the word of God, to the prejudices and follies, the passions and vices of the hearer; and it is manifest, that to those who in defiance of decency abruptly quitted the church during the delivery of the Sermon, the old proverb of 'the cap fits' may be justly applied.

ART. 19.—*A great Work described and recommended, in a Sermon preached on Wednesday, May 15th, 1805, at the Rev. Mr. Thorp's Meeting-house, in New-court, Carey-street, London, before the Members of the Sunday School Union. By Jabez Bunting. Published by Request. 8vo. 6d. Lomas. 1805.*

WHOEVER seriously reflects on the depravity of the morals of the English poor, will entertain no doubts of the propriety and utility of Sunday schools. 'The Sunday School Union' consists of teachers, and others, actively engaged in Protestant

Schools; their religious sentiments and connections are various. Some are members of the established church; others belong to the several denominations of dissenters. Of this latter class Mr Bunting is a member, and with a moderation not very characteristic of his fraternity, recommends this 'great work' to sectaries of every denomination; 'Let there be in necessary things unity, in every thing charity; and then there need not be in every thing uniformity.'

The text is from Nehemiah, vi. 3. 'I am doing a great work.'

## POLITICS.

ART. 20.—*The Dangers and Advantages of the present State of Europe, impartially considered. By Frederick Gentz, Knight of the Order of the Polar Star, &c. and Author of 'A Vindication of Europe and Great Britain from Misrepresentation and Aspersions.'* 8vo. 1s. Stockdale. 1806.

MR. GENTZ's work on the political state of Europe deservedly gained him the reputation of one of the first political writers of the present day. That reputation does not seem to be increased by the present pamphlet, the intention of which, as he announces at its commencement, is to prove, that 'upon a fair comparison and just balance of the real losses sustained by the allied cause, from the result of the late campaign, with the advantages it had just acquired by the changes wrought in the general system of politics, the present situation of Europe is, without question, preferable to that in which it was placed from the peace of Luneville, till the month of September, 1805.'

It may be conceded to Mr. Gentz, that, of the four great powers upon whom the salvation of Europe must still depend, England, Russia, and Prussia, have suffered no material losses, or such at least as are more than counterbalanced by the salutary lessons they may derive from that best of monitors, experience; and that they are in no respect less competent to the dreadful struggle which they may soon have occasion to maintain, than they were previously to the late disasters on the continent. But when he attempts to prove that the Austrian monarchy is still unimpaired in spite of her recent calamities, and that the condition in which she has been left by the peace of Presburg, is not more alarming than that in which she has stood since 1801, we wish that he may not display more sophistry than argument.

It is contended that 'the treaty of Luneville had dug a grave for the Austrian monarchy, which continually threatened to devour her.' It would be needless to give an abstract of the arguments adduced by the author to substantiate this point, as every one knows the situation in which Austria stood in relation to France and to the rest of Europe, after that treaty. 'Such a state of things,' says Mr. Gentz, 'must necessarily lead to a speedy fall: and if Austria did not find either within herself, or in some great political com-

bination, the courage and the means of upsetting it altogether, from that moment her sentence of death was irrevocably past.

‘Such was the situation of the Austrian monarchy when it took up arms against France; and such, with scarcely any difference, is its situation at present.

‘The fact is that Austria, reduced to the state in which she was left by the treaty of Luneville, could no more exist *before* than *after* the result of her late reverses. These reverses have, it is true, added somewhat to the dangers by which she was before beset; but what matters a degree more or less of danger to him, who already, whithersoever he turned his eyes, could only discover the approach of death?’

Presuming that Austria could neither then, nor now, rely upon a *defensive* war, and that her salvation rested wholly upon the success of some grand *aggressive* operation, by which she might affect directly the strength of her enemy, the writer maintains that her military position is not essentially altered; that even in a *defensive* point of view, the acquisition of Saltzbourg is no inconsiderable indemnification for the loss of the Tyrol; and that her *political* or *federative* position is so much improved, that if we compare what she has gained in this respect, with what she has lost in regard to her *military* position, what she has gained would preponderate.

We cannot but suspect that, the cabinet of Prussia being no longer able to shut its eyes against the dangers with which it is surrounded; seeing at once the impossibility of longer averting those dangers by duplicity or negotiation, and her inability to resist by her single energies the torrent which is ready to overwhelm her; the pen of Mr. Gentz has been employed, in the hope that the imposing authority of his name may have weight with the cabinets of Europe, and excite them to advance with confidence in their resources, to a new coalition; to which alone the house of Brandenburg can now look for safety. Mr. Gentz blames and laments the cold and cautious policy which, as they are now convinced, has too long actuated the ministers of Frederic. However gratifying it might be, to see the perfidious or interested policy of Prussia reap the punishment it so well deserves, we are ready to allow that considerations of private antipathy or private interest must now be laid aside, and that the cause of Prussia would be the cause of the world.

We shall subjoin Mr. Gentz’s assurance of the part which Prussia had actually resolved on taking in the late contest, had not the fatal battle of Austerlitz precipitated the allied powers into peace. The fact is singular; but it will be believed with caution.

‘Prussia herself (it is no longer possible to shut our eyes to that fact, in spite of the fatal issue of this grand confederacy), even Prussia had abjured her distressing neutrality, and was most cordially preparing to co-operate with the efforts of the confederate courts. It already bespoke a revolution, but little expected in his political system, to see the king of Prussia induced to offer up the



most ardent vows for the success of their arms and their views; but what indisputably proved the secret change which had taken place in his mode of thinking and feeling, and carried him much further, was the extreme facility with which the emperor of Russia had prevailed upon him to embark in the common enterprize by a most solemn treaty. By a strange concurrence of fatal circumstances, seconded perhaps by the perfidy of the instruments that were employed in the execution of the diplomatic part of the treaty, this engagement proved abortive. It is not to be wondered at, if the public, who are always ill-informed upon such matters, or if some persons who know better, but who listen only to their malice and their resentment, endeavour at present to excite suspicions respecting the reality or the sincerity of that memorable negotiation. It is, however, a thing beyond the reach of all doubt—a fact that can never be rescued from the page of history—that if the confederate armies could but have made head to Bonaparte until the 20th of December, war would have been declared by Prussia against France, and an army of one hundred thousand men would have advanced into Bohemia, while another of equal force would have marched from the Mayn to the Danube.’

Again:

‘When I assert that the advantages of our present situation preponderate, and powerfully preponderate over the real losses we have sustained, I make the assertion in the conviction, *that this happy concert still exists*, and in the supposition *that it will continue to exist*.

‘And, indeed, it appears to me a thing so difficult to presume, that with the experience they have now before them, those powers who had composed the confederacy, will plunge headlong again into their former errors, and into a degree of infatuation now a thousand times more inconceivable than ever it was before, that one is in a manner compelled to believe that they will remain united. One may even venture a step farther, and boldly assert, that at the crisis in which we are now placed, those powers are no longer at liberty to run counter to their interests, and that the confederacy must continue to exist from the nature and force of things, if it ceases to be supported by the will and wisdom of men. If we reflect upon the position of each of the four powers, whose united efforts should stop the progress of the universal deluge that is coming upon us, we must soon perceive, that notwithstanding some occasional anomalies in their movements, their political system is from this moment irresistibly linked with the supreme necessity of an indissoluble cohesion.’

ART. 21.—*The true Origin of the present War between France and England, with Observations on the Expediency and Advantages of an immediate Peace.* 8vo. pp. 51. 1805.

THIS is a very odd pamphlet. It is dated from Leipzig, July

27, 1805, was printed at Halle, in the dominions of the King of Prussia, and published at Leipzig, Bremen, and Hamburg. From the first—mentioned of these places the author has taken measures to have it conveyed into our hands, though it does not appear to have ever been published in this country. We should suspect the writer (who professes himself an Englishman) to be some journeyman-trader from Manchester or Birmingham, who instead of attending to the sale of his cutlery, or his calicoes, has suffered his head to be possessed with mistaken notions of his own capacity, and been induced to fancy himself a politician. Such is his zeal in the cause, and such his conviction of his ability to give lessons of politics to his countrymen, that, removed as he is by sea and land from the scene of action, he still cherishes all the warmth of party-spirit, fulminates from the heart of Germany his anathemas against the late administration, and urges the people of England to petition his majesty for a change of men and measures. His advice unfortunately is come too late, and he has doubtless, ere this, congratulated himself on the appointment of a ministry after his own heart.

He makes it his object to prove, that peace was desired by France after the treaty of Amiens, that the aggressions of that power were not sufficiently important to justify ministers in plunging the English nation into the present war, the real origin of which he asserts is to be found in the ‘hatred which those ministers entertained towards the French government; their envy of its greatness, and their hope that a war might place them in a more comfortable situation, than that in which they had been left by the inglorious treaty of Amiens.’ He concludes with remarks on the expediency of an immediate peace. His arguments to prove these positions are many of them not of the most logical nature; some, however, it must be allowed, are weighty and good, and the writer must have had considerable trouble in collecting them from the different opposition papers, in which they have perpetually appeared under different modifications, ever since the question of the present war began to be agitated.

This Anglo-German pamphlet is dedicated to the Prince of Wales, who, the writer thinks, merits, from his opposition to the late ministry and their measures, the most glorious of all titles, ‘The Prince of Peace.’ He has prefixed the following classical motto; ‘*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amicus Veritas.*’

## NOVELS.

ART. 22.—*Ferdinand and Amelia, a Novel, in three Volumes.* 8vo. Crosby. 1806.

WE could wish that Sterne’s ridicule had not banished the ‘compasses’ from the critics’ table: they would be as useful to us, as the scales are in the hands of Justice. The novel-warehouses in

town supply their country customers with a fresh cargo every spring and winter, and (if the use of the compasses were allowed to us) we might give due information of the length, breadth, and thickness of the new-printed volumes, so that orders might be executed according to 'size of box per waggon.'

As a specimen of this mode of criticism (for which, by the by, we intend to take out a patent), we announce to all circulating libraries, that 'The novel of Ferdinand and Amelia ends very happily, and that the three volumes are seven inches in length, four and a half in breadth, and two in thickness.—N. B. Unbound when measured.'

ART. 23.—*Eversfield Abbey, a Novel, in three Volumes, by the Authoress of the Aunt and the Niece.* 8vo. Crosby. 1806.

THIS novel, like some modern comedies, may very fairly be allowed to run the usual season, and perhaps for the benefit of the authoress.

ART. 24.—*The Eventful Marriage, a Tale in four Volumes, by the Author of 'Count de Norring,' and 'Monckton.'* 8vo. Crosby. 1806.

THIS is a spirited performance. The incidents are interesting; and the language is above mediocrity. The scene lies in the region of romantic adventure, Spain; and the characters are well delineated. Dons, duennas, and abigails, flit across the stage with as much rapidity as any female-spectator could wish.

#### DRAMA.

ART. 25.—*Sacred Dramas intended for Young Persons, by John Collet, Master of the Academy, Evesham, Worcestershire.* 8vo. pp. 224. Longman. 1805.

THIS work is intended as a second volume to the Sacred Dramas of Miss Hannah More, and is suited for the use of those for whom it is professedly written. It may safely be adopted as a class-book at a ladies' school.

#### POETRY.

ART. 26.—*Poetical Amusement on the Journey of Life; consisting of various Pieces in Verse: Serious, Theatric, Epigrammatic, and Miscellaneous.* By Wm. Meyler. 8vo. Robinson. 1806.

THE original Pegasus, like the old Godolphin, from whom our racers are descended, was a noble animal; but his descendants are of a very motley description. Some of them have fire in their eye, and shew a great deal of spirit in all their motions, but after the effort of two or three prancings, their vigour flags, and their wind



fails them. Others sport a very fine figure, but give no proof of real mettle; and there are some who are so cropped and nicked, and have so much the appearance of common hacks, that their relationship to their sire of Parnassus can with difficulty be traced. The melo-dramatists have introduced a pie-bald breed: Peter Pindar boasts that he possesses one of undeniable pedigree, but his horse has so many frolicsome tricks, that we suspect there must have been some cross with Mr. Astley's stud; Mr. Southey and his associates are fond of exhibiting themselves on an animal, who in shape and blood certainly has 'all the properties of a horse;' but, like Rozinante, he is so untrimmed, so lank, so woe-begone, that he is rather an apology for what he ought to be, than a specimen of what Pegasus was: and then, they ride the poor creature in so slovenly a style, with stirrup-leathers of unequal length, with patched girths, a rusty bit, and only one spur, sometimes walking him, sometimes galloping him, never keeping a steady rein, but sometimes jerking up his head, and at other times letting it poke down to the ground, 'till he falls and breaks his knees; that he seldom can carry himself well, and never would have an opportunity of shewing his speed, if he did not sometimes run away with his rider. From the same stock is derived an useful little breed of ponies, who have a very small portion of their ancestor's spirit, but they are of such a convenient size (sometimes, when they get into the hands of lampooners, they throw the dirt too much) and are so easily mounted, stand so quiet in the stable, and on the road trot and amble so prettily, seldom breaking out of a tit-up, carrying their master so pleasantly to the theatre, to a club-dinner, or to a friend's house, that they are really very handy animals, and we do not wonder to see their breed very much encouraged, and of course very numerous.

One of these ponies has been in the possession of Mr. Meyler at Bath many years, who, when he was a boy, used frequently to canter him on a visit to Bath Easton. We refer our readers to Mr. M.'s own account of his *Pegasiunculus*.

'Reader! thou art here presented with a collection which the author has called '*Poetical Amusement on the Journey of Life*;' for, by the dates which have been annexed where they could be ascertained, thou wilt see that many of the pieces were written at a very early period of life, and so, progressively, to the present hour. When a mere boy he was honored, and he confesses that he then thought it as great an honor as even kings could confer, with the reward of several myrtle wreaths for verses which had the good fortune to be approved by the elegant society instituted by Lady Millar, at Bath Easton Villa. This envied distinction, to a juvenile mind, gave him a passion for rhyming, and that passion begot, at least, a facility of composition; for the author can assure thee, like the boasted professors of profile-painting, that the greater part of these Poems were finished at one sitting. Engaged in many serious avocations, with domestic and official duties, which he trusts have not been neglected for the less important services of the Muses, he could never

bend his mind long enough to subjects that required repeated attention, or intense application. These trifles would still have remained, as his friend Brush remarked, "locked up in an old lumber-box in one corner of his garret," or heedlessly scattered about the ephemeral columns of a periodical paper, had he not been stimulated to the publication by the wishes of those nearly connected with him, and by the reprehension of others whom he highly respects. He too has seen many of his light effusions creep anonymously into other collections, and sometimes with a different signature than W.M. There is a desire even in the most indolent mind to claim its own property.'

As he several times won the sweep-stakes at Lady Millar's races, perhaps our readers may wish to see some of his performances.

'THE RIDER AND THE SAND-BOY. A TALE.

To give the last polish to a youth, 'tis agreed  
That *travel* doth all formal precepts exceed ;  
It adds ease and freedom to classic glean'd knowledge,  
Rubs off the school rust, and the stiffness of college.  
As proof of this system, what men are so *easy*  
As those who for *orders* so fluently tease ye ;  
Who ride round the country, and shew, far and near,  
Their Manchester patterns, or Birmingham ware ?

'One day after dinner, as some of these wags  
Were cracking their filberts, and praising their nags,  
A poor shoeless urchin, half-starved, and sun tann'd,  
Pass'd near the inn window, with—"Buy my fine sand!"  
When Saddle-bag Sammy, long famed for his fun,  
To banter the dust-cover'd squaller begun—

"What dost cry there, my lad?" "Why, sand! Sir."

"And prithee

"Hast got a large stock? I see none of it with thee."

"Oh—I leave sand and Neddy about the town's borders,

"And am just stepping round, Sir, to look out for *orders*."

ART. 27.—*The Victory off Trafalgar, a Naval Ode, by Samuel Maxey, Esq. 4to. pp. 35. 2s. Johnson. 1806.*

THIS poem has the singular merit of affixing the proper accent to the name of the cape, which the victory of our hero has rendered one of the 'luminous spots' of our terraqueous globe. Trafalgar is not a false quantity in Mr. Maxey's verses:

'My muse would catch the glorious flame,  
And with her vocal shell proclaim  
The splendid triumph of her country's fame  
At Trafalgar.'

His stanza is harmonious and animated: we could wish that there were many of equal merit with the following:

‘On yonder steep,  
That overhangs the billowy deep,  
See Victory stands!  
Her diadem is covered o’er  
With stains of purple clotted gore,  
Her robes the bloody banners, that she tore  
From slaughter’d bands.’

ART. 28.—*Verses on the Victory off Trafalgar, by the Rev. W. Tremenheere, A. B. late Captain to H. M. Ship Valiant. 4to. pp. 11. Faulder. 1806.*

WE presume that Mr. Tremenheere’s verses were written extempore.

ART. 29.—*An Ode written upon the Death and Victory of Lord Viscount Nelson; to which are added, Lines addressed to him after the Battle of the Nile, by a Lady. Octavo. pp. 16. 2s. Boosey. 1805.*

THIS ode, as the author now informs us, was written on the night of the illuminations, and might with great propriety have been inscribed under the painted device of a transparency. As an illuminated manuscript it might have had some merit; as a printed octavo, it has none.

‘Europe from Nelson’s funeral pile,  
As from his thunders at the Nile,  
Shall catch the sacred flame,  
And phoenix-like shall rise again!  
Yet! he whose arm that splendor could restore,  
Alas! is now no more!’

ART. 30.—*The Death of the Hero! Verses to the Memory of Lord Nelson. 4to. pp. 8. 1s. Baldwin. 1806.*

THE motto, which this poet has prefixed to his verses, is

‘Roman drops from British eyes.’

From the following address to the manes of Lord Nelson, it would appear, that he conceives the Roman like the British people to have been a hot-headed race.

‘Illustrious shade! to British hearts thy name  
Strikes to the inmost nerve the patriot’s flame.  
We weep—but tears of fire—and Frenchmen see  
A Nelson rise in every heart for thee!’

We know not whether the muse, or Mr. Baldwin, the printer deserve censure for the obscurity of the four lines, which are next in succession.



'In London"—be it so—'twill give content  
At least to a disburthen'd continent ;  
And we conceiving we have nought to fear,  
Will try what we can do to keep thee here !'

We may admire the tenderness of the following pretty triplet ;

' The man on earth whom most my soul abhors, }  
Is he who wou'd rekindle fiercest wars  
Ev'n from the ashes of our ancestors.'

but surely our modern TYRTÆUS is inconsistent with himself, for hark ! Ye sea-fencibles, and volunteers, hark !

' Six centuries of insults—of renown  
From Gallia by superior prowess won !  
'Trafalgar, Blenheim, Agincourt arise  
To prove that English valour never dies.'

Horace was of opinion that the heroes of antiquity were indebted for their celebrity to the genius of the poets. In modern times the tables are completely turned ; for if the verses of the bards of the present day should obtain more than ephemeral reputation, it must proceed from the glory of the names which shed lustre on their lines.

We have perused many other copies of verses on the victory at Trafalgar, the chief merit of which seems to consist in the thick wove paper on which they are printed. If they are not worthy of celebrating our naval triumph in one way, they are in another ; they will make excellent envelopes for crackers and sky-rockets.

ART. 31.—*Verses on the Death of the late Right Hon. Horatio Nelson, Viscount and Baron Nelson of the Nile, &c. By Richard Lowe, Master of the Academy, Pantion Square, Haymarket. 4to. 1s. Mawman. 1806.*

THE death of the lamented Nelson has been the melancholy occasion of a long catalogue of rhyming doggerel, under every variety of name and shape—ode, monody, sonnet, elegy, and whatever other appellation the fancy of uninspired authors has been pleased to affix to their crude conceptions. Among these it is highly grateful to us to meet with one copy of verses (for the modest author does not aspire to a more specious title) which really merits the name of poetry. For energy of expression, chasteness of language, and music of numbers, the composition before us ranks very high. To plan it has no pretensions, and its great defect is a want of profundity of thought, and of striking, impressive, and especially of appropriate sentiments. This, as well as the occasional weak lines which deform the composition, we impute to the haste in which it was probably written, for we judge it to be the unlaboured effusion of an hour. But we pronounce it to be the effusion of superior talent, refined by taste, and cultivated, as the allusions to

ancient authors bear witness, by classical erudition. The author, it seems, is the master of an academy, and we congratulate the public on discovering a person by whom, to judge from the present specimen, young persons will be likely to make a proficiency in the more elegant as well as the solid departments of learning.

The following idea may perhaps be somewhat extravagant, but it is a spirited and poetical passage :

‘ Oh that to me would Heaven’s high power impart  
Some magic skill, some more than mortal art ;  
Thy tomb, great Chief, should rear its head sublime,  
O’erlook the world, and triumph over Time ;  
To known and unknown regions should display  
The matchless splendor of thy short-liv’d day,  
How fair it flourish’d, and how bright it clos’d :  
Of ever living diamond compos’d  
Should glow like fire the imperishable frame ;  
What fitter emblem of a hero’s fame ?  
There should a wreath of deathless laurels stand,  
Which fate just shew’d, then snatch’d them from thy hand ;  
There Glory stood amid her bright career,  
Curb her triumphant car, and drop a tear ;  
There sad Britannia with responsive woe  
Bid o’er thy corse a mother’s sorrows flow,  
Invert her spear, that spear, the tyrants’ dread,  
And drop her shield, for thou her shield, art fled.’

The opening can hardly be called new ; but it is newly and well expressed :

‘ O thou, to whom the task belongs to save  
From Time’s fell grasp, the wise, the good, the brave,  
Life-giving Fame ! On wings of light’ning soar  
O’er ev’ry realm to Ocean’s farthest shore,  
Sound thy loud trump, and let the nations know  
How Britain vanquish’d her’s and nature’s foe ;  
Then bid it peal its saddest notes, to tell  
How Britain’s boast, and guardian, Nelson, fell !

‘ So died of yore, but recent still in fame,  
The great supporter of the Theban name ! &c. &c.’

The concluding lines also deserve notice :

‘ Yes—for I saw—Amid the battle’s storm  
Fair Glory’s self display’d her seraph form,  
Mark’d the brave chief direct the bloody scene,  
And cried “ Enough for me thy day has been ;  
“ Then fall victorious in the martial strife,  
“ And be thy death as signal as thy life.”  
But sad Britannia other feelings knew,  
She ey’d her champion with maternal view,

In vain to heaven she bow'd her suppliant knee  
 And cried, "He liv'd not long enough for me!"\*  
 In vain—for guided by some dæmon's aim,  
 And charg'd with death, the unerring weapon came!  
 'Twas then her glitt'ring pinions Victory spread,  
 Attir'd in charms alluring, o'er his head;  
 He saw—rejoic'd—forgot his pains awhile,  
 And his pale features soften'd to a smile.  
 So oft, when black'ning storms obscure the day,  
 Bursts through the gloom a momentary ray;  
 'Tis gone—more threaten'ing horrors instant rise,  
 And thicker darkness reassumes the skies!  
 With grief the goddess mark'd his stifed sigh,  
 Saw life's last beam expiring in his eye,  
 Then caught him fainting, to her bosom press'd,  
 And hush'd the hero to eternal rest.'

### MEDICINE.

ART. 32.—*Cases of two Extraordinary Polypi removed from the Nose, the one by Excision with a new Instrument, the other by Improved Forceps; with an Appendix, describing an Improved Instrument for the Fistula in Ano. Illustrated with a Copper-plate. By Thomas Whately, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. 8vo. pp. 42. Johnson. 1805.*

THESE operations were attended with considerable trouble, and do great credit to Mr. Whately's skill and intrepidity. It is so difficult to convey any idea of the form of instruments by a mere description, that we shall not attempt it in this case, and content ourselves with observing with regard to the polypi themselves, that they were of a large size and in an awkward situation, and that they adhered, one by a narrow neck and the other by a broad base. In the first, from the various irregularities of its shape, it seems probable that a ligature could hardly have been so applied as to complete the destruction of the tumour. In the other, the forceps and ligature were certainly inadmissible, and Mr. Whately's new instrument, which consisted of a cutting blade and sheath, moveable by a screw, answered every purpose that could be desired.

It is undoubtedly remarkable that no hæmorrhage should occur upon the excision of so considerable a body as a large polypus; though we are far from being convinced that equal success may in every instance be expected. There was also observed a great tendency to sleep in these cases, a fact which Mr. Whately very sensibly leaves to the consideration of physiologists, and which could only arise in two ways, either by direct pressure on the

---

\* The poet has doubtless had in view the passage of Cicero, 'Satis te diu vel naturæ vixisse vel gloriæ; at, quod maximum est, patriæ certè parum.'—Cic. pro Marc.



brain, or by indirect pressure occasioned by some impediment to the return of blood from the head. We know of no other mechanical causes which at any time produce somnolency. Now, in the case before us, it appears that no direct pressure could be made on any part of the brain, which is well defended on every side by its bony covering. Therefore the other cause must be resorted to, and the most probable origin of the disposition to sleep, appears to be the impediment made to the return of the blood from the head by the internal jugular veins, which lie exposed to pressure from the action of the polypus on the surrounding parts.

Whatever may be thought of the cause of this drowsiness, the effects of it were rather amusing. One of the patients often fell asleep while performing the ceremonies of the toilet, and even occasionally yielded to the influence of his disease when on horseback in the street, and was recalled to misery and safety by the humanity of the passengers. The other victim of this disorder moved in the humbler sphere of a barber's boy, we speak it with due deference to the ancient associates of our profession. This unlucky lad one day, when dressing a gentleman's hair, fell asleep in the act, and dropt his hot curling irons on the head of his master's customer, who was thereby betrayed into a great heat. At other times sundry accidents befell this patient of Mr. Whately from the same cause, such as exposing the throats of the lieges to unwarrantable danger, and the house of his master to the risk of fire. Our humane readers, however, may rest in peace for the future safety of these two persons, who are now by the aid of surgery finally delivered from the unseasonable influence of sleep.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

IN reply to the Editor of 'Lord Bacon's Reading upon the Statute of Uses,' an article noticed in our Review for March, 1805, (p. 326.) we beg leave to observe, that his remonstrance is conveyed in such language as hardly to entitle him to an answer. The author of that critique, however, thinks proper to disclaim all personal motives, as well as all knowledge of the Editor whatever; and to observe that it is matter of opinion, whether *alterations* of a text, depending upon the conjecture of an editor, and not on comparison with an original, are to be denominated *corrections* and *emendations*. Our opinion, which was not given but after mature reflection, and a careful examination of the whole work, remains unaltered. As to the *printed letter* with which the editor threatens us, we shall only have occasion to refer to the critique in question for a complete refutation of it.

Mr. D. must be sensible that to interfere with the concerns of other journals, would be equally inconsistent with our plan and with propriety.

# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

## SERIES THE THIRD.

---

Vol. VII.

APRIL, 1806.

No. IV.

---

ART. I.—*Letters to a young Lady on the Duties and Character of Women.* By Mrs. West. 3 Vols. Longman, 1806.

THE just celebrity of this writer's 'Letters to a young Man,' induced us to take up these volumes with high expectations, which have been amply gratified. We find the same vigour of mind and acuteness of remark, which receive additional force and point from the sympathetic propriety of their direction : females must naturally listen with deference to the advice of one who, with masculine powers of understanding, capable of instructing the 'Lords of the Creation,' undertakes the more congenial task of correcting the errors and inculcating the duties of her own sex, and who has not suffered the consciousness of superior intellectual energies to warp her judgment or to inflate her with vanity. Mrs. West is aware that the inferior strength and more delicately organized frame of women points out their right place in society : she is no advocate for an Amazonian republic ; but she eloquently illustrates those domestic virtues and duties, of which her own life as a wife, and a parent, is a conspicuous example. Though she with great propriety thinks that the schemes of a certain Utopian female writer were in the highest degree absurd and laughable, she portrays in glowing colours, the dignity, the inestimable privileges, the securities from vice, the helps of grace, and the hopes of glory, which, under the influence of our happy government and of our blessed religion, may give her own sex in this country ample reason 'to thank God they were born women.'

Those ladies who, with a certain eccentric writer, 'mistake insubordination for independence and greatness of soul, and suppose that the professions of a lawyer, a physician, and a merchant are not incompatible with women,' will find little to gratify their ambitious ideas in the pages of this moral instructor, who describes domestic retirement as the scene and the asylum, where the passive virtues may best display their heavenly energies. At the same time, Mrs.

West endeavours to make her sex sensible of the advantages which the customs of society allow them, and which are highly valuable of themselves, and capable of being converted to real benefit.

‘The attentions which we receive as women, are capable of a high direction, and may be so received and directed as to reform the morals of those, from whom we require them. Gallantry (I here use that term in its *inoffensive* signification) has been so modified and curtailed by prevailing manners, that it is to be hoped women will not join in a conspiracy to annihilate the small degree of knightly courtesy which yet exists, by themselves assuming the deportment of Amazonian boldness, or affecting Amazonian independence. By indelicacy of habit, by unblushing confidence in conversation, and by the discovery of a vindictive disposition, we forfeit the respect to which the passive virtues, our natural endowments, are entitled, and must receive from all, but brutes and monsters.’ P. 127. VOL. I.

We were much pleased in observing, that Mrs. West does not waste the reader's time and patience by descending to an elaborate confutation of a theory, which ‘puzzled for an hour, and then sunk into oblivion overwhelmed by the weight of its own absurdity.’ In the doctrine of the RIGHTS OF WOMEN, we must confess that we saw nothing consolatory or palatable to us married men, but the right of *drowning* themselves, which the fair authoress so practically asserted; and there were a few dilemmas, which appeared to us of inextricable difficulty, viz. the interruption to public business, while the ladies in parliament might be suckling their children, and while the lady chancellor, and her sister-judges, might be *in the straw*. How many eloquent orations, like the story of the Bear and the Fiddle, might have been ‘cut off in the middle’ by the squalling of a thirsty brat, and how many *causes* might have been protracted *ad infinitum* by the tardiness of the midwife!—The fiction which describes the Amazonians as cutting off their breasts, that they might draw the arrow with a surer aim, conveys a moral lesson, which, we apprehend, has never been properly conceived. The woman, who assumes the character of man, must first cast away the most attractive insignia of her sex.

From the glare of paradox, which dazzles, confounds, and pains the sight, it is delightful to turn the eye to pages, illuminated by the sober light, which emanates from the torch of truth. Mrs. W. adopts the epistolary style, which does not confine her to any strict mode of composition; she is not under the necessity of introducing a gradual opening,



'a full developement, and then a comprehensive close of a complete system of moral instruction; but feels herself at liberty to wander from topic to topic, bringing those most frequently upon the foreground, which are of the greatest importance, and accordingly as opportunities might offer of shewing their various bearings and relations. Even verbal repetition has been studiously adopted 'from a conviction that persuasion is more important than novelty, and from the hope that by these means memory might become an ally to virtue and piety.' We cannot therefore pretend to give an analysis of these letters, which embrace the whole circle of female duty; but we can safely assert, that the plan, though not uniform, is harmonious and good, inasmuch as the whole superstructure is raised upon the foundations of religion. As the middle orders form so large a portion of society, the greatest attention is paid to them. The original destination of women, the change of manners in every rank, the absurdities and licentiousness prevalent among women of fashion, female employments and studies, their conversation, society, friendship, celibacy, love, and marriage, the duty of mothers, of mistresses, and inferiors, of declining life and of old age, are the leading subjects of this work; but a very considerable portion of it is allotted to the knowledge of religion. Under this head Mrs. W. enters into a field of discussion, we might say controversy, which to many female readers would be unintelligible, but which is of infinite importance to those who think seriously, and who act under the impression of being 'accountable beings.' The essential doctrines of the Christian faith are so plain, that, where the mind is properly predisposed, little more is necessary than to introduce the pupil to a knowledge of those writers whose labours illustrate and adorn its grand principles; but as a scientific too often precedes a religious education, as the leaders of different sects are studiously endeavouring to allure converts by appeals to their *reason*, which the vanity of the present age no longer regards as a fallible criterion, and as young people come forward now as disputants rather than disciples, Mrs. W. dedicates four letters to an explanation of the errors of Calvinists, Methodists, and Unitarians. Our authoress wields the spear of Ithuriel, with which she neither attacks windmills, nor breaks butterflies: for these adversaries of our faith are neither imaginary terrors, nor contemptible nothings. Some of them seek the octagon, some the conventicle, and some the chapel, but the destruction of the church is their uniform object, and if the watchword were once given, the

steeple would be the rendezvous where 'all these' warriors 'would meet.' Like Mamelukes and Roman Catholics, their creeds may be different, but against the common enemy they fight in the same ranks.—An adult convert must examine step by step the evidences on which our faith is built, and must be able to confute all gainsaying before her opinions can be confirmed; and after she has done all this, she may still have her church to choose. In this thoughtless age this may be no uncommon case, and every sect is on the prowl to seize the wandering sheep, lurking in every ambush, and watching in every pass. Mrs. West acts the part of a good shepherdess, who would lead the mistaken and the bewildered to the right fold.—A party which arrogates to themselves the title of *EVANGELICAL*, and which are perpetually calumniating our existing church, have taken considerable pains to 'circulate a publication addressed to the female sex *exclusively*, in which the names of about one hundred and fifty chapels, churches, and meeting-houses are enumerated, where the ministers whose names are subjoined are said to *preach the gospel*.' The inference (Mrs. W. observes) fairly is, that the gospel can be heard only in those specified places. Most certainly this inference is intended to be drawn. We were witnesses to a remarkable circumstance, which confirms this opinion. One of these Evangelical preachers was on a visit in a respectable country town, and happened to officiate at the parish church. The minister of the Calvinist meeting proclaimed the event to his congregation, and they with their minister went in a body on that Sunday, and on that Sunday only, to the parish church. We know not the masonically mysterious sign by which those disciples of Calvin make themselves known to each other, whether it lurks in the cut of the hair, or in the tincture of the stockings; but their club-like sympathy is evident and notorious.

If Mrs. W. had confined her observations to the vanities of modern entertainments, furniture, dress, employments, and arrangements, her praise would have been ephemeral, and must have perished with the fashions of the day: but the poignant wit and humour with which she exposes errors in the lesser morals, are the least recommendations of her work. She teaches her sex to regard themselves as the arbiters of taste, the refiners of morals, and the conservators of manners; and for their encouragement and guidance in these dignified capacities, she perpetually keeps in their view the dictates of that religion, which alone can present an unerring clue for their conduct, and a sure reward for their perse-

verance. Her volumes are charts to females for their voyage through life, and if she had omitted that instruction which must prepare them for patient suffering of affliction, and for their final departure hence, for the privations of old age and for the last closing scene, she would have left them on the ocean with the polar star hidden from their view, and without a compass to shew them their path.

The following passage presents an excellent description of a family, where comfort is sacrificed for the sake of appearances, and is a fair specimen of our authoress's lively manner on subjects which deserve only ridicule.

'As, after all her exertions, her situation in life does not allow of her being genteel in *every* thing, parsimonious œconomy and heedless expence take their turn. To be as smart, not as her equals, but as her superiors, it becomes necessary that she should excel in contrivance; I do not mean in that prudent forethought, which enables a good wife to proportion the family expenditure by the regular order of necessities, comforts, conveniences, and superfluities: this gradation must be reversed, and superfluities take the lead. French wines may be introduced on great occasions, by a daily retrenchment of small beer; and wax lights may be had for routs, by limiting the number of kitchen candles. If her husband and children dine on hashed mutton, she can provide ices in the evening; and by leaving their bed-chambers comfortless and inconvenient, she can afford more drapery for the drawing-room. Even white morning dresses will not be so very expensive, provided you are expert in haggling with the washer-woman, and do not dislike being dirty when you are invisible; and if you know cheap shops, and the art of driving bargains, you may even save money by making *useless* purchases. New modelling your household and personal ornaments is, I grant, an indispensable duty; for no one can appear three times in the same gown, or have six parties without one additional vandyke or festoon to the window-curtains. These employments will therefore occupy your mornings till the hour of visiting arrives; then you must take care to dismiss the bed-gown and work-bag, and, having crammed every thing ungenteel out of sight, assume the airs of that happy creature who has nothing in the world to do, and nothing to think of but killing time.'

As there is not a table of errata, we know not whether to attribute the unintelligibleness of some passages to the carelessness of the printer, or to the forgetfulness of the writer. We do not understand the hundred and sixty-fifth page of the first volume.

'The village madam hopes her showy array, and fastidious scrupulosity, will convince you that her husband cannot be a farmer; and, at the peril of a brisk retort, forbear to insinuate to the mar-



ket-town *elegante*, that she may be wanted in the shop. They suppose that it is very vulgar to be thought useful; and the acknowledgment of an honest avocation is to them a reproach. Yet, though wealth and commerce have rendered the externals of the gentlewoman so attainable, that she is no longer to be distinguished by her habit; we have left it to more patient and less prosperous times to transcribe the complaisance, affability, condescending attention to the claims of others, love of propriety, and regard for decorum, which are the essentials of this desired distinction: the adoption of these is too arduous an undertaking, and requires too many privations.'

There are a few other sentences, of whose meaning the writer herself might have a clear conception; but if she would take the trouble of reading her work to some plain friend, she would readily perceive what required more clear elucidation, and more plain expression. The following sentence, for instance, is as incomprehensible as some of the lectures at a modern hard-word manufactory;

'The aspect of a decoration painter, when he sets out an apartment in a style of elegance, is so very engaging, that if the obligations which are due to him were but subtilized by passing through the alembic of German sentiment, they might become native alcohol.'

These errors do not often occur, and we should not have noted them, if we did not feel fully convinced that Mrs. West's Letters will maintain a distinguished place in the ladies' library, and ought therefore to be as free from blemishes as the pruning and correcting hand of care can make them.

Mrs. W.'s description of the melancholy Cowper will give our readers a favourable impression of the goodness of her heart, and will induce them to open the religious part of her work, with chearful expectations of pious pleasure.

'Allow me to relieve your fatigued attention, by directing it to the death of a gentleman, who, I think, was the only *eminent* instance of a person's taking the dark side of Calvinism, by believing himself to be a reprobate, and incapable of the mercy of God; I mean the humble, melancholy, and too keenly susceptible Cowper. In early life when he had just recovered from a dreadful mental disease, he fell into the society of some well-meaning people who had adopted those unfortunate notions. The grateful bard, attached by their kindness, united himself to them by the strongest ties of affection, and suffered his enlarged understanding to be warped by their system. His biographer does not state at what period of his life the fatal notion of his own reprobation was imprinted on his mind; but knowing this was the case, we cannot wonder at his frequent

fits of despondency, nor at that frightful lapse into intense despair which at last swallowed up all his literary and social talents; and almost petrified his benevolent heart. The idea of his utter rejection by God, was attended by a belief that every attempt to counteract it would but aggravate the severity of his doom. He did not, therefore, dare to go to any place of worship, nor even to pray. The last of his posthumous compositions, published by Mr. Hayley, entitled the *Cast-away*, when read with this clue, appears to me the most affecting lines that ever flowed from the pen of genius; and it pleads more strongly than a thousand arguments against permitting such unworthy ideas of the Almighty to enter into our minds. May the example of Cowper's despair not plead in vain! then shall we cease to lament the years which the amiable, but, in this point, bewildered sufferer spent in agonizing woe; the innocence of his life, and the amiable tenor of his writings, seem to justify the resplendent vision of hope which depicts him as awakening from his long night of wretchedness, at the rapturous sound of 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'

We should have been happy, if the limits of our article would have allowed it, in quoting the whole of Mrs. W.'s address to mothers on the education of their children, being perfectly of the same opinion with her, that instruction is now made to depend upon agreeableness instead of obedience, and more directed to open the understanding than to correct the heart.

'A great error in education (Mrs. W. observes) seems to be, the pains that are taken to make instruction wear such an agreeable habit, that children may be cheated or played into learning, rather than obliged to apply to it as a labour and a *duty*, as was formerly the custom. This method may form many intelligent infants, and some conversible men and women; it is to be doubted whether it ever will make a sound scholar; and we have seen it produce pert babies and coxcomical adults. But the greatest danger arises from the moral injury which the character may receive by being thus early habituated to do only such things as are perfectly agreeable.

'Combined with this error, are the objects to which this premature infusion of science is directed. We aim at first opening the understanding; surely our chief attention should be paid to the temper and the heart. Of all infantine graces, affectionate simplicity and ingenuous playfulness are the most attractive; it is to be feared, that a very early course of philosophical experiment, and scientific scrutiny, must impress this pliant mass of docile imitation with a very different cast of character. However we may be amused with what is called a well-cultivated child, if it has lost the diffidence and credulity (shall I not say the endearing folly?) of its age, we rather consider it with wonder than delight.'

If, in common life, the introduction of a friend to a society

of females, be a matter of decorum and nice circumspection, the recommendation of a book, which is to be the companion of the weaker sex in the hours of solitude and reflection, is an act of the most serious importance and of the most sacred consideration. We therefore do not venture without mature deliberation to assert, that not merely as critics, but as parents, husbands, and brothers, we can recommend to the ladies of Britain THE LETTERS OF MRS. WEST.

---

ART. II.—*A Vindication of certain Passages in the Common English Version of the New Testament ; addressed to Granville Sharp, Esq. Author of the ‘ Remarks on the Uses of the Definitive Article in the Greek Text of the New Testament.’ By the Rev. Calvin Winstanley, A.M. pp. 84. 12mo. Longman. 1805.*

IN the Critical Review for the months of February and March in the year 1804, a detailed account may be found of the contents, and a critique on the respective merits of Mr. Sharp's Remarks, Mr. Wordsworth's Six Letters to that gentleman, and of the Six more Letters by a writer under the assumed title of Gregory Blunt, Esq. To those articles we beg leave to refer such of our readers as are desirous of making an accurate and well-informed judgment on the subject of Mr. Winstanley's Vindication ; and the more particularly because we see no reason to dissent in any point worthy of mention from the sentiments which are there detailed respecting Mr. Sharp's original Inquiry, and the subsequent investigations to which it had then given birth.

But, to make our present remarks at all intelligible to the general reader, it must previously be told that the principal object of Mr. Sharp's Dissertation is to deduce from the New Testament a remarkable idiom or rule of grammar in the Greek language, and to apply that rule so deduced to correct the interpretation of several texts in the sacred volume, which, if they are to be understood according to Mr. Sharp's views, would materially enlarge the number of scripture testimonies to the divinity of our Saviour. Mr. Wordsworth's Six Letters tended particularly to establish Mr. Sharp's conclusions by another mode of proof, from a long, laborious, and very successful appeal to the Greek and Latin fathers. Mr. Blunt's object was to assail both those gentlemen ; but his design was carried on in such a manner as to impart little more than ridicule in the place of argument, and buffoonery in that of wit.



Mr. Winstanley's design also is to attack : but without anticipating our judgment of the general success of his undertaking, we have much pleasure in stating, that, though not in itself intirely free from blame, yet, by comparison, the manner in which he has conducted his hostilities is a great deal more creditable to his own character, and the character and feelings of his readers.

Near the commencement of his epistle, Mr. Winstanley informs his correspondent, that the observations which it contains have 'lain by him for a considerable time, owing to causes which it is not necessary to state : ' but the circumstance he thinks fit to mention, for the sake of shewing that they have not been hastily prepared for the press, and to justify the explicit avowal of his pretensions, and the design with which they are communicated : which is, that they may suffice to convince Mr. Sharp, notwithstanding the acknowledged authority of his learned editor, (the present bishop of St. David's) that he has not 'decidedly applied a rule of construction to the correction of the common English version of the New Testament ;' that there exists no necessity for correcting that version ; and that it does not 'conceal from the English reader any thing discoverable in the original.'

Mr. Winstanley speaks feelingly, we think indeed with much too great sensibility, of the dread of the imputations to which his character may be exposed, as a man not strictly orthodox in his creed, on account of the vindication which he has undertaken, and the arguments into which his design must necessarily lead him. We should be very unwilling to think that his fears are not greatly over-charged. From bigotry indeed, and malignant ignorance, no man can ever be perfectly secure, however blameless and irreproachable may be his behaviour. But we have no hesitation in avowing that Mr. Winstanley is strictly in the line of his duty, as a minister of the church of England, both in the vindication of the established version of the scriptures, and in the exertion of his utmost endeavours to preserve our common faith from suffering in the hands of those whom he deems over-zealous and injudicious partizans, and in his desires to rescue us from appealing to unsubstantial authorities, or to what are in his opinion perverted interpretations of scripture. Nay, we are persuaded, that if there be nothing wrong and unworthy in the manner in which his argument is conducted, he will be protected from all unwarrantable imputations, and be the rather esteemed and honoured by all those whose regard can be an object of desire to a Christian minister, by every noble and good man. No ! we will not suffer

Mr. W. to think, or to complain, that he incurs any danger from the *nature* of his present undertaking.

After recapitulating Mr. Sharp's rules, Mr. W. thus states the method which he means to observe in his investigations.

'First, I shall point out some sources of error common to all your rules.

'Secondly, I shall consider a class of exceptions which are not repugnant to the conclusion you would establish.

'Thirdly, *I shall produce such exceptions as are inconsistent with that conclusion.*

'Fourthly, I shall offer some remarks on the syntax of the definitive article, and the copulative.

'Lastly, I shall examine the passages of scripture, which are the objects of this investigation.' p. 6.

From a mere consideration of the nature of the question in debate, particularly so far as it respects Mr. Sharp, it will be easily inferred, and a perusal of the tract will tend to establish the same conclusion, that the strength of Mr. W.'s argument must be contained under the third of the divisions which we have just enumerated. No rule of grammar, it is plain, can ever be supported against a numerous and compact band of unimpeachable exceptions: to this most important part of his work, our observations, therefore, will be principally confined.

The exceptions which are adduced, consist all of them, necessarily, of extracts from Greek writers. The *manner* therefore, in which these are made, is an important consideration, and a very fair subject for criticism. And truly nothing can be more unscholar-like, and more justly reprehensible. In the first place, all the extracts are mere scraps, utterly dislocated and disjointed from every thing like connexion or context. But, what is even worse than this, we have besides, references to extensive and voluminous writers; we are referred to Aristotle, Thucydides, Origen, Clemens Alexandrinus, &c. and often without any mention at all of the tract, the book, the chapter, the page, or the volume, in which the words cited are to be found. This is utterly unpardonable; and will necessarily make in the outset a very unfavourable impression upon every considerate reader. We can speak ourselves of its inconvenience, from the pains which we have been obliged to take in detecting two or three of Mr. W.'s quotations, which perhaps we shall have another occasion to take notice of in the progress of our critique.

When we mention that Mr. W.'s alleged and imputed ex-

ceptions against Mr. Sharp's principle of construction are numerous, it will not be expected that we can enter into a very minute or particular examination of every separate quotation. Unless, however, we greatly deceive ourselves in the estimate which we have formed of their nature and importance, they may all, without any great degree of injustice or disrespect, be sorted and arranged into two principal divisions: which classification, after it is once made with all the requisite precautions, the entire aggregate value and weight of the two *orders* taken together, as exceptions to Mr. Sharp's principle, may be pronounced to be *nothing*; and their *separate general* characters may be thus correctly enough respectively assigned to them.

1. The one order, are of such as are rightly understood and interpreted by Mr. W., but are not exceptions to Mr. Sharp's principles.

2. The second, are such as are wrongly understood and interpreted by Mr. W. and are so far from being *exceptions* to Mr. Sharp's rule, that they are *examples* of it.

We shall proceed in due order, to investigate and to display more at large the characters of each of these arrangements.

The effusions of Mr. Winstanley's predecessor Mr. Blunt, in which he so largely indulged himself, respecting such forms of expression as '*the king and queen,*' '*the husband and wife,*' &c. &c. and the perfect self-complacency with which he took upon himself to prove, that, according to Mr. Sharp's principles, these would be so many examples of his rule, and therefore male and female, husband and wife, father and son, &c. &c. must be one person, if they provoked at all a smile or a frown, it must have been against himself. And why? Because they all proceeded upon the grossly unphilosophical principle, that the *science* of grammar is an *art* independent of sense and reason; that it does not *presuppose* those qualities in men who make use of it; that it is not itself deduced solely from reason and language, and is in subjection and subordination to the essences and characters of things, but has some mystical and artificial power to make sense and language, and to domineer over them and nature. Perhaps, if Mr. W. had condescended to peruse Mr. Blunt's performance, (which it would seem he has not done) he might have profited by the perusal, have been startled with its absurdities, and been induced to reconsider his ground, before he ventured to approach so nearly to the imitation of such an example.

The following extract will present to the reader Mr. Sharp's



rule, along with a considerable portion of the first division of Mr. Winstanley's exceptions to it.

'RULE I. When two personal nouns of the same case are connected by the copulative *καί*, if the former has the definitive article, and the latter has not, they both relate to the same person, as *ὁ θεὸς καὶ πατὴρ*—*ὁ κυρίως καὶ σάτης*.

'This rule is generally true; but it is defective, inasmuch as is liable to exceptions, which, if taken together, and fairly considered, must be fatal to the inference you would deduce from it. Nouns not personal are excluded by the terms of the rule: and your acknowledged exceptions are of plurals, and of proper names. I add, first, that national appellations must be excepted, as

'*ὁ Μωυσεῖτης καὶ Ἀμωναῖτης*—*Origen de Orat.* 229.

'Second, If one of the nouns be a plural.

'*περὶ τῶ Ἰησοῦ καὶ χριστιανῶν*.—*Origen*.

'*ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις ἐξεπέμφθη σὺν τῇ μητρὶ καὶ δούλοις*.—*Clementina* 718.

'Third, If one of the nouns be impersonal.

'*μέγα τὸ ἀξιοπρεπές αὐτὸς ἐπισκοπεῖ ἡμῶν, καὶ ἀξιοπλοκεῖ πνευματικῆς σοφίας τὸ πρεσβύτεριον ἡμῶν*.—*Ignat. epist.* 21.

'*Ἀσπάζομαι τὸν ἀξιοθεῖον ἐπίσκοπον, καὶ θεοπρεπῆτατον πρεσβυτέρειον*.

'Fourth, If one of them be a proper name.

'*οἱ πιστοὶ εἰκόνα ἔχουσιν τὸν ἀρχόντος θεοῦ πατρός, καὶ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ*.—*Ignat. ad Magn.*

'*ἐν διδασκαλίᾳ τὸν πατέρα, καὶ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ τὸν θεὸν ἡμῶν*.—*Ignat. ad Ephes.*

'Fifth, When the signification of the nouns renders any farther mark of personal distinction unnecessary.

'*περὶ ὧν (ἀπολαύσεις) λεγόμενον τὸν σάφον καὶ ἀκολαστον*.—*Arist. Ethic.*

'*τοῦ γὰρ ἐγκρατὸς καὶ ἀκρατὸς τὸν λόγον ἐπαινεῖται*.—*Id.*

'*ποτέρον ὁ ἐγκρατὴς καὶ ἀκρατὴς εἰσὶ τῷ περὶ ᾧ, ἢ τῷ πως, ἔχοντες τὴν διαφοράν*.—*Id.*

'*ὁ δ' ἀγαθὸς καὶ κακὸς κίετα διαδήλοισιν ἵπνον*.—*Id.*

'*ἢ τὰ ἐλευθερὰ παῖδια διαφέρει τὰ ἀνδραποδωδὲς, καὶ αὐτὰ πεπαιδευμένα καὶ ἀπαιδευτά*.—*Id.*

'*ἐν τῷ γὰρ ἔχειν μὲν, μὴ χρῆσθαι δέ, διαφέρουσιν ὅσω μὲν τὴν ἐξὶν ὥς τε καὶ ἔχειν πως καὶ μὴ ἔχειν οἷον τὸν καθευδόντα, καὶ κινούμενον, καὶ οἰνωμένον*.—*Id.*

'*καὶ διὰ τῆς εἰς ταῦτο τὸν ἀκρατὴ καὶ ἀκολαστον τιθεμένη, καὶ ἐγκρατὴ καὶ σάφονα*.

'In all the above-cited passages from Aristotle, the nouns, though personal, are used in a general or universal sense. In this respect, it must be confessed, they differ materially from those of which you would correct the common version; and so far may be thought inapplicable to our present purpose. But they are not totally inapplicable; as they prove, that when the signification of the nouns renders any farther precaution unnecessary, the second arti-

cle may be omitted, without confounding the distinction of persons. They prove also that the article may be understood after the copulative; for the same author as frequently repeats it with similar nouns, as

‘ εἰτα περὶ ποία τον ἀκρατη καὶ τον εὐκρατή θετειον.

And sometimes he omits it altogether, and in the same sense, as

‘ ὁ αὐτος λογος καὶ περὶ οἰνωμενη καὶ χαθευδοντος.

‘ ὁ μὲν ἐν Περσων ἡ Ρωμαιων βασιλευς σατραπης καὶ ὑπεροχος, ἡ στρατηγος.  
κ. τ. λ.—*Cels. apud Orig.*’

If, in addition to the above, we subjoin the following, which are gathered from several different parts of Mr. Winstanley's pamphlet, we shall have before us, unless any one may have escaped our observation, the entire collection of the alledged exceptions against Mr. Sharp's principle of construction. We give them exactly as they stand in Mr. Winstanley's pages.

‘ 1. τῷ δε θεῷ πατρὶ, καὶ υἱῷ τῷ κυρίῳ ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστῷ συν τῷ ἁγίῳ πνεύματι δεξα.—*See note in Burgh's Enquiry, 350.\**

‘ 2. γινέται δὴ ἐν τα παλὰ τε ἀνθρώπων, ὅτι τα πάντα τα θεῷ καὶ κοινῶ ἀμφοῖν τοῖν φίλοιν τα πάντα, τα θεῷ καὶ ἀνθρώποις.—*Clem. Alexand. 76.†*

‘ 3. μετ’ εἰς δεξα τῷ θεῷ καὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἁγίῳ πνεύματι.—*Epist. Eccles. Smyrn. de Martyr Polycarp.‡*

‘ 4. φοβε τον θεον, υἱε, καὶ βασιλεα, καὶ μηδ’ ἐτερον αὐτων ἀπειθήσης.—*Param. cap. 24, v. 21.*—which is thus quoted, in the interpolated epistle of Ignatius to the Smyrneans:

‘ τιμα, φοβειν, υἱε, τον θεον καὶ βασιλεα.§

‘ 5. ἐν οἷς γὰρ μηδὲν κοινον ἐστὶ τῷ ἀρχόντι καὶ ἀρχαίῳ. καὶ φίλοι.—*Arist.¶*

‘ 6. ἡ πόλις ἡ μεταπεμφθενη διδοῖα τῷ μὲν ὑπὸ τῆς καὶ φίλῳ καὶ τοῖς τῷ τρεῖς ὁδοῖς, τῷ δε ἵππῳ, κ. τ. λ.—*Thucyd. lib. 5.\*\**

‘ 7. αἰναντας εὐχαρισεῖν, τῷ μόνῳ πατρὶ καὶ υἱῷ, υἱῷ καὶ πατρὶ, παιδαγωγῷ καὶ διδασκαλῷ υἱῷ, συν καὶ τῷ ἁγίῳ πνεύματι.—*Clem. Alexand. 266.††*

Now, to form an accurate estimate of the value of all these exceptions, we must request our readers to bear in mind that the question is by no means any such trivial matter, as whether Mr. Sharp has or has not always expressed himself with a true logical precision, and drawn up his rules with that skill and caution which might have been desirable. Were this the sole object of concern, we should have no hesitation in expressing our judgment that he has not been very successful in any part of his work, except in the felicity of having revived the general principle, and in the firm tone with which he speaks concerning its importance and its certainty. Indeed Mr. Sharp is himself probably aware of

\* P. 20. † P. 20 and p. 36. ‡ P. 21. § P. 21. ¶ P. 36. \*\* P. 39. †† P. 41.

some deficiencies, and pleads in his behalf that he is a self-taught scholar, and has not enjoyed the manifold advantages of a regular, scholastic education. But the question plainly is much more important. Is Mr. Sharp right or nearly right in his main principle? Is there, or is there not, any such idiom in the Greek language, as that which he claims for it? And will it, or will it not, fairly tend to the important deductions which he derives from it? If the rule be allowed by Mr. Winstanley himself, (p. 16.) 'to be generally true,' is it not an interesting and useful undertaking, in which every scholar studious of truth, and not abhorrent from it through any paltry considerations of fancied self-interest, or indisposed to entertain it from deeply rooted prejudice, would gladly lend his aid, to collect and accumulate the exceptions to which it is subject? and to endeavour further to determine whether those exceptions themselves may not follow some ascertainable law, and be regulated by a common principle which may have a *fatal* influence or no influence at all in impugning the important theological conclusions, which give so much interest to the investigations both of Mr. Sharp, and of his former correspondents?

We might observe then, that 'proper names' and 'plural numbers' are exceptions stipulated for by Mr. Sharp, and not objected to by Mr. Winstanley. On which account, we might fairly enough be permitted to ask, whether it does not look a little like parade or ostentation, whether it has not something of the appearance of a superficial and captious spirit, by no means characteristic of that which is chiefly wanted in the present and similar inquiries, an eye and mind which can penetrate into the heart of things, and which disdaining to stoop to verbal cavils, or to the detection of inaccuracies that have no pertinent relation to the *principle* in dispute, delights in the manly exercise of discovering and displaying a common connecting band of union, or of detecting a fundamental and fatal ground of irreconcilable inconsistency—to entertain us with the intelligence (as in the beginning of the above extract) that *national* appellations (which probably Mr. Sharp, in his simplicity, would call *proper names*) are to be further excepted: secondly, that it is enough if *one* of the names be *plural*, or if *one* of them be a *proper name*: and thirdly, (which surely was travelling further than was necessary, since Mr. Sharp speaks only of *personal* nouns) or, if *one* of them be *impersonal*. We might, we say, detract from the importance of Mr. Winstanley's labours by pursuing such observations as these. But the matter before us is much more important; and we should ourselves be thus in danger of falling into the very



fault which we are imputing to him, a neglect of theory and principle from a spirit of minute and verbal hypercriticism. He must permit us then to ask, is there no principle pervading the acknowledged exceptions of proper names and plural numbers, as well as the first four additional collections of exceptions which he has pointed out at the beginning of the above extract? a principle which at once explains to us satisfactorily, why Mr. Sharp's rule does not obtain in all those instances. The *object* of Mr. Sharp's rule, is to ascertain identity or individuality of person; but in the case of more proper names than one, each of which by the hypothesis, denotes a different individual; and in that of plural nouns, (denoting by the very name more persons than one) how is it possible that the *object* in question can be obtained? And is it not further plain, that yet, from the very nature of the case, no difficulty or ambiguity can arise?

We may be permitted, we believe, securely to affirm, that a like principle pervades *all* the exceptions which we have yet extracted from Mr. Winstanley; that it is equally easy in them all, as in those which are *proper names* and *plural numbers*, to see and to state *why* they are exceptions—viz. that they *could* not be otherwise, and therefore, that they do not at all impeach the truth of Mr. Sharp's general principle of construction, or tend to diminish the probability of *one* person only being intended in those important texts of the sacred writers from which the present question derives so much of its importance. If Mr. Winstanley would permit us to state the question according to our own notions, we would ask him, can you shew that Mr. Sharp's rule fails in any other instance but those in which, from the nature of things, it is impossible that it should not fail? If you do this, your labours are worth attending to: otherwise, we think they are not. For surely it is sufficient for any man's ambition that he has detected a principle of construction which obtains in all cases, where from the nature of things it possibly can obtain. What critical canon does or can rest upon a broader, more sure, and more firm foundation? How can any rule be more useful or more easy in the application? Again: the case may be stated a little otherwise, in this manner. The rule confessedly does not obtain, where it cannot and therefore where it is not wanted. So far then we are agreed, and these cases need give us no further trouble. As confessedly ("The rule is generally true." Winstanley, p. 16) it does not prevail in many thousands of instances, in which (as in ὁ θεὸς καὶ ὁ υἱος) there is *a priori* no

*necessity* why the nouns should denote one person, no reason in the nature of the thing, why they might not originally have referred either to one or two persons. Bring us therefore a sufficient number of such instances, to set in array against our myriads: bring us, if you can, one instance for every hundred or every five hundred of such forms as the above, the nouns being of like nature, equally free from the inevitable shackles of nature and necessity, and similarly constituted, and yet denoting clearly not *one*, but *two* persons. We shall then feel the weight of the impression, and shall readily allow that we are carried a great way towards the confession that the alledged idiom does not obtain, and the rule prescribed must be given up.

On the fifth subdivision of the exceptions, Mr. W. himself does not seem disposed to insist as of any very material importance. In all the above cited passages from Aristotle, the nouns, though personal, are used in a general or universal sense. They are *collective* nouns, indicative of a whole class or species of individuals: and therefore, by the supposition, are removed out of the reach of Mr. Sharp's rule, and from their own nature could not possibly be affected by it. Indeed, by the words with which he introduces this subdivision, and by others which afterwards fall from him, it should seem that Mr. W. himself admits the application of those very considerations for which we are all along contending, and which establish a fundamental and essential distinction between Mr. W.'s exceptions and all those examples for which Mr. Sharp and his friends are concerned to contend. Thus in the words referred to in the beginning of the subdivision, it is said that there are exceptions 'when the signification of the nouns renders any farther mark of personal distinction unnecessary;' and afterwards, 'but they are not totally inapplicable; as they prove, that when the signification of the nouns renders any further precaution unnecessary, the second article may be omitted, without confounding the distinction of persons.'

Hitherto therefore we have made hardly any progress at all. Let us see whether we shall have better success among the select exceptions which we have gathered together from several different parts of Mr. W.'s pamphlet.

The passage for which Mr. Winstanley refers us to Burgh's Enquiry, in so slovenly a manner as not to take the trouble of informing us in what ancient writer it occurs, is from Dionysius, bishop of Alexandria, as cited by St. Basil in his tract de Spiritu Sancto, cap. 29. § 72. tom. 3. p. 60. edit. Benedictin. We will take the liberty of considering it briefly

in connection with the third exception, (from the letter on the martyrdom of Polycarp) to which it will easily be seen to bear a close affinity, and of which Mr. Winstanley speaks with great confidence that 'no objection can be imagined' against it.

The first letter-writer\* referred us to a passage not very dissimilar to the above in the first Apology of Justin Martyr, (p. 131. § 79. Ashton's edition,) which was probably thrown out by him as a bait to insnare unwary and precipitate adversaries. If such were his design, the scheme undoubtedly did not fail of success. For it was greedily swallowed by Mr. Blunt. It is to be regretted that the prize escaped the vigilance of Mr. Winstanley; since it is just as free from any imputation of 'objection' as the fortunate and impregnable citation from the Smyrnæan Epistle on the martyrdom of Polycarp.

Again: if Mr. Winstanley had called to his aid the further addition of a little more industry, or had been more successful in his researches, he might have enlarged and strengthened this single battery to a much greater degree, and, if he do not overrate the power of his ordnance, he might, even by this one avenue, have made a very practicable breach, and have reduced Mr. Sharp's rule to surrender at discretion. In plain English, we can ourselves easily help Mr. W. to a considerable accession of exceptions, just of the very same kind, and of precisely as much value as the *one* above, which he prizes so highly. For instance, and that we may be as concise as possible:

φιλανθρωπία του κυριου ημων Ιησου Χριστου, μεθ' ου τω πατρι και αγιω πνευματι. κ. τ. λ.—*Basil. Magn. tom. I. p. 357.*

Again:

χαριτι του μεγαλου θεου και πατρος, και του μονογενους αυτου υιου και σωτηρος ημων Ιησου Χριστου, και προσκυνητου αυτου πνευματος, της ακτιστου και αχωριστου Τριαδος.—*Theophanes Ceramens, p. 296.*

Again:

Ημεις μεν τοι γε τρεις υποστασεις πειθομενοι τυγχανειν, τον πατερα, και υιον, και αγιον πνευμα.—*Origen in Joann. tom. II. p. 56, edit. Huet.*

It would not be difficult to increase these citations. But we must spare our reader's patience, and our own.

---

\* Six Letters to Granville Sharp, Esq. p. 122.



What then is our design by supplying Mr. W. with additional materials? To strengthen his argument by our numbers? No, in truth, but to shew that it is just good for nothing. By seeing these examples or exceptions multiplied, even if we wanted such aid before, we come easily to understand that they all take a discriminating character; that one principle runs through them all; that they are, shall we say *proper names*, or like to *proper names*? or rather, shall we refer to our grand general principle of exception, that they are already sufficiently discriminated and distinguished by their reference to the relations in the divinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and that no other mark of distinction is necessary, inasmuch as no possibility of mistake or ambiguity could in any way arise?

This we think is enough to state in reference to the 1st and 3d of Mr. Winstanley's exceptions. The same reasoning nearly, is applicable also to that which we have placed as the seventh exception. (Clemens Alexander. p. 115. Sylburg. edit.) But indeed very little reasoning would have been necessary had not Mr. W. broken off his quotation at *πνευματι*, and if he had given us only the three next succeeding words, which are, *παντα ΤΩΙ ΕΝΙ*, or had referred us to any such passages as the following in the same author, *ἰλαθὶ τοις σοις, παιδαγωγε, παιδίοις, πατερ, ἡνιοχε Ἰσραηλ, υἱε και πατερ, ἐν ἀμφο, Κυριε*, which stand only a few lines above the alleged exception which is quoted by Mr. Winstanley. On the 2d, 4th, 5th, and 6th exceptions, we should have been glad to make two or three remarks: but we must content ourselves with the single observation that they may all, without much difficulty, be reduced to the grand and general principle that it is not *possible* that they should relate to one person, and that Mr. Sharp's rule was never pretended by any but its adversaries to assume the power of achieving impossibilities.

One word more, however, we cannot refrain from subjoining, because it will convey what is to us a strong presumptive argument in favour of Mr. Sharp's theory. Of the text in the book of Proverbs, which is in truth one of the most weighty exceptions adduced by Mr. Winstanley, in our judgment the most deserving of that name of all which he has yet supplied us with, he expresses much surprize that it should have been overlooked by Mr. Sharp. We have ourselves also been collectors of specimens of this kind; and have requested contributions of them for a long time from all our friends whom we judged likely to make any accession to our cabinet. Sometimes we have offered a price

for them, just as the patriot prince of old did for a wolf's head, or as the hospitals now do for a case of small pox succeeding after the genuine vaccination. This very text in the Proverbs was one day brought to us in great triumph, by a friend who is one of the first Greek scholars in this kingdom. After suggesting a few remarks such as would obviously enough occur to most readers, to shew that allowing to it all possible efficacy and importance, it is far from a decisive case against the principle of Mr. Sharp's rule, we referred to our own collections, and there also we found the same text, standing nearly in single and unsupported majesty. Since then this one text has presented itself separately and independently to the search of Mr. W., our friend, and ourselves, and since we do not see that any thing more solid has yet been produced, we cannot allow that much has yet been done to shew that the principle of Mr. Sharp's rule must be evacuated as untenable.

'I shall now subjoin,' says Mr. W. to Mr. S. 'several quotations which come within all the limitations of your first rule, and are direct exceptions to it.' p. 18.

These are principally the quotations to which we assigned the *second* place in our above general division, and which, according to our assumption, it is our duty to shew are misunderstood and misinterpreted by the vindicator, and are not only not exceptions against Mr. Sharp's rule, but are even strict and proper examples of it.

First, then, let us hear the letter-writer.

Clemens Alexandrinus has this quotation from Plato:

‘*τον παντων θεον αιτιον και του ηγεμονος και αιτιου πατερα κυριον επομνυντας.*’

Here *του ηγεμονος και αιτιου* is an agreement with your rule, but *τον παντων θεον*—*και πατερα κυριον* is in direct opposition to it. Origen has the same quotation with some difference, but still without the repetition of the article before *πατερα*, thus,

‘*και τον των παντων θεον, ηγεμονα των τε οντων η των μελλουτων, ταυτε ηγεμονος η αιτιος πατερα η κυριον επομνυνας.*’

‘Clemens observes that Plato appears to be describing the Father and the Son; *φαινεσθαι πατερα και υιον εμφανων*; and Origen makes a similar observation: so that neither of these Greek fathers thought the repetition of the article so necessary to distinguish two persons.’ p. 18, 19.

To make a little amends for the very culpable deficiencies.

of Mr. Winstanley, we shall first mention that the passages referred to are contained severally in the sixth epistle of Plato, p. 91—2, vol. ii. Bipont edit.; Clemens Alexandrinus, p. 598, edit. Sylburg.; and Origen contra Cels. p. 280, edit. Spencer, or Opera, tom. i. p. 636, edit. Delmuc; and that if Mr. W. had been desirous to give us all the instances in which the same passage is extant, he might have further referred us to Eusebii Præparat. Evangelic. lib. 13, cap. 13, p. 675, edit. 1628. The original passage in Plato shall next be produced :

Ταυτην την επιστολην παντας υμας τρεις οντας αναγινωσαι χρη' μαλιστα μεν αβρους, ει δε μη, κατα δυναμιν ως οϊοντ' εστι πλειστακις, και χρησθαι συνθηκη και νομω κυριω, ο εστι δικαιον' επομνυντας σπουδη τε αμα μη αμουσω και τη της σπουδης αδελφη παιδεια, και τον των παντων θεον ηγεμονα των τε οντων και των μελλοντων, του τε ηγεμονος και αιτιου πατερα κυριον επομνυντας' ον, αν οντως φιλοσοφωμεν, εισομεθα παντες σαφως, εις δυναμιν ανθρωπων ευδαιμωνων. The other passages we must dispense with the trouble of transcribing, (they will easily be found by the aid of our references) and this alone must serve as a specimen. But he who will take upon himself to make the search, will find that there is just as much pretence for a violation against Mr. Sharp's rule, in Clemens, or Origen, or Eusebius, as there is in the above extract from Plato, which in fact is just nothing at all. The observation of Origen, *φαινεται πατερα και υιον εμφανων*, and that of Clemens to the same purport remain just as true as before; the *τον παντων θεον αιτιον και πατερα κυριον* in Clemens, and the *τον των παντων θεον, ηγεμονα των τε οντων και των μελλοντων, του τε*——*πατερα και κυριον* plainly describes the Father, just as *του τε ηγεμονος και αιτιου* in the mind of both evidently signifies the Son.

The extract from Origen in page 11, we own has something more of difficulty in it. But after a careful inspection of the original (for nothing can possibly be made out from Mr. Winstanley's shreds and patches) we are by no means convinced that *πατερα* and *κυριον* were designed to denote two persons.

Lastly, with regard to the passage in p. 19, from the same writer, it is to us, and will we suppose to most readers, be sufficiently plain that the *και* does not connect (which is a requisite condition expressed in the very terms of Mr. Sharp's rule) *θεω* and *διδασκαλε*, but *θεω* and *Ιησου*.

We have now gone through with some care the whole of that which we consider as the most important part of Mr. Winstanley's performance. We have endeavoured to shew that the exceptions which he has produced, are of very little



efficacy towards the overturning the principle of criticism, for which the writers on the other side of the question have contended with so much force of evidence; and that therefore upon his own principles, since the rule is generally true, the important texts in the New Testament are not rightly translated in the common version: there does indeed exist a necessity for correcting that version, and it does conceal from the English reader something of no trivial moment, which is discoverable in the original. We think, however, that the literary world is in some degree debtor to Mr. Winstanley for his opposition, and shall be glad to hear that he is not discouraged from the prosecution of his undertaking, but that resuming the task with renewed spirit and zeal, and more in the way and with the industry of a tried and expert scholar, he is determined to persevere, either till he shall himself yield up his dissent and become a convert to the principle contended for, or till he shall fairly overwhelm it with the weight of opposite argument and testimony, and prove that it can no longer be maintained without a violation of truth, decency, and integrity. Should such be the issue of his labours, we shall be among the first and readiest to hail him as a public benefactor to the cause of our religion, being fully persuaded that, 'he does the best service to truth, who hinders it from being supported by falsehood.'\*

We have already intimated our belief that Mr. Winstanley has not condescended to peruse the Six more Letters of Mr. Gregory Blunt, which we regard as indicating a degree of confidence in his own unaided powers, that the event and success of his labours does by no means justify; and as a token of so much indolence, or want of respect towards the public and for his own character, as deserves the severest reprehension. Avowedly he has not read Mr. Wordsworth's Six Letters. 'Your third edition' (he writes to Mr. Sharp) 'contains all that I know of the laborious work of your diligent correspondent.' p. 48. And yet he proceeds to say, 'that the whole weight of that work may be removed without any mighty effort of intellect or of criticism.' Men much more learned than Mr. Winstanley, we have reason to think, entertain a very different judgment on this subject. But as our readers may already in some degree, form an estimate of the force and value of Mr. Winstanley's judgment and

---

\* Porson again in Travis, p. 25, Pref.

and censures in cases where he has declaredly used the eyes both of his body and mind, and where he tells us he has had all the advantage of 'time enough to revolve and review his observations,' there is the less necessity for following him in his wanderings without chart or compass, and where he enables us to judge for ourselves that the guide very probably knows very little what he is about, or whither he is going.

The attention of the public, we presume, is likely soon to be called again to this important subject, by a work from Mr. Middleton, which was announced several months ago.

**ART. III.**—*The Life of Professor Gellert ; with a Course of Moral Lessons delivered by him in the University of Leip-sick ; taken from a French Translation of the Original German. By Mrs. Douglas, of Ednam House. In Three Volumes. 8vo. Hatchard. 1805.*

THE name of Professor Gellert is familiar to those who have turned their attention to the progress of German literature. Though hardly to be ranked among the most distinguished of his order, he acquired and preserved the reputation of *a man of letters*, chiefly by his indefatigable industry in the pursuit of various knowledge, and by his success in the application of that knowledge to the developement of the great principles of moral conduct. His 'Lessons' have been read, and will long continue to be read, by those who are desirous of cultivating, or capable of respecting, the nobler faculties of their nature. Practical and effective usefulness was undoubtedly the great object at which the author aimed in these moral discourses, and therefore they who seek in them a system, or theory of ethics, will infallibly be disappointed. The following are the leading particulars of Professor Gellert's life. He was born at Haynichen in Saxony, in the year 1715. His father, a respectable ecclesiastic of the same place, died at the age of 75 ; after having employed his slender revenue, with a prudent œconomy, in the education of thirteen children. Christian Furchtegott (fear God) received his early education, as is usual, at one of the public schools of the small town where he resided. We are informed, that his poetical talents began to display themselves while he was yet very young ; and our readers may perhaps smile at the occasion which is recorded as having first inspired his muse.

His earliest attempt, says the biographer, was a poem on his father's birth-day, written in his thirteenth year. 'The

habitation of this good man,' he proceeds, 'was an old building supported by fourteen or fifteen props, and his children and his grand children amounted to the same number. This coincidence suggested to the young man the idea of considering the children and grand children as so many props of their father's age, and of introducing each of them speaking in his turn.' At the age of nineteen, Gellert commenced his manly studies at the university of Leipsic, where he passed four years. At the termination of this period he was recalled home by his father, whose scanty income could no longer bear the burden of his expence, but compelled the young philosopher to undertake the active duties of the sacred profession. An incident is recorded of his first essay in the pulpit, which is by no means singular in the annals of his *corps*. When he rose to deliver a discourse which he had imperfectly committed to memory, his presence of mind and his recollection at once failed him, and he submitted, as is usual under such circumstances, to the mortifying humiliation of recurring to his manuscript. Such however was the amiable diffidence of the young orator, that he afterwards declared, 'this circumstance has never been banished from my remembrance; it has been present to me every time I mounted the pulpit; and was the origin of that timidity of which I have never been able to divest myself.' It is the opinion, notwithstanding, of his biographer, that had his bodily health been more robust, he might have acquired distinguished reputation in the fields of eloquence.

In the year after his return to his family, young Gellert undertook for a short period the education of two young gentlemen who resided near Dresden; and besides the care which he bestowed upon them, he directed the studies of his brother and nephew. It appears, though for what reasons we are not sufficiently informed, that 'he reckoned this one of the happiest and most tranquil periods of his life.' That ardent and elevated piety which afterwards threw so genuine a lustre over his character, began to display itself about the present time, with all the vigour of fresh and aspiring zeal. His own account of the motives and progress of his conduct, of the views which opened upon his mind, and the objects which he had most sincerely at heart, manifest the singular purity and excellence of his principles. Among the first productions of Gellert's pen which have been given to the public, were his contributions to a periodical work entitled 'Amusements of the Heart and Understanding.' In this performance he became a coadjutor with several others during his residence at Leipsic; and the success of his essay is thus described by the flattering pencil of his biographer



'How imperfect soever his first attempts might be, so many beauties were discovered in them, that scarcely had he shown himself amongst the German poets, when all eyes were turned towards him.

'The moment some new piece of the periodical work he was engaged in, appeared, the reader's first care was to seek out some tale or fable of Gellert's; they were perused with eagerness, they were read over and over, and learned by heart. The easy and natural stile of his narrations, perfectly simple and unaffected, the sweetness and amenity of his verses, the natural expression of a young poet seeking to please his readers, to instruct and to make them better, who was playful without offence, whose laughter was never tinged with bitterness, but whose smiles were those of friendship or compassion; all these qualities were so attractive, that from month to month the public taste for his works became more lively and more general. It is not therefore surprising, that Gellert finding his fables succeeded, conciliated to him the general esteem, and enabled him to be useful to his countrymen, should take delight in cultivating a species of poetry, which from the earliest ages, has been considered as best calculated to convey lessons of wisdom.'

The tales and fables which Gellert contributed to this periodical work were some time afterwards collected and published in a distinct volume. They were again received with the approbation which their intrinsic excellence secured; and it is somewhat amusing to observe the author ingenuously reflecting back commendation upon that party of mankind from whom his own applauses chiefly proceeded.

'My greatest ambition,' said he, in a letter to a friend, 'is to please and make myself useful to reasonable people, rather than to mere scholars.

'I attach more importance to the approbation of a sensible woman, than to the praises of a periodical paper; and in my opinion, one of the populace, if he is endowed with a sound judgment, well deserves that I should seek to fix his attention, to contribute to his amusement, and in narratives easily retained, to set useful truths before him, fitted to excite good emotions in his soul.'

Besides the present volume of fables, Gellert had already composed two comedies, a pastoral poem, and the 'Oracle.' He now made a trial of his skill in romance; a species of composition which, in Germany as elsewhere, must occasionally be rendered the vehicle of injury and corruption to good morals. Gellert, it appears, entertained the delusive hope of establishing a reformation in this attractive department of literature, and accordingly published his 'Swedish Countess;' a performance which his countrymen have esteemed more for the design of the moralist, than the execution of the writer. Notwithstanding the cheerful and diver-

sified nature of his pursuits, the young author seems to have been subject to painful attacks of that mental disorder, which has so often and so fatally humbled the pride of genius.

‘Gellert was, even so early as this period of his life, subject to those distressing attacks of melancholy which so much embittered his days. Notwithstanding the strictest regimen, notwithstanding frequent exercise, and his attention to avoid excess of application, he never could attain to procure himself a more confirmed state of health. Already one portion of his days, days so useful to society, were days of suffering. His virtue and his piety furnished him with the necessary courage to support with patience the first attacks of his complaint, and to look forward without terror, to a prospect of long protracted suffering. He sought, in religion, the resources and consolations which might soften a state of painful illness; and his feeling heart, ever alive to the sufferings of his fellow creatures, awakened in his mind the idea of furnishing them with the alleviations he had drawn from that source, by publishing, in 1747, a book, entitled, “*Consolations for Valetudinarians*,” which was as eagerly received as his other works, and translated into many different languages. The character of Mentor, in this book, is a picture, the principal features of which Gellert borrowed from himself, a circumstance which makes it the more affecting, as it exhibits a representation of those sufferings, which almost every day of his life renewed.’

In the year 1754, he published a collection of moral and didactic poems, and made some additions to the volumes of his tales. Among these poems the most conspicuous is the *Christian*, of which the following passage contains some account, whilst it conveys a lively picture of the author's moral and religious dispositions.

‘It is impossible to read his poem entitled the *Christian*, without forming a wish and a resolution to realize this model. The colouring of this poem might indeed have made more splendour, but the mild mixture of its tints possesses a gentle charm, and a beauty which pleases more and more as we examine it. The sentiments do not arise to enthusiasm and passion; they have rather the warmth of a spring morning, than the glowing heat of a summer's day. Finally, these poems are the touching expression of a true love for virtue, and in Gellert's soul this was a mild and gentle sentiment. He sought, particularly whilst composing the *Christian*, to impress his mind in the most lively manner with a sense of the inestimable blessing of the redemption. This piece was written in the space of eleven days; that is to say, he devoted to it those moments of leisure which the academical labours allowed him. “*May I*,” said he, after having finished it, “reap the first fruits of it myself! May the ideas it develops serve to reanimate me, when I am depressed by melancholy! O God, make it contribute to the good of my soul!”

In 1751, Gellert began to give public lessons in poetry and eloquence to a very numerous audience. The merits of the teacher were generally acknowledged, and his success in consequence was considerable. Still, however, he was oppressed both in mind and body by the terrible malady which hung over him. A history of the origin and progress of this disorder, by a truly sagacious observer, might have formed an interesting addition to the memorials of mental aberrations which have already been compiled. Under the hands of the present biographer, its circumstances are so loosely and monotonously described, the facts relating to it, buried under such a mass of commentary, and clouded by so thick a veil of Lutheran doctrine, that the philosophical inquirer may in vain seek for any clear or satisfactory account of its phenomena.

One of the numerous expedients which Gellert adopted for the removal of his complaints, was a visit to the waters of Carlsbad. From these, however, he derived no relief, whilst the tedious vacancy of life which was there prescribed, seemed rather to confirm his malady. Amongst the epistolary compositions incorporated with his biography, are several in which he describes the proceedings and the characters of his acquaintances in this resort of strangers. Among the most interesting is the account which he communicates to a friend, of his interviews with the celebrated Laudohn.—Vol. 1. p. 118.

The peaceful and studious life of Gellert was interrupted by few of those incidents which can excite any considerable degree of interest. Assiduous in the discharge of his professional duties, and diligent in extending the fame of his literary accomplishments, he sought from the public those honours only which were freely accorded, and aspired to those gratifications alone which he had already secured within his reach. Wherever the name of Gellert was pronounced it was accompanied with respect, wherever his writings were perused a still more solid testimony of approbation was afforded. His lectures were not less popular than instructive, and his conversation not less amiable than edifying. His biographer has very imperfectly performed all the more difficult parts which his office required. Through a cloud of moral and religious reflection it is impossible to discern even dimly the features which peculiarly characterized the piety of his subject; or to detect those amiable singularities which he is well known to have possessed. With mistaken zeal, the worthy writer has sought rather to improve the morals and enlighten the faith of his readers, than to



exhibit before their eyes an entire and authentic representation of his hero. An uniform mass of colouring, without shade, and with dubious outline, standing less forward on the canvass than a groupe of ill-chosen and subsidiary forms, can exhibit neither a faithful nor suitable portrait; and if in applying this illustration to the piece before us, we could inspire an abler artist with the desire of executing a more finished work, we should no longer hesitate to pronounce it perfectly correct. Compelled therefore, as we now are, to leave the character of the amiable and learned Professor in that obscurity which his biographer has thrown over it, we have only to notice the lamented termination of his life in the year 1769, after a long scene of sickness and despondency.

Of the three volumes under review, the Life of Gellert occupies the greater part of the first; whilst the two others comprehend 'The Course of Moral Lessons delivered by him in the University of Leipsic.' The general character and merits of these moral lessons are so well known, that we cannot detain our readers by a formal annunciation of them. Purity and even tenderness of sentiment, sobriety of thought, a chaste and elevated piety, are the precious qualifications which adapt them to inform and delight. The wisest of men may be instructed by them in the most essential branch of wisdom, the knowledge of himself; the best of men may be improved by them in the only department of virtue—practical excellence. It may be well, however, to warn those who expect extraordinary vigour of thought, or brilliancy of wit, that they must not look for them in the pages of a correct and sober philosopher. The refined gratifications which literary epicures sometimes exclusively seek, are indeed rarely furnished by such writers, many of whom, along with our author, have boldly declared that they write rather for the *unlearned* than the *learned*.

ART. IV.—Επεα πτερόεντα; or, the Diversions of Purley.

(Concluded from p. 285.)

IF we had continued our journey through this volume in the manner we began it, we should have inflicted on our readers the weariness which we have often ourselves experienced.

We shall therefore only select such passages as refer to principles of importance, either in grammar or philosophy, and conclude with our general sentiments of the work.

The fifth chapter is thus opened :

‘ *F.* I STILL wish for an explanation of one word more ; which, on account of its extreme importance, ought not to be omitted. What is TRUTH ?

‘ You know, when Pilate had asked the same question, he went out and would not stay for the answer.\* And from that time to this, no answer has been given. And from that time to this, mankind have been wrangling and tearing each other to pieces for the TRUTH, without once considering the meaning of the word.

‘ *H.* In the Gospel of John, it is as you have stated. But in the gospel of Nichodemus (which, I doubt not, had originally its full share in the conversion of the world to christianity†) Pilate awaits the answer, and has it.—“ Thou sayest that I am a kynge, and to that I was borne, and for to declare to the worlde that who soo be of TROUTH wyll here my worde. Than sayd Pylate, What is TROUTH, By thy worde there is but lytell TROUTH in the worlde. Our lorde sayd to Pylate, Understande TROUTH how that it is judged in erth of them that dwell therein.”

*Nychodemus Gospell. chap. 2.*

‘ *F.* Well, What say you to it ?

‘ *H.* That story is better told by John : for the answer was not worth the staying for.’

Then why swell out your book by inserting it ? Oh ! but there is an indirect blow at the canonical gospels. He however recollects himself—‘ And yet there is something in it, perhaps ; for it declares that *Truth* is judged in erth of them that dwell therein.’ He then derives *True* from an Anglo-Saxon word, meaning *confidere*, to think, to believe firmly, to be thoroughly persuaded of, *To Trow*. p. 40½, &c.

‘ Marke it, Nuncle.

Have more then thou showest,

Speake lesse then thou knowest,

Lend lesse then thou owest,

Ride more then thou goest,

Learne more then thou TROWEST.’

*Lear. pag. 288.*

‘ This past participle was antiently written TREW ; which is the regular past tense of TROW. As the verbs *To Blow*, to *Crow*, to

\* See *John* xviii. 38. ‘ What is Truth ? said jesting Pilate ; and would not stay for an answer.’ *Bacon's Essays*.

† Nichodemus was the Patron Apostle of our ancestors the Anglosaxons and their immediate descendants : his gospel was their favourite authority : and it was translated for their use, both into Anglosaxon and into old English ; which translations still remain, and the latter of them was one amongst the first books printed. By Wynkyn de Worde. Anno. 1511.

Grow, to Know, to Throw, give us in the past tense, Blew, Crew, Grew, Knew, Threw. Of which had the learned Dr. Gil been aware, he would not, in his *Logonomia Anglica*, pag. 64, have told us that **TRU**, ratus, was “*verbale anomalum* of **I TROU**, reor.”

‘Of this I need not give you any instances; because the word is perpetually written **TREW**, by all our ancient authors in prose and verse, from the time of Edward the third to Edward the sixth.

‘**TRUE**, as we now write it; or **TREW**, as it was formerly written, means simply and merely—That which is **TROWED**.\* And, instead of its being a rare commodity upon earth, except only in words, there is nothing but **TRUTH** in the world.’

In this paragraph, Mr. Tooke decides on his own philosophical pretensions. **TRUTH** is not what any one may *trowe*, for in that case no man can ever have *trowed* falsehood—but **TRUTH**, in the *abstract*; a term which we must endeavour to rescue from the sophistical barbarism of Mr. Tooke’s philosophy, is the exact **AFFINITY** of intellectual and moral, as well as of natural circumstances. Men have *trowed* the grossest errors concerning the phenomena of nature, until experiments have ascertained the **TRUTH**, i. e. their causes and effects, and the relations of those causes and effects; and the **TRUTH** has been very different from what has been *trowed*. It is so in the intellectual and moral world. Propositions and maxims have been *trowed*, which are extremely different from the intellectual and moral truth, when ascertained by a just experience. It is this **ACCORDANCE** of principles and actions with the construction of our natures, and with the constitutions and laws of our countries, to which the general and abstract idea of **TRUTH** is annexed; and the word is the sign of the general idea, not of the particular persuasion, fancy, or imagination of the individual. Mr. Tooke therefore speaks like a mere grammarian, when giving the definition of truth; as indeed he does on all occasions, even when he assumes the most decisive and dogmatic tone of the profound philosopher.

‘That every man, in his communication with others, should speak that which he **TROWETH**, is of so great importance to mankind; that it ought not to surprize us, if we find the most extravagant and exaggerated praises bestowed upon **TRUTH**. But **TRUTH** supposes mankind: *for whom* and *by whom* alone the word is formed and *to whom* only it is applicable. If no man, no **TRUTH**. There is therefore no such thing as eternal, immutable, everlasting **TRUTH**; unless mankind, *such as they are at present*, be also eternal, immu-

---

\* Mer. Casaubon derives **TRUE** from the Greek *ατρεπης*; and *ατρεπης* from *ατρεπε*, impavidus.



table, and everlasting. Two persons may contradict each other, and yet both speak TRUTH: for the TRUTH of one person may be opposite to the TRUTH of another. To speak TRUTH may be a vice as well as a virtue: for there are many occasions where it ought not to be spoken.'

There is something like philosophy in this passage, but it is an imitation of that Scottish scepticism and quibbling which have of late degraded and corrupted all our principles and morals. To affirm that we speak truth when we speak error, because we *troue* error to be truth, may serve as a witticism in Joe Miller, or it may ornament the ribaldry which is now hailed as oratory in parliaments and senates; but in a philosophical inquiry conducted by a genuine disciple of Locke, it will excite only disgust and contempt. Moral principles and actions are as correctly suited to our nature as food to our stomachs, and pleasures to our senses, and moral truth is but another word for that aptitude; it is as fixed and permanent as that nature, and if that nature be eternal, truth must be eternal. It may be mistaken, perverted, and depraved; and as the human stomach may be brought to substitute brandy for milk, the human mind may be brought to substitute moral evil for moral good, and to *troue* error for TRUTH. Still the general relations of mind, principle, and action, are the same; and though ninety-nine in a hundred may *troue* error, TRUTH remains unaffected in its just claim to preference, though it be discerned only by one.

This is another instance in which a verbal quibble is unavailing against the feeling, experience, and determination of the human mind.

Our author deigns to bestow on Mr. Locke something like praise in the following note: (P. 406)

'Mr. Locke, in the second book of his Essay, chap. xxxii. treats of *True and False* ideas: and is much distressed throughout the whole chapter; because he had not in his mind any determinate meaning of the word TRUE.

'In section 2, he says——“Both ideas and words may be said to be true in a *metaphysical* sense of the word TRUTH; as all other THINGS, that any way EXIST, are said to be true; i. e. REALLY to BE such as they EXIST.”

'In section 26, he says——“Upon the whole matter, I think that our ideas, as they are considered by the mind, either in reference to the proper signification of their names, or in reference to the REALITY of THINGS, may very fitly be call'd RIGHT or WRONG ideas. But if any one had rather call them TRUE OR FALSE, 'tis fit he use a liberty, which every one has, to call things by those names he thinks best.”

\* If that excellent man had himself followed here the advice which, in the ninth chapter of his third book, sect. 16. he gave to his disputing friends concerning the word *Liquor*. If he had followed his own rule, previously to writing about TRUE and FALSE ideas; and had determined what meaning he applied to TRUE, BEING, THING, REAL, RIGHT, WRONG; he could not have written the above quoted sentences. which exceedingly distress the reader, who searches for a meaning where there is none to be found.'

This is what may be called *civil impudence*. We will venture to affirm that no sober inquirer, no truly philosophical mind, has ever been distressed by the passages quoted from the Essay of Mr. Locke. They are candid apologies for the imperfection of languages, as containing the signs of our ideas; which ideas he rightly states to be true or false in relation to their objects.

But Mr. Tooke thinks that if Mr. Locke had traced Truth into Trowe, and determined it to be what any man or every man imagined it to be, he would have saved himself and the reader trouble. That WE Trowe: for there would have been no subject of inquiry.

Mr. Tooke sometimes affirms words to be representations of ideas; and yet treats the inquiry into the truth and falsehood of ideas, as frivolous.

This is mere sophistry, and the object is to give importance to the art of etymology.

The convenient Dialogist ventures to object, as we do.

'Be it so. But you have not answered my original question. I asked the meaning of the abstract TRUTH; and you have attempted to explain the concrete TRUE. Is TRUTH also a participle?

'H. No. Like *North* (which I mentioned before) it is the third person singular of the indicative Trow. It was formerly written *Troweth*, *Trowth*, *Trouht*, and *Troth*. And it means (aliquid, any thing, something,) that which one Troweth. i. e. thinketh, or firmly believeth.'

This is the sort of etymological garbage which the author would substitute for philosophy. And he has the impudence to add in a note, 'If Mr. Wollaston had first settled the meaning of the word, he would not have made Truth the basis of his system.'

Mr. Tooke must be extremely ignorant as a philosopher, if he does not know that Truth in the abstract, not *the troweth* of an individual, is the basis of all systems, physical, moral, and political, and that the treatise of Wollaston would have had no subject if he had not made the assumption. But he seems disposed to bring us back not only into

the circumlocutions and barbarisms of the language of savages, but into those of their manners, which attempted to possess the qualities of others by murdering their persons or their reputations.

The sixth chapter, OF ADJECTIVES, is a tissue of pertnesses and impertinences on Dr. Lowth, Mr. Harris, &c.

That adjectives, like all other words, are derived from nouns, and that every word must have been the name of a thing, is not a discovery by Mr. Tooke. Indeed he alludes to several indirect authorities, but parades and dictates with the air of a master. Gunter Browne, in a small treatise, published a few years ago, called '*Hermes Unmasked*,' has treated this subject fully, but with the flippancy of the Wimbledon school. His principal object seems to be revenge on Dr. Vincent for the flagellations he formerly received from him at Westminster school; and he certainly exposes to just ridicule the Doctor's attempt to trace the origin of articulate language.

But in giving proofs that all words are derived from nouns, he relates the first efforts of his children to describe events by the junction of two or three nouns. Mr. Tooke has taken off the cream of this little book, without referring to it, or mentioning the name of Browne. The book has had but little circulation, and if we had not seen it in Mr. Tooke's possession, we might have imagined, though the sentiments are similar, that he had not perused it.

Browne says, and every old nurse will also say, that children always begin by associating nouns, unadjectived; and instead of saying, 'wood is burning,' or 'milk is warm,' say 'wood fire,' 'milk fire,' &c.

To such facts we can have no objection, as mere facts; but expressions of invective against those who state the changes of nouns in the several parts of speech as improvements, are extremely offensive, as they are extremely illiberal and unjust.

Mr. Harris and Dr. Lowth are not inquiring into the etymology of words, but into the propriety of their places and uses in a sentence; and into the denominations given them from the occupation of those places. It is highly unjust and impertinent to ridicule and degrade them, because they omit what they never had in contemplation, and what they must have deemed matters of mere curiosity.

The reader may judge by the following passages, and they are among the best of the book.

'H. Well. I care not whether you call it *Substance* or *Essence* or *Accident*, that is *attributed*. Something must be attributed, and



therefore denoted by every adjective. And *Essence*, *Substance* and *Accident*, are all likewise denoted by substantives—by *grammatical* substantives at least. For, pray, what is Scaliger's own consequence from the words you have quoted? That *Whiteness* is not a *substantive*, but *nomen essentiale*. By which reasoning, you see, the far greater part of *grammatical* substantives are at once discarded, and become *accidentalia*, or philosophical adjectives. But that is not all the mischief: for the same kind of reasoning will likewise make a great number of the most common *grammatical* adjectives become philosophical substantives, as denoting *substances*. For both *Substances* and *Essences* (if you choose to have those terms, those *ignes fatuos*) are equally and indifferently denoted sometimes by *grammatical* substantives and sometimes by *grammatical* adjectives.

He proceeds with the same trivial pomposity:

'And this difficulty has at all times puzzled all the grammarians who have attempted to account for the parts of speech by the single difference of the *Things* or *Ideas* of which the different sorts of words were supposed to be the signs. And though every one who has made the attempt, has found it miscarry in his hands; still each has pursued the beaten track, and employed his time and pains to establish a criterion which, in the conclusion, each has uniformly abandoned. And they all come at last to such paltry jargon as this of the authors of the *Encyclopedie*—"Cessont des Noms substantifs *par Imitation*." They must equally be obliged to acknowledge that *substantial* adjectives are also des Noms adjectifs *par imitation*. Thus essential terms are *grammatical* substantives only by imitation: and substantial terms are *grammatical* adjectives only by imitation: and unfortunately this does not happen only now and then, like an exception to a general rule; but this perplexing *imitation* is so universally practised, that there is not any *Accident* whatever which has not a *grammatical* substantive for its sign, when it is not attributed: nor is there any *Substance* whatever which may not have a *grammatical* adjective for its sign, when there is occasion to attribute it. They are therefore forced to give up at last every philosophical difference between the parts of speech, which they had at first laid down as the cause of the distinction; and are obliged to allow that the same words (without any alteration in their meaning) are sometimes of one part of speech and sometimes of another.—"Ces mots sont pris tantôt *adjectivement*, tantôt *substantivement*. Cela depend de leur service. Qualifient-ils? Ils sont adjectifs. Designent-ils des individus? Ils sont donc substantifs."

The author concludes his truisms and witticisms on this subject, in the following consolatory prophecy to the believers in a millennium on Wimbledon principles.

'If in what I have said of the *adjective*, I have expressed myself clearly and satisfactorily, you will easily observe, that *adjectives*, though convenient abbreviations, are not *necessary* to language; and

are therefore not ranked by me amongst the *parts of speech*. And perhaps you will perceive in this useful and simple contrivance of language,' (a contrivance of *language*, which is no part of *speech* !!) 'one of the foundations of those *heaps* of false philosophy and obscure (because mistaken) metaphysic, with which we have been bewildered. You will soon know what to do with all the technical impertinences about *Qualities, Accidents, Substantives, Substrata, Essence, the adjunct Natures* of things, &c. &c. And will, I doubt not, cheerfully proceed with me, in some future conversation, to "a very different sort of Logic and Critic than what we have hitherto been acquainted with." Of which, a knowledge of the nature of language and of the meaning of words, is a necessary forerunner.' p. 459.

The faithful may therefore live in hope; and such metaphysicians as *Thomas Taylor* must be in apprehension and jeopardy. We are of those *blessed* who have no expectations, and therefore shall not be disappointed.

In the seventh chapter, the philosophical verbotomists consider the PARTICIPLE; and the baronet, borrowing a little wit from his master (which no doubt he pays in some other way) calls the participle a *Mule*, which is the best thing in the chapter.

In the next chapter, he has several just observations on the subject of abbreviations, but they are too numerous and tedious. To relieve the reader's weariness, the bold baronet turns upon his master, and asks (p. 490)

'F. Do you then propose to reform these abuses?

'H. Reform! God forbid. I tremble at the very name of Reform. The Scotch and the English lawyer in conjunction, and with both the Indies in their patronage, point to the *Ecce Homo* with a sneer; and insultingly bid us—"Behold the fate of a Reformer!" No—with our eyes open to the condition of them all, you know that your friend Bosville and I' (well paired!) 'have entered into a strict engagement,' (not money-bonds, we trust) 'to belong for ever to the established government, to the established church, and to the established language of our country: because they are established. Establish what you please: do but establish; and, whilst that establishment shall last, we shall be perfectly convinced of its propriety.

'No. I shall venture no farther than to explain the nature and convenience of these abbreviations. And I venture so far, only because our religious and devout have not yet passed an act to restrain me individually to the Liturgy (as a sort of *half-sacrament*) and to forbid my meddling with any words out of it.

'F. However fearful and backward you may be, or pretend to be, upon the occasion, I do not think a slow reform either dangerous or difficult or unlikely in this particular. Your principle is simple

and incontestable :—One word or one termination should be used with one signification and for one purpose.'

What a lesson this passage holds out to reformers! What an example of latitude and elasticity of conscience in such *eminent sages* as Bosville and Horne Tooke! What encouragement to rich men to bleed freely—to be happily fraternized, and see their names printed in great books. This is laying out money and supplying forage to good account. He proceeds (in page 493):

'Take notice, I am not a partner in your proposal. The corruption of most of these words is now so inveterate, that those authors must be very hardy indeed who would risque the ridicule of the innovation: and their numbers and merit must be great to succeed in any reformation of the language: or in any other reformation in England, if Reason and Truth are the only bribes they have to offer.'

and the volume terminates thus:

'Now in regard to all these which I have mentioned, and many other abbreviations which I have not yet mentioned; our modern English authors (not being aware of what the language had gained) have been much divided in their opinions: whether we should praise or censure those who, by adopting a great number of foreign words and incorporating them into the old Anglosaxon language, have by degrees produced the modern English. While some have called this *Enriching*, others have called it *Deforming* the original language of our ancestors: which these latter affirm to have been sufficiently adapted to composition to have expressed with equal advantage, propriety, and precision, by words from its own source, all that we can now do by our foreign helps. But in their declamations (for they cannot be called arguments) on this subject, it is evident that, on both sides, they confined themselves to the consideration merely of *complex terms*, and never dreamed of the abbreviations in the *manner of signification* of words. Which latter has however been a much more abundant cause of borrowing foreign words than the former. And indeed it is true that almost all the *complex terms* (merely as such) which we have adopted from other languages, might be, and many of them were, better expressed in the Anglosaxon:—I mean, better for an Anglosaxon: because more intelligible to him, and more homogeneous with the rest of his language. Yet I am of opinion (but on different ground from any taken by the declaimers on either side) that those who by thus borrowing have produced our present English speech, deserve from us, but in a very different degree, both thanks and censure. Great thanks, in that they have introduced into the English some most useful *abbreviations in manner of signification*; which the Anglosaxon, as well as all the other Northern languages wanted: and some censure in that they have done this incompletely, and in an improper manner. The fact certainly is, that our predecessors did not themselves know what they were



doing; any more than their successors seem to have known hitherto the real importance and benefit of what has been done. And of this the Grammars and Philosophy both of ancients and moderns are a sufficient proof. An oversight much to be deplored: for I am strongly persuaded (and I think I have good reason to be so) that had the Greek and Latin Grammarians known and explained the nature and intrinsic value of the riches of their own language, neither would their descendants have lost any of those advantages, nor would the languages of Europe have been at this day in the corrupt and deficient state in which we, more and less, find them. For those languages which have borrowed these abbreviations, would have avoided the partiality and patchwork, as well as the corruptions and improprieties with which they now abound, and those living languages of Europe which still want these advantages wholly, would long ere this have entirely supplied their defects.

'F. It seems to me that you rather exaggerate the importance of these abbreviations. Can it be of such mighty consequence to gain a little time in communication?

'H. Even that is important. But it rests not there. A short, close, and compact method of speech, answers the purpose of a map upon a reduced scale: it assists greatly the comprehension of our understanding: and, in general reasoning, frequently enables us, at one glance, to take in very numerous and distant important relations and conclusions, which would otherwise totally escape us. But this objection comes to me with an ill grace from you, who have expressed such frequent nausea and disgust at the any-lengthian Lord with his numerous strings, that excellent political swimmer: whose tedious reasons, you have often complained, are as — "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaffe."

'And here, if you please, we will conclude our discussion for the present.

'F. No. If you finish thus, you will leave me much unsatisfied; nor shall I think myself fairly treated by you.

'You have told me that a *Verb* is (as every word also must be) a *Noun*; but you added, that it is also *something more*: and that the title of *Verb* was given to it, on account of that distinguishing *something more* than the mere nouns convey. You have then proceeded to the simple *Verb* *adjectived*, and to the different *adjectived Moods*, and to the different *adjectived Tenses* of the verb. But you have not all the while explained to me what you mean by the naked simple *Verb unadjectived*. Nor have you uttered a single syllable concerning that *something* which the naked verb unattended by *Mood*, *Tense*, *Number*, *Person*, and *Gender*, (which last also some languages add to it) signifies *More* or *Besides* the mere *Noun*.

'What is the *Verb*? What is that peculiar differential circumstance which, added to the definition of a *Noun*, constitutes the *Verb*?

'Is the *Verb*, 1. "Dictio variabilis, quæ significat actionem aut passionem."<sup>2</sup>

'Or, 2. "Dictio variabilis per modos."

\* Or, 3. "Quod adsignificat tempus sine casu."

\* Or, 4. "Quod agere, pati, vel esse, significat."

\* Or, 5. "Nota rei sub tempore."

\* Or, 6. "Pars orationis præcipua sine casu."

\* Or, 7. "An Assertion."

\* Or, 8. "Nihil significans, et quasi nexus et copula, ut verba alia quasi animaret."

\* Or, 9. "Un mot declinable indeterminatif."

\* Or, 10. "Un mot qui presente à l'esprit un être indéterminé, désigné seulement par l'idée générale de l'existence sous une relation à une modification."

\* Or, 11. —————

\* *H.* A truce, a truce.—I know you are not serious in laying this trash before me: for you could never yet for a moment bear a negative or a *quasi* in a definition. I perceive whither you would lead me; but I am not in the humour at present to discuss with you the meaning of Mr. Harris's—"Whatever a *thing* may *Be*, it must first of necessity *Be*, before it can possibly *Be* any *thing* ELSE." With which precious jargon he commences his account of the *Verb*. No, No. We will leave off here for the present. It is true that my evening is now fully come, and the night fast approaching; yet if we shall have a tolerably lengthened twilight, we may still perhaps find time enough for a farther conversation on this subject: And finally (if the times will bear it) to apply this system of language to all the different systems of Metaphysical (i. e. verbal) Imposture.

We have inserted this large extract, as it is a complete and favourable summary of the professed views of Mr. Tooke. That these views may be attended with utility, we are ready to acknowledge; but that they will be promoted by satirical personalities, or by bitter allusions to the struggles of political parties, we need not be at the trouble of denying.

That Mr. Tooke may have been harshly treated as a political partizan, by men who had opposite interests as political partizans, is very probable; and it is very probable that, though Mr. Tooke may not have deserved, he may have provoked that usage. We believe it to be a general opinion, that by exciting false alarms in an administration that was easily alarmed, he was the indirect occasion of many of those laws which dishonoured our public code, without being of any utility to the administration which introduced them.

The peculiar faculties of Mr. Horne Tooke as a politician seem to be to excite alarms, and to keep up a perpetual irritation, where the evil has either been imaginary, or it has spent itself, or it has been remedied. His political creed, we believe, nobody ever understood. He talked fondly of an English constitution while he abetted Thomas Paine, who affirmed that the English had no constitution. Lord Shelburne

has been the object of his flattery, and of his bitterest abuse. Mr. Pitt was his idol, and, we believe, received from him the title of heaven-born minister. We shall not repeat the epithets of a contrary nature, which Mr. Tooke has since annexed to his name. Mr. Fox has been at different times, an angel of light, and a fiend of darkness. All these variations have followed those of the author's views. Mr. Tooke has talents for the highest situations of public business, if he be compared with those who usually possess them. He has considerable stores of knowledge, and the art of appearing to have much more than he really possesses. He has a familiar, pointed, and sarcastic eloquence, and no scruples of any kind in the use of it. But though he will bear the buffetings of adversity, and the oppressor's wrong, he has not that species of patience which would enable him to toil up the hill of preferment, with the motley fraternity of claimants and intriguers: and when, at the termination of every struggle, he has found himself at the foot of the hill, he has clamoured in the bitterest language, against all those who have been more artful and more successful.

The reader will say, all this is personal. But the book we review is personal. It perpetually alludes to the politics of Mr. Tooke, and to the consequences of those politics to himself.

As an auxiliary to English grammar, and to the future compilers of English dictionaries, the *ETIHA ITEPOENTA* will afford valuable materials.

As to the philosophy of the work, we do not hold it in much esteem—for these reasons:

1. Words are not *representations*, but the arbitrary, or perhaps conventional *signs* of ideas.

2. The meaning of a word is not always, perhaps not generally, explained by etymology. We will take a few instances (among the thousands that may be elsewhere collected) from a periodical publication now accidentally lying before us.

**EPISCOPUS**, among the Romans was a military commission, similar to that of a commissary of provisions.—Can it be applied to our present prelates, as commissaries of spiritual provisions?

**ARMS**—The artificial arms—were originally offensive instruments; now shields, helmets, &c. are so denominated.

**WEAPON**—from *Wepa*, a coat—is applied to sword, fire-lock, &c.

**TONGUE**—from *Tong*, the organ of language—and **LANGUAGE** (*Lingua*), are applied to that vehicle of our thoughts which may be either written, printed, read, or spoken.



Glorious uncertainty of etymology ! It would be a profitable speculation, for moderate fees, to decide controversies by etymology, as they are commonly decided by the quibbles of the law.

3. The effort to resolve the English language into its elementary words in Anglo-Saxon, is a retrograde effort towards barbarism.

We are much indebted to Middleton, Lowth, and even to Dr. Johnson (with all his rumbling pomposity) for approximations in our language to those of Greece and Rome, which men of taste will never abandon for the bald and circumlocutory phraseology of barbarous ages.

But the great defect of the work, is the rejection of general or abstract terms, and the reference of them for explanation to periods, which scarcely admitted of general and abstract ideas.

At this awful period, when France is laying every thing prostrate at its feet, the cabinets of Europe are calling to their aid PUBLIC UNION, and PUBLIC SPIRIT, as the most powerful MORAL CAUSES. No—says Mr. Horne Tooke—there are no moral causes ! What ! when Robespierre, by the operation of FEAR, disposed of the lives and fortunes of 30,000 of people, is not FEAR a MORAL CAUSE ? and when Bonaparte, by a FEAR of another kind, shakes the thrones of kings, and occupies even the dreams of their subjects—is not that FEAR also a MORAL CAUSE ? and where is the dictionary or treatise of etymology, to give the meaning, or the ingredients of this cause ? What would his *present* friend Mr. Fox say, if Mr. Tooke were to refer him for the ingredients of that PUBLIC SPIRIT which he now courts, to the meaning of the words in Anglo-Saxon ?

England wants only PUBLIC SPIRIT to be SECURE. She has ministers and friends of ministers, sufficient etymologists, to trace the words to all their possible elements. But will they produce that public spirit ? God grant they may !! But certainly not by etymology ; certainly not by the common arts of partizans they can produce it only by the (too-much neglected) SCIENCE OF MORAL CAUSES, to which the school at Wimbledon seems to be a stranger.

ART. V. *Poems; and Runnemedes, a Tragedy.* By the Rev. John Logan, F.R.S. Edinburgh, one of the Ministers of Leith. A new Edition, with a Life of the Author, small 8vo. 4s. 6d. Vernor and Hood. 1805

AS the poems of Logan are not entirely new to the public

eye, our first attentions are due to the editor, who has prefixed a short life of the author, an account of the pieces published, and a few well written observations upon them. The life of a retired votary of the Muses is usually rather meagre of incident: yet this nothing is what the world would be sorry not to know, and are therefore obliged to those who will tell them. It too often happens that in indulging this natural propensity of the public, the biographer and editor, either from his own partial attachment to the author, or from a more interested motive, first wearies us with his circumstantialities, and then compromises the fame of his departed friend by printing any thing and every thing which he ever wrote, or is supposed to have written. We owe therefore a yet farther obligation to the biographer who tells us all that is desirable to be known in few words, and have no less reason than the author himself to thank the editor who selects with judgment and delicacy. So far as these merits extend, they belong to the publisher of the present volume. It is now time to speak of the poet.

‘ From dazzling deluges of snow,  
 From summer noon’s meridian glow  
 We turn our aking eye,  
 To Nature’s robe of vernal green,  
 To the blue curtain all serene  
 Of an autumnal sky.’

So says Logan (p. 12.); and so turn we our aking eyes from the false refinement, the affected languor, the namby-pamby vapidness, which singly or jointly characterize so many of our modern fashionable verse-makers, to the pages of a poet, who, if not worthy of a place in the highest ranks of genius, discovers at least incontrovertible marks of a pure and chastised taste, keeping the Augustan models in sight, and accompanied with sufficient good-sense not to despise what is good, merely because it is not also new. Our approbation, indeed, is not wholly without drawbacks, as will appear when we descend to particulars: but we will not dissemble that wherever we have the gratification to meet with a style and manner of writing, exempt from epidemic faults, we feel an irresistible partiality and tendency to be pleased, not perhaps altogether defensible in a strict and rigid judge, nor yet wholly inexcusable in an ‘arbitr elegantiarum,’ anxious to see the overthrow of false taste and the establishment of the true.

It is easy to feel, but difficult to express definitely, the nice shades and almost evanescent differences of style. If any one doubts this, let him endeavour to annex determi-

nate and distinct ideas to the various qualities of style mentioned by Cicero and Quintilian, and to render in appropriate English the phrases, 'tenue,' 'argutum,' 'subtile,' &c. 'genus dicendi.' Perhaps no attribute of style has been more misapplied and misunderstood than that of simplicity. Had a critic in the time of Pope professed himself an admirer of simple verses, he would (ten to one) have been supposed to mean such poetry as Phillips's Pastorals—'O silly I, more silly than my sheep! &c.' And the critic who should in these days declare the same sentiment without adding limitations and exceptions, would run a great risk of being enlisted in that fantastic school, lately sprung up and supported, it must be owned, by considerable talents, which refuses to poetry her old prescriptive right to an appropriate elevation of language, and deems no metrical compositions possessed of the merit of simplicity, but such as are founded on the models of 'Hush a bye, baby!' or 'Goosy, goosy, gander.' It becomes necessary, therefore, when we avow our love of simplicity in poetry, to state that we do not mean by that term any thing incompatible with manly strength of thought, or with nervous and even occasionally figurative diction. It is no less possible in poetry than in common life to be at once, 'in wit a man, simplicity a child.' There are two rocks upon which the pretenders to this virtue have principally stuck. Affectation is one; poverty of thought and want of animation the other. From the first of these charges the poetry of Logan is perfectly exempt. From the second not always so. Like many other writers, in avoiding extravagance and wildness he is occasionally somewhat weak and tame. We every where discern in his compositions marks of a feeling heart, a cultivated taste, and a power of expressing himself with peculiar terseness and ease. But the 'os magna sonaturum,' that grandeur of conception and expression which bears the impress of very exalted genius, the 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn'—the reader of Logan must rarely expect.

'The Braes of Yarrow' is a composition upon which the fame of Logan as a poet chiefly rests, and such is its merit that there is no fear of its not supporting the burthen. It certainly is one of the first ballads in the English language. Every line abounds with true strokes of pathos: every thought is such as would naturally arise from a mind melting with tender regret. The circumstantial mention in the second stanza of the promised milk-white steed, the little page, and the wedding-ring, is in a high degree natural and affecting. The introduction of local superstitions



in the third is excellent, not only in itself, but the impression of horror we receive from the shriek of the ghost, and the doleful groan of the water-wraith, comes with increased effect after the pathetic sweetness of the four preceding lines. The fourth and fifth stanzas are in the genuine ballad style. Though known to every one, we must transcribe them. 'Ille amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit nunc amet.'

'His mother from the window look'd  
 With all the longing of a mother ;  
 His little sister weeping walk'd  
 The greenwood path to meet her brother ;  
 They sought him east, they sought him west,  
 They sought him all the forest thorough ;  
 They only saw the cloud of night,  
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow !  
 ' No longer from thy window look ;  
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !  
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;  
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother :  
 No longer seek him east or west,  
 And search no more the forest thorough ;  
 For wandering in the night so dark,  
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.'

Who does not on reading the two first lines of the above, call to mind that animated description in the 5th chapter of the book of Judges ? 'The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, why is his chariot so long in coming,' &c. But there is no need to suppose that the coincidence arose from imitation. Nature is ever the same.

The last stanza is not so good as any of the foregoing. *Marrow*, for 'object of affection,'

'No other youth shall be my *marrow*,'

May be a Scottish phrase ; but it sounds very barbarous to our *Suthron* ears. The transition to narrative in the four concluding lines is too abrupt for a ballad : and their being a mere repetition of the first half of the stanza, so immediately after a similar repetition in the two foregoing stanzas, somewhat offends the ear. We could have wished that this last stanza had either been left out, or consisted wholly of lamentation in the first person, closing with the resolution to 'sleep in Yarrow.' We are not so nice as Dr. Johnson in his strictures on Gray's bard, with respect to poetical suicide ; but we do think with Dr. Wharton, that in these cases suspense has a better effect than certainty.

Next in merit to the above, stands the dialogue between two lovers, descended of houses that had been long at variance, the lady being supposed to have just left her father's house at night to meet her admirer. She thus begins the dialogue :

' 'Tis midnight dark : 'tis silence deep ;  
My father's house is hush'd in sleep ;  
In dreams the lover meets his bride,  
She sees her lover at her side ;  
The mourner's voice is now suppress'd,  
Awhile the weary are at rest :  
'Tis midnight dark ; 'tis silence deep ;  
I only wake, and wake to weep.'

The piece is too long to be given entire. We shall select the following speech of Henry :

' My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,  
And let a husband wipe thy tears ;  
For ever join'd our fates combine,  
And I am yours, and you are mine.  
The fires the firmament that rend,  
On this devoted head descend,  
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,  
Or love thee less than now I love !'

Our classical readers will here recollect *Septimius and Acme* :

*Ni te perdit amo, atque amare porro  
Omnes sup assidue paratus annos, &c.*

But nature (we repeat) is ever the same. What follows is pretty and new :

' Altho' our fathers have been foes,  
From hatred stronger love arose ;  
From adverse briars that threatening stood,  
And threw a horror o'er the wood,  
Two lovely roses met on high,  
Transplanted to a better sky,  
And, grafted on one stock, they grow,  
In union spring, in beauty blow.'

Again :

' Awake, arise, my wedded wife,  
To higher thoughts and happier life !  
For thee the marriage feast is spread,  
For thee the virgins deck the bed ;  
The star of Venus shines above,  
And all thy future life is love.'

They rise, the dear domestic hours !  
 The May of Love unfolds her flowers,  
 Youth, beauty, pleasure spread the feast,  
 And friendship sits a constant guest ;  
 In cheerful peace the morn ascends,  
 In wine and love the evening ends ;  
 At distance grandeur sheds a ray,  
 To gild the evening of our day.  
 Connubial love has dearer names,  
 And finer ties, and sweeter claims,  
 Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,  
 Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal ;  
 Pure, as the charities above,  
 Rise the sweet sympathies of love ;  
 And closer cords than those of life  
 Unite the husband to the wife.'

The Hymn to the Sun, from Ossian, shews that Logan was not destitute of an ear for the heroic couplet, though he has seldom adopted this metre.

' Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away,'

is a good line, as are several others. But upon the whole his *forte* did not lie in this species of verse.

The Ode to the Cuckoo is but indifferent ; yet the following stanza is pleasing, because in it the author evidently drew from nature, not from reading.

' The school-boy, wandering thro' the wood  
 To pull the primrose gay,  
 Starts the new voice of spring to hear,  
 And *imitates thy lay*.'

This, however, is not always the case; for occasionally we are offended with a mixture of ancient and modern mythology, as in the ode written in spring, where we have Pan tuning his pipe in one stanza, and the fairies dancing with their queen in the next. For the same reason we prefer nightingales to Philomelas or even Philomels. It is in vain that precedent is pleaded in excuse for this introduction of exotic legends; for precedent cannot naturalize that which was not nature before.

The hymns have an easier flow of verse, and are of a more poetical texture than these effusions of devotion usually are, which, we are sorry to add, is not saying much for them. It is strange that writers of devotional poetry are so slovenly in their metre; as if the sanctity of the theme wholly dispensed with the spirit of poetry.

The tragedy of Rannamede, which concludes the volume,



is one of those plays which 'strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and then—*are heard no more.*' The editor thinks its failure entirely owing to its terminating happily: We do not think so. On the contrary we believe that the happy termination of a plot, either in a novel or a tragedy, provided the unravelling of it be consonant to probability, increases the pleasure we receive: and, after all, pleasure is the ultimate object actually pursued by the tragic, as well as comic poet, though by different paths. The grand defect of 'Runnemedé' is, that the distress arising from the mistaken suspicions of Elvine, is *too soon* cleared up by his re-appearance upon the stage. It has not time to operate upon the mind. Scarcely have we had leisure to regret his fatal rashness, and to take our handkerchiefs out of our pockets, when—hocus-pocus-like—all is rectified again!—Though this drama has not maintained its place upon the stage, many of its scenes will be read with pleasure in the closet. We occasionally meet with striking passages, as the following, which were it not extravagantly blasphemous, would be admired as highly poetical.

'To me! I meant not to disclose my birth  
Till I had proved it. I have ever been  
Discovered by my deeds; like Him in Heaven,  
That in the majesty of darkness dwells,  
But sends the thunder to reveal the God.'

To sum up all (for where real merit occurs, we wish not to be niggard of our praise) we agree with the editor in his preface, that whoever cannot relish the beauties of Logan's poetry, has yet to learn the elements of taste and beauty; and that in the hemisphere of real nature and simplicity, his star shall shine while the 'cloud of night' descends upon 'the Braes of Yarrow.' At the same time we would add that this star must by no means be classed among those of the first magnitude, and is rather to be admired for a soft and silvery lustre than for a dazzling brilliancy. The following ode on the death of a young lady will perhaps confirm the justice of our criticism. It contains indeed but little of the fire of poetry; but it is pleasing and natural, and every feeling reader will subscribe to its truth.

'The peace of Heaven attend thy shade,  
My early friend, my favourite maid!  
When life was new, companions gay,  
We hail'd the morning of our day.  
  
'Ah, with what joy did I behold  
The flower of beauty fair unfold!  
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,  
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

- ' Untimely gone ! for ever fled  
The roses of the cheek so red ;  
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,  
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.
- ' Alas ! the cheek where beauty glow'd  
The heart where goodness overflow'd,  
A clod amid the valley lies,  
And " dust to dust " the mourner cries.
- ' O from thy kindred early torn,  
And to thy grave untimely borne !  
Vanish'd for ever from my view,  
Thou sister of my soul, adieu !
- ' Fair, with my first ideas twin'd,  
Thine image oft will meet my mind ;  
And, while remembrance brings thee near,  
Affection sad will drop a tear.
- ' How oft does sorrow bend the head,  
Before we dwell among the dead !  
Scarce in the years of manly prime,  
I've often wept the wrecks of time.
- ' What tragic tears bedew the eye !  
What deaths we suffer ere we die !  
Our broken friendships we deplore,  
And loves of youth that are no more !
- ' No after-friendship e'er can raise  
Th' endearments of our early days ;  
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,  
As when it first began to love.
- ' Affection dies, a vernal flower ;  
And love, the blossom of an hour ;  
The spring of Fancy cares controul,  
And mar the beauty of the soul.
- ' Versed in the commerce of deceit,  
How soon the heart forgets to beat !  
The blood runs cold at Int'rest's call :—  
They look with equal eyes on all.
- ' Then lovely Nature is expell'd,  
And friendship is romantic held ;  
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes :  
The veil is rent—the Vision flies.
- ' The dear illusions will not last ;  
The æra of enchantment's past ;  
The wild romance of life is done ;  
The real history is begun.
- ' The sallies of the Soul are o'er,  
The feast of Fancy is no more ;

And ill the banquet is supply'd  
By form, by gravity, by pride.  
' Ye Gods ! whatever ye withhold,  
Let my affections ne'er grow old ;  
Ne'er may the human glow depart,  
Nor Nature yield to frigid Art !  
' Still may the generous bosom burn,  
Tho' doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn ;  
And still the friendly face appear,  
Tho' moisten'd with a tender tear !'

ART. VI. *Researches into the Properties of Spring Water.*  
(Concluded from p. 300.)

ART. VII. *Lambe's Treatise on Constitutional Diseases.*  
(Concluded from p. 300.)

THE researches into the properties of spring water, led only the van of Dr. Lambe's opinions on the noxious contents of water. His medical and experimental enquiry, presents an array of much more formidable portent. In this work we are not merely induced to suspect, that certain waters may be impregnated with a given poison, such as lead or copper, which will produce many well known and specific effects, when taken into the body, in adequate quantity: but here a SEPTIC POISON is supposed to be discovered, which is contained in the generality of waters, and this septic poison is asserted to be the cause, from which that host of constitutional diseases originates, which in the Protean shapes of scrophula, of cancer, of consumption, and of gout, have so long tried the patience of the sick, and baffled the skill of the physician. In an enquiry no less distinguished by its novelty than its importance, it behoves us equally to steer clear of credulity and of scepticism; we shall therefore in the first place give an analysis of the work before us, and then briefly criticise the doctrines.

By the following occurrence the author was first convinced that common water is to be ranked among the substances which have the most direct and powerful influence on the animal economy, and has incited him to attempt a more full and laborious investigation of its properties.

' A lady was occasionally afflicted with very severe pains of the stomach when she lived at a particular house, which had repeatedly left her upon changing her residence. Unable to account for this circumstance, she requested me to examine the water used by the family. It was well tasted, but it had been observed to make the teeth dark.



I used the methods I have described in another place for the detection of metallic matter, but for the purpose. Not being able to divest myself of the suspicion, that some noxious substance must be contained in this water, I evaporated a small portion of it to dryness, and tasted the residuum. Now I observed that, though it hardly impressed the tongue with any other taste than the bitterness of the deliquescent salts, there was a peculiarly disagreeable sense of constriction excited in the fauces, which remained there fixed for a long time. The impression was clearly metallic. Though my mind revolted at the suspicion, I thought I perceived a strong resemblance between this impression and that excited by arsenical salts. I washed out the deliquescent matter, and put the remainder, mixed with a little charcoal powder, between plates of copper, which I exposed to a red heat. The copper received a white stain by this process. A little arsenic was exposed to the same treatment between similar plates. No difference could be observed between these stains in each experiment, unless that the impression made by the residuum of the water, was the more distinct of the two. Thus was a great degree of probability added to the suspicions I had previously entertained.

The conclusions, which from the experiments he has instituted, he thinks himself justified in making, are these :

‘ 1st. That common water gives products much resembling those derived from animal matter. It is probable therefore, that it has received a taint from this matter in a state of decomposition, or in other words, from *putrefaction*.

‘ 2d. The metallic basis of the matter which contaminates common water exactly resembles *arsenicated manganese*.’

This compound he has hitherto been unable to resolve into its elementary parts ; though it has been asserted by Scheele that it may be readily done by heating the compound with charcoal.

‘ 3. The same compound may be discovered in the coal, which remains after the distillation of animal substances and the ashes to which this coal is reducible by incineration.

‘ 4. As all animal matter is derived from the vegetable kingdom, the same substance must enter likewise into the composition of vegetable matter. It may be readily detected in the ashes of pit-coal, and, I doubt not, in common vegetable ashes.’

He has therefore been induced to adopt the following hypothesis as giving an adequate explanation of the generation of human diseases, viz. that the arsenical matter which is diffused throughout all nature, *by decomposition*, becomes active ; that this decomposition is that which takes place in the putrefactive process ; in short, that putrid matter of all kinds acts truly as a poison on the system, and a poison whose nature is arsenical.

Water he apprehends to be the great vehicle of this poi-

son, to which, for the sake of brevity, he has given the name of septic poison.

‘I have said, that water is the principal vehicle in which this septic poison is conveyed into the system. The proofs of this and of the other positions, I think it better to throw together at the end of the Inquiry. Taking it for granted in this place, let us consider, that from the creation of mankind, the earth has been more and more covered with animal exuviae. Whatever, therefore, is soluble of these exuviae, must necessarily impregnate that fluid, which percolates the whole surface, and in which the soil is, as it were, infused and macerated. The arts of cultivation, in populous and civilized communities, have increased and diffused the evil, and the seeds of abundance and of destruction are sown by the same hand. This immense mass of animal exuviae, I presume then, to be the grand storehouse of pestilence, which, by the intermedium of water, operates uniformly and incessantly, and undermines, indiscriminately, the strength and stability of the whole society. If similar matter be directly applied, it may be expected to be still more deleterious. Thus I suspect that putrid meat, musty bread, and, in short, every article of diet approaching to corruption, is also a true poison to the human body. But as such matters are received only occasionally and reluctantly, from the disgust which they naturally excite, the effects of them are hardly perceptible in the ordinary circumstances of life. On some occasions, however, those effects become sufficiently obvious. Such are seasons of scarcity or dearness, when, probably, far greater numbers perish from the bad qualities of the provisions than from absolute want.’

Hence therefore he has been induced to recommend the use of pure water, and thinks it indispensable in all chronic diseases; and of so much efficacy that by the help of this simple practice, the most obstinate and intractable diseases may be gradually eradicated.

In order to acquire correct notions of the effects of a course of distilled water, and to watch the changes introduced by it into the habit, he caused a large family to abstain entirely from the use of common water, and use only distilled for several months. From the observations made on this family he concluded that this course operates, first by strengthening the digestive organs, and through them the whole habit of body: and secondly, by changing the composition of the blood, and consequently of the secretions. The first conclusion he formed, from observing that all symptoms of dyspepsia were gradually removed, that the appetite increased, the digestion improved, and that the bowels acted with regularity, instead of requiring the perpetual recurrence to medicine, which is so common an evil. That the composition of the blood is really changed, he concludes, from the change which takes

place in the secretions; the faces, which had been dark and fetid, assuming a healthy colour and consistence, and (which is very striking) all the foulness disappearing from the teeth, the dark matter which soils and incrusts them, wearing away spontaneously, and the complexion becoming clear and fresh. This regimen therefore forms a course which is completely alterant, and which is perhaps the only one in nature which truly merits this denomination.

The theory he has given, extends to the cure of all chronic diseases, and to the formation of the pre-disposition on which the generation of acute or inflammatory diseases depends. But he has confined himself to the consideration of four of the principal symptoms of which he has taken a cursory view. These are scrophula, consumption, cancer, and gout.

Scrophula, by occasionally affecting every part of the human body, he considers as a disease not of the lymphatics only, but of the whole system; and that the lymphatics are affected secondarily, in consequence of the liquid which passes through them being tainted; a taint which he thinks, from many signs, evidently to proceed from what authors have denominated an acrimony of the mass. In addition to his own ideas of the noxious properties of common water, he cites the authority of Heberden, who entertained the same idea but not to an equal extent, and an example of great diminution of scrophula which was observed in the city of Rheims, by the waters of the Vesle being distributed over the place from an hydraulic machine, and the consequent discontinuance of the hard and impure waters which had been previously in use. After adding some other arguments in favour of his doctrine, he concludes:

‘But let us carry this reasoning one step farther. It is not unusual, that out of large families, the greater number perish before puberty; and that some bear deep marks of a scrophulous taint, from which the others are exempt. But can it be believed, that the poison, which is powerful enough to excite scrophula, is absolutely inert upon those who bear no external marks of its action? Is a matter, which in some inflames the emunctories, through which it is secreted, and irritates the lymphatic glands, through which it passes in the course of absorption, is it probable, I say, that this matter is absolutely innoxious upon those, whose fibres are more firm, whose systems are more torpid, or whose glands are less irritable? Surely, such an assumption is repugnant to every law of sound reasoning. On the contrary, if the *data* be granted, we can hardly avoid suspecting, that a substance so active will betray its energy in a variety of forms, and that tribes of diseases, the most dissimilar in



their obvious external characters, may be traced to a common source, and be subdued by a common regimen.

‘ In addition to the proofs already adduced of the connexion of scrophula with water, we may add, that domesticated animals are subject to it. It affects swine and cats. The farcy of horses is a scrophulous disorder.\* I think Mr. Hunter used to observe, in his lectures, that tame monkeys are very subject to it. Sheep have it in all its forms.

‘ I have not had an opportunity of treating any subject, labouring under pure scrophula, according to the method proposed in this Inquiry. I entertain no doubt, from the changes I have related, which took place in the habit of the little boy, who has undergone this course (see p. 61), that it would yield to this treatment, but there is no reason for supposing that this would happen speedily. On the contrary, cases that are deeply rooted would, probably, demand much patience and perseverance. Medicines, likewise, of which experience has shown the utility, may very properly be combined with the dietetic course. The utility of taking a large proportion of milk (where it could be procured good,) has been often experienced, which is the regimen approaching the nearest to that which I would adopt.

‘ It must be allowed, that, notwithstanding the singular utility which has been derived, in many scrophulous cases, from the use of the pure natural springs, as the Malvern water, many cases have resisted their power. On this subject it may be observed, first, it has not been understood how slow is the constitutional change introduced by the change of water. Eight or ten months may have great effect in stopping the progress of disease, but it cannot have much in producing a radical change in the animal mass. But, secondly, it is to be suspected, that no natural spring whatever at all approaches the purity of distilled water. They are none of them wholly free from fixed ingredients. But septic poison, or animal and vegetable matter in a state of putrefactive decomposition, exists, probably, in an infinite variety of forms, and, doubtless, in great abundance in the form of gases, or united to aëriiform fluids. These may be dissolved, and will escape the action of the chemical tests hitherto employed. The following consideration proves, that this is not a mere gratuitous supposition. None of the natural springs have ever been found to produce those extraordinary, and (for a time) those disagreeable changes, which are sometimes the first consequences of the use of perfectly pure water. It must, therefore, follow, that their medicinal power cannot be, by any means, so great.’

On Consumption, he declares in favour of the old doctrine of Boerhaave; viz. that its predisposition ‘ consistit in teneritudine vasorum arteriosorum, et in impetu acrioris utcunque sanguinis.’

---

\* Sauvage's Nosologia, vol. ii. p. 543 et 544.

The author has applied his principles in several instances, and as he believes, with all the success that he expected. But he confesses that he had not at the period of his publication had the opportunity of using this method in any confirmed and strongly marked case with proper regularity, and for a due length of time.

On the subject of Cancer the author expresses his belief that it arises from the same source as other constitutional diseases; and seems firmly convinced that it is in our power to eradicate this most deplorable of all maladies; and he observes with great justice, that such subjects are of all others, from the hopelessness of their situation, the most proper of all to try the full effects of the method he has proposed. The foundation of cancer, in common with all chronic diseases, seems to be laid in a derangement of the digestive organs; hence the symptoms which have been called bilious, harass them often for years before the appearance of cancer, continue after it is formed, and increase towards the termination to a degree that is often very distressing. This condition of the stomach and bowels, he feels confident is excited by matter that is received with the *ingesta*.

The method which is proposed has been tried in four cases. In the case of Mrs. J. certainly with some shew of success. If this success be attributed to the abstinence from all water containing the *septic poison*, there can be no hesitation about the course to be pursued. But of these cases we must observe as of all the others contained in the work, that they prove nothing decisive in favour of the point at issue. They prove that certain persons suspected to be affected with cancer, amended, after continuing to drink distilled water for a long time. They do not prove that such persons amended, because a septic poison was prevented from attacking the constitution.

The article Gout is rendered valuable by the history of a case, in which this disease was of long standing, and complicated besides with some other affections, particularly a diseased condition of the tongue, an affection of the head, and a total loss of appetite. The history is given in the words of the patient himself; from which it appears, that all these diseases have slowly and gradually yielded to the method adopted. The course had been pursued for a year and a half, and the success which has attended it, the author thinks, fully confirms the doctrine he has laid down, and justifies him in the confidence he has expressed of the great advantage that will be received from it in all chronic diseases. That Mr. Goring has been relieved exceedingly, cannot be de-

med. His letter, which we recommend to the perusal of our readers, is satisfactory on this head. But we must again repeat, was this relief obtained by a less quantity of septic poison being taken into the constitution, or by a less quantity of wine, and a larger quantity of pure water being taken into the stomach?

We have been thus copious in our analysis, in order that we might not be supposed to discourage this enquiry, and indeed, that we might display it fairly before our readers. But another and no less essential part of our duty must not be omitted.

On a subject so novel, on which so much is asserted, that admits of no easy or immediate proof, as critics we are bound to step forward with caution, and neither to depress the ardour of the author by churlish discouragement, nor to flatter the hopes of the public by unqualified approbation. The question is of infinite magnitude, not because the reputation of one man is concerned in establishing the merit of a discovery; but because this discovery professes to ascertain the source of some of the most serious evils that befall the individuals of our imperfect race, and promises to relieve them. In the first place, let us look at the fact of discovery: Do the generality of waters contain a septic poison according to the position of Dr. Lambe, or do they not? The next question is, if they do, does this septic poison produce scrophula, &c.? We shall not examine the source from which this septic poison springs, according to the theory, otherwise we should stick fast *in limine*, and abandon the enquiry; for if animal and vegetable matters by decomposition all afford this septic poison, how is it possible that men and animals should escape constitutional diseases? Nor shall we bring against this hypothesis the constant experience of all mankind, that animals drinking the most impure water are little affected by them, having no diseases resembling gout, so far as our knowledge extends. But Dr. Lambe says that he has discovered this septic poison in water, and that he has traced its destructive agency. That the waters examined by Dr. Lambe contained something, which had perhaps not been examined or discerned by former chemists, and that this something, in some of its properties, resembled arsenic, may be allowed. But the enquiry has not gone to a sufficient extent, and the proof wants support and confirmation. That this something is arsenicated manganese, is only *suspected* from the resemblance of blueness on the glass, and the white spots on the copper, signs which chemically indicate the presence of arsenic in an experiment. But surely from such signs, unsustained by other experiments, it would



be esteemed rash to make any unqualified deductions, even in an ordinary case, much less to build up a system which contradicts the opinion, and tends to alter the habits of the bulk of mankind. Of waters, there is store enough for experiment, and we ought to be cautious and jealous of resemblances and analogies, till they are confirmed by broad and unequivocal facts. Let Dr. Lambe produce a ponderable and active, as well as a visible quantity of his septic poison, and we will be satisfied.

Whether, supposing this septic poison to exist, it be the cause of constitutional diseases, is the next question. That constitutional disorders arise from unwholesome aliment, and from impure water, whether the impurity be a septic poison or not, must be granted. Those unhappy beings, the Goitres and Cretins, perhaps, would have furnished Dr. Lambe with stronger examples than any contained in his book. But that all animated nature should be pervaded by a destructive agent sometimes appearing in one shape, sometimes in another, and in whatsoever shape it appears, corrupting the springs of life—that a dæmon of poison should arise out of the decay of all living things, and, insinuating itself into the means of man's subsistence, should slowly and silently sap the foundations of his health, is a doctrine so alarming that at least he ought to receive some precise instruction how to detect, and how to counteract the mischief. Of most other poisons we know the symptoms; we can discriminate arsenic, mercury, copper, and lead, from opium, laurel water, aconite, and tobacco. The poisons producing ulcerations, have also their decisive marks, which leave no doubt as to their dijudication, in the minds of intelligent and scientific observers. In *the septic poison* there is no regular chain of notices, no individual marks, no separate character. According to the predisposition to constitutional disease, it produces either scrophula, consumption, cancer, or gout;

Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum.

Of such a poison, the existence is not supported by any one analogy; we must therefore suspend our acquiescence in the doctrine of the learned author, until we have more regular and undeniable notices of its solidity and truth. To Dr. Lambe's theory of the production of diseases, independently of the septic poison, there is also great objection. He introduces the humoral pathology of Boerhaave, and the atrabiliary system of the ancients, nearly without any modification. Surely this doctrine cannot pass at the present day, without some discussion: on account of room we must content ourselves

with barely alluding to its admission. Here then we rest. We are indebted to Dr. Lambe for a book ably composed, for an enquiry in the highest degree curious and interesting. But he has not fully made out his case. His experiments and his examples furnish only probabilities; there are no facts which undeniably substantiate his doctrine. A septic poison *may* be contained in the generality of waters; this septic poison may be *one* agent in the production of constitutional diseases. Under no circumstances can we concede that it is the *only* agent. Even granting Dr. L. all that he claims, his method of cure is too much narrowed by his hypothesis. We do not mean to dispute, that distilled water may be useful in diseases, as recommended by Dr. L. To its use there can never be any objection; nay more, from its use there is an obvious benefit. The action of *impure* water, whatsoever it be, is precluded from taking effect. The salutary habit of drinking water, and consequently of drinking a smaller quantity of fermented liquor, is established: and to many individuals such a plan will be completely alterative, and supersede all other application. It cannot however in the cure of diseases exclude all other agency, temperature, diet, &c. &c. We grant that it is a simple and a sovereign remedy, but it not only admits, it requires auxiliaries. In regard to the whole question, we hope that further researches will be made, and in the mean time that the subject will be discussed with temper and moderation. Candour must admit that whatsoever be the grounds of his hypothesis, Dr. Lambe's method of cure can do no harm. And in this and all other discussions, let it be remembered, that violence and revilings only tend to increase the fever and irritation of error; whereas moderation, gentleness, and time, will destroy every thing but the truth.

---

ART. VIII.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the Year 1805. Part II.* 4to. 10s. 6d. Nicol. 1805.

ART. 9. Abstract of Observations on a Diurnal Variation of the Barometer between the Tropics. By J. Horsburgh, Esq. in a letter to Henry Cavendish, Esq. F. R. S.—Mr. Horsburgh has been a very assiduous observer of the phenomena of the barometer, and has with some success pointed out a peculiarity respecting the motion of the mercury in it, when placed on any part of the surface of the ocean within certain latitudes, which has not before this time attracted the attention

of philosophers. It appears that from  $25^{\circ}$  on the north side, to about  $27^{\circ}$  on the south side of the equator, the mercury in settled weather regularly fell from noon till four P. M. from that hour till nine or ten P. M. and rose again and remained stationary till midnight, at which time it again began to fall, and continued so to do till four A. M. when it was as low as at four P. M.; it then rose till seven or eight o'clock, and afterwards remained stationary till noon. Out of the latitudes stated, these regular variations could not be observed, and what is much more surprising, it is only at sea that they happen, and that in the strictest sense. For at Bombay not more than a tendency to these motions could be remarked; whereas, on quitting the harbour of that island they took place with the wonted regularity. The same is true of all other *land*, and, what is more, of all other water, excepting only the ocean. For Mr. Horsburgh has observed that in the river at Canton similar phenomena appeared as on shore. These motions are distinguished by this gentleman, by the term *equatropical*, for brevity's sake as he informs us, though he may be said, at least, to have chosen a very long way of being short. Two points are chiefly remarkable in this paper, the appearance of the *equatropical* motions only near the equator, and the restriction of the phenomena in question, at least to the same extent, to the surface of the ocean. And from these circumstances there appears reason to suppose, that the tides act a part in producing the effect on the mercury, though it may be difficult to account for so considerable a motion as actually occurs. That the barometer should be more influenced in the equatorial regions, does not appear a considerable difficulty, since we know the tides to be highest there. The mercury rose and fell from five to nine hundred parts of an inch, indicating thereby a remarkable change in the pressure of the atmosphere; but it may be inferred, that these motions do not originate solely from *aërial* tides, for in that case these ought to occur on shore as well as at sea; on the other hand, it seems difficult to understand how the influence of the tides of the ocean should be confined solely to the regions of the tropics. Mr. Horsburgh's Observations, however, are likely to prove of much importance to the improvement of meteorological science.

Art. 11. The Physiology of the Stapes, one of the Bones of the Organ of Hearing; deduced from a comparative View of its Structure and Uses in different Animals. By Anthony Carlisle, Esq. F. R. S.—The laborious and indefatigable exertions of Mr. Carlisle deserve the utmost commendation,



and his papers form a most useful and creditable part of the Transactions of our Royal Society. It is justly remarked, that the science of optics has been greatly advanced by the anatomical investigation of the structure of the eye, and it can hardly admit of doubt, that the doctrine of acoustics may receive similar, or at least considerable, improvements from a more accurate knowledge of the structure of the organs of the ear. At all events it is positively certain, that the surgical and medical treatment of the diseases which affect the sense of hearing, now so defective, cannot in any other way be so effectually improved, as by a patient and diligent attention to the most minute particulars of the anatomy of that part of the body. It is, however, by a reference to the figure of the bone which affords the subject of the paper, in the cases of various animals, and by a comparison of the discordant and agreeing circumstances, that Mr. Carlisle has hoped to arrive at some more accurate conclusions regarding the physiology of the stapes, than it has been the lot of previous enquirers to attain. From all his observations this gentleman is led to conclude, that

‘In man and the most numerous orders of mammalia, the figure of the stapes is an accommodation to that degree of lightness, which throughout the series of ossicles seems a requisite condition. It is also a conductor of vibration in common with the other ossicles; but most especially it is designed to press upon the fluid contained in the labyrinth by that action which it receives from the stapedius muscle, and the hinge-like connection of the straight side of its basis with the fenestra vestibuli; the ultimate effect of which is an increase of the tension of the membranes closing the fenestra cochleæ.’

This membrane Mr C. supposes to receive those vibrations of the air which pass the membrana tympani, without producing consonant motions in the series of ossicula auditus; and in proof of this point, his friend Mr. W. Nicholson was employed to haul Mr. Carlisle’s ear to one side, and pour warm water into it by drops, till the external cavity was full. These drops as they fell produced loud sounds, though it is imagined that the water must have greatly impaired, or wholly destroyed the vibrations of the tympanum, which, however, does not appear very obvious. We are happy to observe that a longer work on this subject may be expected from Mr. Carlisle.

Art. 12. On an artificial Substance which possesses the principal characteristic Properties of Tannin. By Charles Hatchett, Esq. F. R. S.—In this paper, which is composed

with the usual accuracy and ingenuity of Mr. Hatchett, a number of experiments is detailed, from which it clearly appears that the action of the nitric acid is able to convert in a great measure into a substance analogous to tannin, all carbonaceous bodies whether of a vegetable, animal, or mineral kind, provided only that they are near enough to the coaly state. For it seems that vegetable and animal productions must be carbonised before they will afford any tannin by the treatment with the nitric acid, and in this manner one piece of skin may be employed to convert another into leather. It is not improbable that advantages of an economical nature may in time be derived from this discovery of Mr. Hatchett.

Art. 13. The Case of a full-grown Woman, in whom the Ovaria were deficient. By Mr. Charles Pears, F. L. S. Communicated by the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, K. B. P. R. S. In this case where the ovaria were deficient, as appeared by dissection, the usual symptoms of puberty had never occurred, and the growth of the uterus itself was so entirely checked, that it did not at the age of twenty-nine exceed the size usual in the infant state. The little Welch woman from whom it was taken was altogether a remarkable personage; she was only four feet six inches in stature, slept well, worked hard, was of a mild but malicious temper, eat little animal food, no vegetables, and only a penny loaf in the week, and to complete all, had a violent aversion to young men.

Art. 15. Description of Malformation in the Heart of an Infant. By Mr. Hugh Chudleigh Standert. Communicated by Anthony Carlisle, Esq. F. R. S.—This is another instance of the non-arterialization of the blood, from a deficiency of the ordinary means for accomplishing that necessary end. There appeared on dissection to be one auricle only, into which the pulmonary veins and venæ cavæ entered, and but one ventricle from which an aorta, but no pulmonary artery could be observed to issue. A peculiar artery arising nearly in the situation of the ductus arteriosus, supplied the lungs with a quantity of blood of not above half the usual quantity. There is nothing very extraordinary in this, at least nothing unprecedented, and surely no ground for wonder, that the respiration, temperature, or muscular action were not materially affected. The purpurescence of the skin, however, so characteristic of the faulty conformation of these organs, was observed; and on the whole we cannot agree with the author, that he has been able to point out any new fact of physiological importance.

Art. 15. On a Method of analyzing Stones containing fixed Alkali, by means of the Boracic Acid. By Humphrey Davy, Esq. F. R. S. Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution.—This paper consists of few words, and may be discussed in few. Boracic acid is ignited with the stone to be examined, reduced to powder; nitric acid is boiled on the product, which is then dissolved in water; the earths and metals are precipitated by carbonate of ammonia, and the boracic acid by nitric acid; the fluid is evaporated, and the nitrate of ammonia decomposed by heat, when the nitrate of soda or pot-ash remains. Such is the process proposed, which may probably answer very well, though we would suggest to Mr. Davy from our own observations, that boracic acid is not so easily precipitated as he perhaps imagines. We have found that in boiling water it is easily soluble in great quantity, nearly in an equal part, and even in cold water to a much greater degree than is generally stated.

Art. 17. On the Re-production of Buds. By Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. F. R. S. In a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, &c. &c.—Mr. Knight, whose enquiries are indefatigably directed to develop the mysteries of vegetation, is here employed in discovering from what part of the plant buds are re-produced, as it is notorious that they are from some part, when by design or accident the whole set has been destroyed. Naturalists, it appears, have been at great pains to find out from what source these new buds arise, whether from pre-organized germs, from the bark, or from the medulla. We should suppose that any vascular and active part of a plant might perform this office, and that there is no occasion to restrict the energies of nature to any particular or special mode of procedure. Mr. Knight, however, goes upon the idea, that one part only can be concerned in this process, and he gives experiments to demonstrate that buds may be produced where they cannot have arisen from the bark, and others to prove that the medulla does not always afford their origin. The conclusion from all this is, that buds are generated by central vessels which spring from the lateral orifices of the alburnous tribes. But of these inferences the proof rests entirely on the assumed axiom, that one part only of vegetable bodies can be concerned in this re-production of the buds. These experiments certainly tend to prove nothing more than the possibility of buds arising from more parts than one.

Art. 18. Some Account of two Mummies of the Egyptian Ibis, one of which was in a remarkably perfect State.



By John Pearson, Esq. F. R. S.—Mr. Pearson had an opportunity of examining two mummies, which had been sent to England by the late Major Hayes. It appears that they had been immersed, probably by the original embalmer, in some liquid bituminous substance, which penetrated to every part of their bodies, and appeared to be the chief means of their preservation for so long a period as three thousand years. There is here little discussion which will prove interesting to the naturalist: the subject is rather examined with the eye of the antiquarian. The plumage of one of these birds was white tipped with brown, that of the other brown tipped with white. Mr. Pearson, from these circumstances, conjectures that these two birds may possibly have been the white and black ibis mentioned by antient writers.

Art. 20. On the Magnetic Attraction of Oxydes of Iron. By Timothy Lane, Esq. F. R. S.—Our readers will recollect a paper upon magnetical pyrites by the ingenious Mr. Hatchett, which passed under our inspection in the course of last summer, to the conclusions in which, though we gave our assent in general, we excepted one part where it was endeavoured to be shown that iron was not itself magnetic, unless with the addition of some inflammable body. We then stated our conviction that no proof of any other operation of these inflammable substances had been brought forward, than what arose, or at least might have arisen, from the deoxygenation of the metals. Iron, we all know, is capable of combining with oxygen or with its own oxyde, and operating nevertheless its metallic appearance. Oxygen also is certainly known to prevent the operation of the magnet upon iron. And therefore the addition of an inflammable body may restore or increase the magnetism of iron, by other means than by combining with the iron, to wit, by combining with the oxygen. Had we not happily observed the prior date of this paper, we should have been deeply grieved to observe, that Mr. Timothy Lane had not favoured these our incubations with a perusal, the object of his experiments being to confirm and illustrate Mr. Hatchett's, without reference to any objectionable parts of them. Dr. Hatchett prescribes *R Feni, 3i. Inflammabilis cujuslibet, q. s. tr. S. A. fiat magnes.* Mr. Lane forthwith set to, with mortar and matrass, and after much dust and trouble, produced from an oxyde of iron plus an inflammable plus caloric, a substance attractable by the magnet, which he calls a combination of iron with the inflammable, but which we would denominate either pure iron, or at least, that metal so far de-oxygenated as to obey the influence of the loadstone.

All that we are disposed to infer from the fact, if it be one, that oxyde of iron exposed to a clear red heat does not become magnetic, is either that mere caloric will not dissolve the union of iron with oxygen, or at least, that at a red heat that effect cannot be produced. This opinion of Mr. Lane's cannot therefore be admitted without further proof, not of its possibility but of its necessity.

Art. 21. Additional Experiments and Remarks on an artificial Substance which possesses the principal characteristic Properties of Tannin. By Charles Hatchett, Esq. F. R. S.—This is an highly ingenious and valuable paper, and the lovers of chemical science are indebted in no small degree to the able, diligent, and successful exertions of Mr. Hatchett, which must tend with a powerful effect to disengage the chemistry of vegetables from the obscurity with which it has been hitherto surrounded. Mr. H. now observes that his artificial tannin differs from the natural in some respects, especially in its indestructibility by the action of nitric acid, though the different varieties found naturally in vegetables are not themselves equally easily affected by this process. If Mr. H. will not call the newly discovered body tannin, it would at least be advantageous to have some appellation to distinguish it, such as tannescin, till one more indicative of its properties or composition be proposed. We cannot enter into a detail even of the leading points of Mr. Hatchett's numerous experiments, which will notwithstanding afford the greatest instruction and amusement to the reader. But we may observe that tannin or rather tannescin, may be formed not only from any carbonaceous substance, but also from resin, indigo, dragon's-blood, &c. by nitric acid, and in like manner its formation is effected by the action of sulphuric acid upon camphor, elemi, resin, and asafoetida. These different methods, however, do not afford exactly the same product, though the variations are not very considerable. Without entering into a minuteness of analysis inconsistent with our plan, it is not easy to give a complete view of the experiments and observations contained in this paper; of which we shall therefore take leave by expressing our approbation of its contents; further we need not go, to *recommend* it might be indecorous and must be unnecessary.

Art. 22. On the Discovery of Palladium, with Observations on other Substances found with Platina. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S.—Few occurrences in the chemical department of science have borne a more curi-

ous aspect, or have excited more speculation, than the announcement of the discovery of the substance denominated palladium. Not long ago it was presented to the public for sale as a new metal, at a most enormous price, and under circumstances of considerable suspicion: the name of the original vender was not then known, but it has since been avowed to be that of the author of the present paper, who having discovered this new metal, and prepared a large quantity of it, offered it in this manner to the investigation of the chemists, but by the concealment of its origin reserved to himself the opportunity of examining more at leisure many anomalies which had occurred to him during his researches. The public cannot have forgotten the ingenious attempts of Mr. Chenevix to analyse the palladium, and the conclusion which he formed against its claim to be admitted among the simple metals. That gentleman, in the course of a set of experiments performed with extraordinary diligence, imagined that he had once or twice succeeded in forming palladium by the union of mercury and platina. It is true he could not point out any method for doing this, which could be repeated with certain success. But he asserted with some show of reason, that what had once been effected even by an accident or an unknown process, might again on a more fortunate occasion be performed, and that even an effort of chance demonstrated the possibility of a repetition. It may be recollected that when Mr. Chenevix's paper passed under our inspection, we gave the full value to these considerations, but avowed our opinion that there was more probability of that gentleman having misapprehended the nature of the metallic substance which he produced, than of his having effected the composition of palladium once only in upwards of two hundred experiments, and that also confessedly more by chance than by design.

The present paper of Dr. Wollaston in most respects tends very much to confirm that statement. Like the hungry but playful cat, he has for a moment released his prey from his grasp, prepared to dart upon it again on the first attempt to escape. After sending his palladium abroad into the world to seek its fortune, he has resumed his paternal authority, and reclaimed the object of his care and affection. Under the present circumstances, we are persuaded of his title to distinguish this body by a new name; no sort of proof has been offered of its compound nature, and in all cases of uncertainty it is most philosophical to deny such composition till it is demonstrated. After all we fear that we shall be compelled to admit the existence not only of this palla-



dium, but of all the new metals discovered in the ore of platina; though surely the test of simple bodies cannot proceed thus for ever augmenting, and the art of analysis, we may hope, will yet level with the dust many of the proud pretensions of the present day. How far the decomposition of metals will ever proceed is almost a dangerous speculation; and we feel all the ridicule which overwhelmed the madness of the alchymists, ready to descend upon the head of him who should venture to hint the possibility of a common principle or principles in these bodies, though there are many more improbable suppositions. But that some of them have been unjustly raised to their present rank, we believe to be most certain, though perhaps another century may pass ere our conjectures receive the stamp of truth.

Dr. Wollaston has now greatly facilitated and simplified the method of separating palladium from its native ore. After forming a solution of the crude platina in nitro-muriatic acid, and rendering it neutral either by an alkali, lime or magnesia, mercury, copper, or iron, let prussiate of mercury be added, and prussiate of palladium will in a short time be deposited, of a pale yellowish white colour. This precipitate yields the metal simply by the application of heat, amounting in quantity to about four or five-tenths of the ore dissolved. Though Dr. W. has found the prussiate of mercury peculiarly adapted for the precipitation of palladium, that happens only from the strong affinity of mercury for the prussic acid, thereby preventing the precipitation of all metals but palladium itself; and in proof of this, it is stated that not more than a certain quantity of palladium can be procured by using a larger proportion of the mercurial prussiate. Upon the whole, the proprieties here detected by Dr. W. are amply sufficient to prove the peculiarity of his new metal, and his own very great expertness and ingenuity of analysis. What further investigation of this subject may discover, it would be vain to conjecture. Yet before we conclude we cannot refrain from remarking, that Mr. Chenevix, groping in the dark, hit upon mercury and platina as the elements of palladium, and that Dr. W. has hardly been able to produce any process for the separation of that metal, in which mercury does not meet with platina in some form or other; to say nothing of the original amalgamation, which we know for certain to take place before its removal from the Spanish territories.

Art. 23. Experiments on a Mineral Substance, formerly supposed to be Zeolite, with some Remarks on two Species of Uran-Glimmer. By the Rev. Wm. Gregor. Communicated by

Charles Hatchett, Esq. F. R. S.—An analysis of a mineral which is considered to be very nearly, if not entirely the same with the subject of this paper, was published in the first part of the present volume of Transactions, by Mr. Davy. It appears by Mr. Gregor's experiments that that gentleman had arrived nearly at the same conclusions with himself. About 30 per cent. of the whole was found to be of a volatile nature, and to consist of water with some acid dissolved. The solid part was chiefly composed of alumina, with a very little silica and lime. But we cannot receive this as a satisfactory account of this substance, when it is considered that an ingredient so remarkable as a volatile acid, has been left unaccounted for; Mr. Davy has, indeed, given himself no concern about it at all, and Mr. Gregor, who with more care has performed some experiments to determine its nature, has not been successful in referring it to any of the known chemical agents. Under these circumstances we cannot regard the body as analysed, though we do not entertain a doubt that a very short period only will elapse, before the nature of this acid will receive a complete investigation. It is surely worthy of the inquiry, and we believe that nothing but the scarcity of the mineral, or an eagerness to appropriate the honours of the prior discovery, could have induced either Mr. Davy or Mr. Gregor, thus to tempt without gratifying the curiosity of chemists.

---

ART. IX.—*Thoughts on the relative State of Great Britain and France, at the Close of Mr. Pitt's Life and Administration in 1805.* 8vo: 1s. 6d. Hatchard. 1806.

WE have received much pleasure from the perusal of this little pamphlet, which displays so sensible and liberal a spirit, and is in many parts written with so much propriety and animation, that we feel disposed to allot to it a larger portion of our attention and our review than its size would otherwise demand. The importance of the subject, and the high interest which every thinking individual must take in the present state of Europe, will be an additional justification of our extended criticism. For as the writer properly reminds us, if we contemplate the events which have taken place in Europe, domestic as well as foreign, since the commencement of last October, the history of many years appears to be compressed into the limits of a few weeks. 'It may be asserted,' he observes, 'without either metaphor or ex-

aggregation, that the united reigns of George the First and Second, which comprehended a period not far short of half a century, do not present, in their aggregate, matter so interesting to the felicity, or so important to the interests of mankind, as the last few weeks of the reign of George the Third. Whether we attempt to survey these events as they present themselves to us at the present moment, or to follow them in their future probable consequences, the mind is equally appalled at the prospect. The history of past ages presents nothing which can be compared with the scene passing under our eyes; and those to whom the annals of the European commonwealth are most familiar, turn from it with indifference, while their attention is rivetted by the objects immediately around them.'

A considerate person will view the perils that threaten this country neither as an alarmist, nor an enthusiast; with a manly confidence in our resources, if well applied, we agree with our anonymous author, that we may meet without dismay our formidable antagonist, and like our own rocks, uninjured amid the convulsions of nature, smile at the surrounding tempest: but we must not deceive ourselves; let us not, like the thoughtless or ignorant multitude, suffer our resources to be multiplied by the deceitful mirror of ideal patriotism, till we believe that we can surmount, by despising danger.

'The French *empire* (as it is now denominated), from its magnitude, its influence, its energies, its victories, and its pretensions, may well astonish the stoutest political mind. Its ostensible limits, geographically considered, vast as they are, form its least formidable point of view. The principles of its government, the undefined nature of its plans and objects, which always stretch beyond the apparent motive or pretext, ever employed to veil its secret purposes; the mixture of military despotism and monarchical authority with revolutionary arts, by which it subverts, while it conquers:—this combination of powers, not less profound and subtle, than strong and irresistible, seems to bid defiance to all the attempts made to restrain its progress: To endeavour to deceive ourselves, by averting from it our eyes; or to represent it as not replete with the most imminent, as well as overwhelming danger, would be to impose on our understandings. It must be considered; it must be met; or we shall sink under its attack.'

---

'It is not perhaps in the extension of the French empire, simply considered, so much as in the genius and character of its chief, that we see the magnitude of the present impending calamity. If we revolve in our minds the list of his victories and his achievements within the last ten years;—I had almost said within the last ten



weeks ;—and if we reflect upon what comparatively insignificant or inferior princes, the adulation of their subjects and courtiers has conferred the most flattering epithets ; we shall not, if we are candid, be inclined to dispute his title to that of Great. If his feet, like those of Octavius, and of Constantine, stand in blood ; his head is lost in the clouds. Sprung from a private, though not from an obscure family, seated in an island of the Mediterranean, which was long subjected to the tyranny of the Genoese ; he possesses, in an eminent degree, the characteristic vices of a Corsican. But, even these, under the guidance of a vigorous and intelligent mind, may perhaps have oftener aided, than impeded his ambitious projects. Not less profound and subtle in planning, than rapid in executing his plans, he no sooner meditates, than he inflicts the wound. His march from Boulogne to Austerlitz, under all the circumstances of season, distance, and opposition, may be put in competition with any thing furnished by antiquity. His dexterity in moulding, terrifying, and finally coercing the states and princes, with whom he treats or contends has no parallel, I believe, either in ancient or in modern history. The ramifications of his Machiavelian and sagacious policy, extend to the extremities of Europe ; and are perhaps most severely felt, where they are least obvious or perceptible. Even those who most detest his machinations, must admit their depth, and must deprecate their effects.

‘ Intimately acquainted with the character of the nation which he governs, aware of the levity, the vanity, and the ostentation, which have ever distinguished them ; he has consulted these foibles, in his selection of the *title* that he arrogates. There is in the *imperial* dignity, a recognised superiority to the *regal*, by the universal consent of mankind. Nations, like individuals, are influenced by names, even more than by things. France, once constituted an *Empire*, can never recede from that pretension, nor sink into the rank of *kingdoms*. Perhaps, a deeper blow was never inflicted on the expatriated family of the Capets, than when Bonaparte assumed the title and the insignia of *Emperor of the French*. Those who attribute this denomination only to motives of personal vanity, can have ill appreciated his profound policy.

‘ In the titles which he *bestows*, no less than in those which he *assumes*, who does not perceive the same systematic intention ? Who does not see the utter impossibility of compelling *kings*, however constituted, to divest themselves of their royalty, to lay aside their crowns, and return into the class of *dukes*, or of *electors* ? Who does not recognise the Roman policy of constituting around him, dependant kings ? Who does not behold in the Kings of Wirtemberg and of Bavaria, the renovated phantoms of Pergamus, and of Bythinia ? Buonaparte does not simply conquer, like Charles the Twelfth. His acquisitions are designed to last for ages. Already, with consummate ability, does he prepare to entwine about his parent stock, the great continental families of the second order ; whom he elevates to the first rank, while he admits them to the distinction

of his alliance. Already the names of Bonaparte, and of Beauharnois, begin to mingle with the most ancient houses of the German empire. His roots strike deep in the soil, while sovereign princes repose under his branches, and his summit is invested with all the pomp of majesty.

We shall lay before the reader a brief abstract of the positions maintained by our author, and the arguments he uses to impress deeply on the minds of his countrymen the importance of the present crisis. He calls to our recollection that Europe has been at various periods threatened with the danger of subjection. Within no long space of time, there have been three several æras when universal monarchy appeared to the terrified imaginations of our ancestors, and even to the sober judgment of the wisest statesmen, to have been not far from its realization. But in all those instances, the danger, compared with that which now menaces the civilized world, was an unreal phantom. It was in the reign of Charles V. that Europe first trembled for her independence. Uniting to the Imperial diadem the vast dominions of the Spanish crown in Europe, and the exhaustless resources derived from her newly discovered possessions in the western world; having reduced the independent princes of Germany to a state of vassalage, and carried his great rival, Francis I. a captive to the castle of Madrid, he seemed to be raised too high for opposition or controul; but as that emperor himself observed, 'Fortune, like other females, forsook him in his old age, and attached herself to younger men,' and disease combined with various political causes to extricate Europe from the danger of universal subjection.

His son, Philip the Second, revived his father's gigantic views of empire and aggrandizement. Adding to his paternal territories the sovereignty of Portugal, then in the zenith of her power, and all the treasures of her eastern possessions; on the point of seeing France added to his dominions by the aid of the revolutionists of that period, he inspired for near twenty years, a terror little short of what the Emperor of the French actually diffuses. But the magnanimity of Elizabeth and the spirit of the English nation, the heroism of Henry IV. and the obstinate resistance of the Dutch under the illustrious princes of the house of Orange, overcame the armadas and the armies of Philip, and Europe again was saved.

Louis XIV. renewed the terror, though he did not resume the projects of Charles and of Philip. During the long period that intervened between the peace of Nimeguen

in 1678, to the memorable victory at Blenheim, almost every surrounding state became either his stipendiary or his vassal. Supported in the cabinet and in the field by ministers and generals of distinguished ability, for a period of almost seven and twenty years, he cherished ideas of universal monarchy. But the pertinacity and courage of William the Third retarded his progress, till the genius and talents of Marlborough, conducting a great coalition of sovereigns, finally arrested his further course, and before he descended to the grave, he had the mortification to see his country severely pay the forfeit of his arrogance and ambition.

But the power, the resources, and the territories, which, under Louis XIV. excited so much alarm, are feeble, compared with those possessed by his successor, Napoleon. Perhaps it might not be too much to assert with the author of this pamphlet, that the population and dominions of the French empire are actually doubled since the death of Louis XIV. That monarch, on whatever side he attempted to pass his own frontiers, found barriers, natural and artificial, to arrest the progress of his ambition. If he would invade Italy, after having overcome the snows and precipices of the Alps, he met with fortresses which, as it were, defied attack; a race of hardy mountaineers, trained to war, and conducted by princes in whose line capacity and courage seemed to be almost hereditary. Did he turn his arms against Flanders? Between the two extremities of Luxembourg and Ostend, not fewer than forty fortresses, on which the genius of the ablest engineers had been exhausted, impeded his advances. Or, if he directed his course towards the German frontier, he could not pass the Rhine without meeting obstacles scarcely less formidable at every step, and was obliged to purchase every inch of ground with blood.

But these barriers are swept away. Piedmont, Savoy, and Flanders, are incorporated with the French territory. The Rhine is a river of France; Italy owns the sceptre of Bonaparte. Holland, which so long braved the power of Philip II. and the tyranny of Alva; Switzerland, which triumphed over the princes of Austria and Burgundy, are become virtually provinces of France. The sovereigns of Baden, of Wirtemberg, and of Bavaria, are the lieutenants of the Emperor of the French. Spain and Portugal contribute, either openly or secretly, to the completion of his most unjust and most destructive schemes of conquest. They retain the external form and the empty insignia of independent states, only so long as it may suit his caprice, or be consistent



with his interest. Austria can present no further impediment to his ambition. Bereft of the Tyrol and of Venice, disarmed, plundered, and vanquished, degraded as a military power, she may be said to be extruded from Europe. And if, as a great English statesman has given it as his opinion, she be still the power to whom this country may at some future day look forward for the most certain and effectual support in resisting our natural enemy, that day must be far, far distant.

Such being the fallen situation of states and kingdoms which, till within a few years, acted so important a part in the vast theatre of politics, 'we cannot altogether' (to proceed in the writer's own words).

'We cannot even altogether consider the island which we inhabit, as completely beyond the power of such a mind, or the grasp of such an arm : and it requires all the confidence which we justly repose in our naval superiority, in our insular position, in our attachment to the sovereign and to the constitution, in our national courage, and our vast resources, to enable us to meet without dismay, the approaching conflict with so fierce and so formidable an antagonist.'

'Never, at any former period of time, did invasion approach under a more formidable shape than in 1806 ! Never could invasion have so able a conductor, or one animated by so many motives to impel him to the attempt ! Ambition, vengeance, glory, spoliation, all combine. In the prime of his age, he unites all the energies of body and of mind. Surrounded, like the Macedonian conqueror, by generals of consummate skill, and followed by an army accustomed to consider nothing insurmountable to his genius, he can have no impediments to combat at home. Accountable to no tribunal, he can hazard the most desperate enterprises, secure of impunity. Superintending every movement in person, he commits little to chance, and less to delegated authority. Restrained by no severe rules of political morality ; always recurring to fiction and artifice, where force cannot effect his purpose ; employing all the engines of sedition and of convulsion ; if he cannot conquer, he may nevertheless subvert.

'Combining the two extremes of despotism and of democracy : an emperor in name, but in act a jacobin ; ever affecting to offer peace while he lets loose the ravages of war ; courting the people, at the same moment that he insults the sovereign, or outrages the government : brandishing in one hand the sword, but dextrously concealing in the other, the wires of anarchy or revolution : converting the press to every nefarious use, though exclaiming against the abuse of that weapon, when directed to expose his own violations of faith or treaty : greedy of glory, but regardless of reputation ; he resembles nothing which Europe has beheld in past times, and can neither be compared to Attila, to Clovis, nor to Charlemagne. We might be

led to fancy that Milton, in describing the King of Terrors, by prophetic anticipation pourtrayed this new monarch; sprung like a phantom, from the ashes of the French Revolution, shadowy, undesignable, and terrific.

—————“ The other shape,  
If shape it might be called, that shape had none,  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb :  
Or substance might be called, that shadow seemed :  
For each seemed either : black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart. What seemed his head,  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on——.”

‘ Formidable, nevertheless, as he unquestionably is, the machine which he has organized, is infinitely more an object of rational apprehension. Those who fondly suppose that it would not survive his dissolution, either cannot, or will not see the profound ability with which it is constructed and cemented. The death of Bonaparte, which may happen at any moment, in the ordinary course of human events, from the accidents of war, or from domestic treason, might derange, for a short period, the interior wheels; but could not deprive the empire of the *vis insita* by which it is now steadily propelled. As well might the Roman Republic have permanently revived after the assassination of Cæsar, as the house of Bourbon return to France after the death of Bonaparte. The family of Stuart was, it is true, restored in England; but Cromwell had not revolutionized Europe, subverted, and re-created it. Neither his power, his policy, nor his conquests, can enter into any comparison with those of Napoleon. He was only the *Protector* of a single state; and that state an insular one, dis severed from the continent. Bonaparte, however we may denominate him an usurper, or a tyrant, is not less the acknowledged Emperor of France, the King of Italy, and the arbiter of Europe. His political institutions will survive his personal existence; and were he to perish to-morrow, the great dignitaries, military and civil, whom he has raised to the highest rank and offices, would, like the Prætorian guards, infallibly perpetuate their own greatness, by placing on the vacant throne, some member of his family.’

It is truly observed that there remain but five independent monarchies in Europe. Of these, it is manifest that the two Scandinavian powers, Denmark and Sweden, can enter little into any calculations made for repressing the encroachments and the tyranny of France. ‘Russia, it is true,’ proceeds the author, ‘might enter the lists with Bonaparte, and contend single-handed against him; but Muscovy is too remote to come into contact with the French empire, unless as an *auxiliary*, (is the author an Irishman?) and how little she has achieved in that character, recent experience too well demonstrates.’ But he is of opinion on the whole, that we have more to dread

from the alliance of Russia with France in future wars, than to expect from her support. He then throws out some dark and oracular hints relative to the distance of the frontiers of Russia from Delhi, and says that he does 'not think it proper to press heavier upon this delicate chord.' On this subject we shall offer no speculations. Mankind has, for the last fifteen years, been familiarized to revolutions, and it is no long time since the Empress Catharine ordered her armies to hold themselves in readiness to march for India.

The power and resources of Prussia are highly, and we may add, in some respects justly estimated in this pamphlet. 'A prodigious military force, finances well administered, a treasury overflowing, garrisons and fortifications in the highest order, a sovereign beloved by his people,' (is this certain? or has our author been in Prussia?) "a cabinet cautious, politic, circumspect, and vigilant, all these advantages are indisputably to be conceded to Prussia.' This we allow. But where is the *mind* to direct these resources, or on whom has the mantle of Frederic descended?

At all events it may safely be concluded that reliance on Prussia must be precarious, and that to repose upon it would argue equal credulity and folly. 'It is not from the continent in its present convulsed and tottering state, that we must look for efficient co-operation, or permanent relief. It is only in our own wisdom, courage, and virtue, that safety is to be found.' (p. 25.)

The haughty spirit of Englishmen is ever disposed to over-rate the power and resources of their country. Proud of our naval superiority, of our wealth, and of our characteristic bravery, we can with difficulty be persuaded to feel a dread of that enemy whom we have so often conquered, and whom every British infant is early taught to despise. Far be it from us to check the ardour, or damp the spirit of the country at so important a crisis, when we stand in need of all its energies. But this is no season for delusive hopes or ungrounded confidence. 'We may triumph on the water, (p. 47.) and other Nelsons may renew other Trafalgars. We may annihilate his (Bonaparte's) navy, and crush his commerce. We may perhaps insult his coasts with impunity, and bombard his towns; but we cannot go farther. Our means are altogether inadequate.' The truth of this position none but women or children, or the most ignorant of the vulgar, will be disposed to question. And what is the value of such annoyance? A single defeat, a single check to the resistless career of Bonaparte in the south of Germany, would have been attended with more fatal consequences to



him, and more advantage to the cause of the allied powers, than the annihilation of the combined navies of our enemies. By a singular fatality, the same day witnessed the defeat of the armies of Austria, and the destruction of the naval forces of France and Spain; but the surrender of Ulm found a feeble compensation in the victory of Trafalgar.

Let us now consider with what justice the Emperor Francis is reprobated for concluding the peace of Presburg. Many, and among the rest our author, are of opinion that even after the memorable day of Austerlitz, he might have found inexhaustible resources, (which are here given us in detail) for continuing the contest, and eventually terminating it with honour. It is allowed that on the 3d of December, 1805, his Imperial Majesty found himself without an army, without provisions, and without money. 'So did William Prince of Orange when Holland was over-run in 1672. But while his person was free, if the unconquerable mind had only remained; if, like William, he had been determined to perish in the last dyke; nothing was lost on his side, nor was any thing solid attained on the part of the enemy.'

History will doubtless furnish more than one example, besides that of the Prince of Orange, of princes reduced to far greater extremities than Francis II. who took no heed of calamity, who seemed to derive strength and spirit from reverses, and some of whom eventually rose superior and triumphant over the malice of fortune. Mithridates, vanquished by the Roman arms, deserted by the pusillanimous remains of an Asiatic army, driven from his kingdom, and betrayed by his own children, yet never ceased even in thought to make head against the immense power of Rome, and, destitute as he was of every means and every resource, was engaged at his death in meditating a plan of a stupendous magnitude for carrying the war into the very heart of Italy. Charles XII. without troops, at an immeasurable distance from his country, and a prisoner among barbarians, was as unconquered in spirit, as active, we had almost said as formidable, an enemy as when, at the head of his victorious soldiers, he carried consternation to the walls of Moscow. Europe still remembers the struggles of the great Frederic against one of the most numerous and formidable combinations that was ever formed;—his victories, the distressful crisis to which he was reduced, and the energy and success with which he surmounted difficulties apparently irretrievable, are yet fresh in our memories. The Emperor Francis might in like manner have said with *Aeneas*,

‘*Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem*’

But who shall blame a feeble-minded monarch for bowing beneath the ascendant of superior genius, a monarch betrayed alike in the cabinet and in the field, possessing no resources within himself, surrounded within by treacherous favourites, and terrified females;\* and assailed from without at once by the arts of corruption, and the thunder of victorious arms?

In some other of the positions brought forward in the present pamphlet, we do not agree; nor, in bestowing praise upon this publication, do we mean to assert that it contains aught which may tend to assist the views of the politician, or to instruct those who can divest themselves of prejudice, and suffer their judgments to operate unconstrained by its influence. But the mass of readers—those whose understanding, disposition, or engagements, have not permitted them to bestow accurate attention on the great scenes that are passing around them, will in the space of these few pages find much to inform their understandings, and correct their judgment. In his ideas of an invasion of this country, for instance, and of its probable success, we entirely agree with the writer.

‘I do not think proper, for many reasons, to examine into the probability of Bonaparte’s success, if ever he shall actually land in this country, at the head of even so small a number as fifty thousand soldiers. That, if such an attempt be practicable, it is more likely to succeed under his direction, than in any other hands, will, I imagine, be admitted by all. Though even a hundred thousand men were to perish in their passage across, yet as many more might be embarked, and might reach the coast, in defiance of all opposition. I know the contempt in which such an invasion is held by many: I am aware that it is desired by no inconsiderable portion of persons very capable of judging on the subject. Doubtless, in an enterprize so complicated, hazardous, and subject to a variety of accidents, chance may decide its issue, more than wisdom or skill. But those who reflect on the events which have happened in past ages, who consider the relative nature of the forces, and the talents of the commanders on the two sides; and who know most accurately the strength, as well as the weakness of this island; will be content with a negative triumph, and will not desire to see the question discussed by the bayonet on Barham Downs, as it was at Austerlitz.’

---

\* We have heard it asserted that the Empress of Germany was on her knees seven hours after the battle of Austerlitz, soliciting the emperor to make peace. This was probably through the influence of another Mrs Masham. No man ever understood and practised the arts of bribery to a greater extent, and with greater success, than the Emperor of the French; and Europe may perhaps owe the peace of Presburg, and her present perilous situation, to a ruby or an emerald.

Our author does not seem to be a violent advocate either of the late or the present ministry. He points out the most striking and pernicious errors in the administration of Mr. Pitt—errors which are too obvious to call for discussion—but he pays him the tribute eminently due to the memory of departed talents. Whether that statesman was the saviour of his country, or the evil genius who wrought the downfall of Europe, must long be a subject of controversy; and posterity alone when parties and prejudices shall be laid asleep, will be able to decide with impartiality and justice the important question, of the salutary or destructive tendency of his measures: but who shall doubt his transcendent genius, and the powers of his gigantic mind?

We have said that we do not suspect the writer to be a determined partizan of either the late or the present administration; but he appears to entertain a decided conviction that the store-house of his own mind could furnish measures more conducive to the safety of England, either than those devised by Mr. Pitt, the single bulwark of the late, or by the united powers of those enlightened statesmen who constitute the actual ministry of this country. His own Atlantean shoulders seem to him capable of bearing the weight of the British empire. He proposes a few schemes relative to the survey of lands, the formation of a harbour at Dover, the setting bounds to the licentious pencil of the caricaturist, that he may no longer libel the imperial majesty of Napoleon; and then modestly enough remarks, (p. 46.)

‘A nation which has sufficient virtue and energy to adopt measures such as I have presumed to suggest, needs not deprecate the wrath, nor tremble at the menaces of Bonaparte. Like the Roman senate, they may send him a javelin and a caduceus, for his choice. Secure from internal convulsion, they may defy foreign attack, &c.’

We shall therefore leave our author in the peaceable enjoyment of that satisfaction which arises from conscious superiority, and the anticipation of the contingent good that may accrue to England, in case his Majesty’s ministers can be made so sensible of their own and their country’s interests as to adopt his advice, and admit him to their confidence. In the mean time he has our re-assurance that we have derived considerable satisfaction from the perusal of his little work, which, with the exception of a few passages, that a little additional care in composition would have rendered more critically correct, does him credit both as a writer and a man.



**ART. X.**—*The Works of Edmund Spenser, in eight Volumes, with the principal Illustrations of various Commentators. To which are added, Notes, some Account of the Life of Spenser, a glossarial and other Indexes. By the Rev. Henry John Todd, A. M. F. A. S. Rivingtons. 1805.*

OF all our early English Poets, perhaps not one has more right to charge the *cruel kindness* of his editors and commentators than Spenser. Not one has engaged the attention of a greater number of men of taste and learning, or has proved so lamentable an example of the misapplication of those great qualities. It is perhaps not difficult to discover the reasons of so great a failure; but while we point out the cause, we cannot but lament the effect, nor see without surprise and concern, that while almost every writer of Greece and Rome has been illustrated and explained by the persevering and indefatigable toil of successive commentators, till there is no room left for further illustration or comment, and till the very *absorption* of the subject has precluded the possibility of usefulness from the bulky piles of printed paper 'that hourly issue from the German press,' our own authors should (generally speaking) have been treated merely as convenient receptacles for the overflowings of an antiquarian's common place book.

That Spenser's lot is the hardest of all, is, as we have already observed, a fact easily accounted for. Shakspeare and Milton need no commentary to make them understood, or to point out their excellencies. Even old Chaucer requires little more than a glossary. But Spenser is, as he himself has told us, an allegory, a perpetual enigma, which demands (the aid of an *antiquarian* certainly, but) the aid of an *antiquarian* whose industry and perseverance are at least equal to his knowledge and abilities; not a mere retailer of obsolete customs and phrases, or a dabbler in old romances (though both these are also essential points when connected with more material requisites), but a profound and diligent historian, an acute, but temperate investigator and pursuer of probable theories.

Another necessary quality in an editor of Spenser is that he be untainted by the prejudices of the schools of Boileau and Voltaire, that he have a heart capable of being affected by the simple language of nature, and a fancy not too cold or correct to indulge with delight in the soothing and romantic visions of faëry.

It is to be hoped that the rage for epic unities and dra-

matic probabilities, and all the jargon introduced by the critics of the refined age of Louis XIV. is now extinct, and that we may again enjoy, as did our good ancestors in the golden days of Elizabeth, those delicious gothic fables without being obnoxious to such desperate attacks upon our understanding and genius.

It is curious to mark the progress of poetical taste from the æra of the revival of literature, and the investigation becomes necessary to those who would estimate rightly the merits of Spenser and his commentators. After Dante and Petrarch had wakened a half barbarous world to the sublimity and harmony of their magical numbers, true poetry was sunk again in a temporary but inglorious sleep, a sleep, indeed, broken and irregular, but disturbed only by unnatural conceits, strained metaphors, and an absurd perversion of language. The illustrious age of the Medici was destined to behold the accomplishment of those hopes and expectations which had so long languished. The genius of romance, who had before dwelt in comparative obscurity among the Jongleurs and Troubadours of Provence and Languedoc, and the old minstrels of England, France, and Brittany, then for the first time visited Italy, and received a new dress and polish from the harmony of language and numbers. Pulci was the first who entered upon this untried field of poetry, and would, as the inventor of Italian romance, deserve more notice than has usually been allotted to him, even though the fertility of his imagination, the purity of his language, and the pathetic narration which distinguishes, at least the conclusion of his story, had not demanded it. He was unable, indeed, to break through the fetters of conceit and extravagance of diction which the bad taste of his age and country had imposed on him. His followers Boyardo and Berni had proceeded gradually to the emancipation of their native language, when a new species of poetry was introduced, the precise date or inventor of which it is in vain to look for, but which soon obtained such universal credit that even Ariosto was obliged to submit to the imperious voice of fashion, and mould, by subsequent explanation, the extravagant and unrestrained sallies of his wild imagination into the unnatural and ill-adapted form of an *allegory*.

Such was the state of Italian poetry when it was embraced and followed by the wits of Elizabeth's court. A law was laid down which few writers of that age dared to dispute, and while Sir Philip Sidney and other accomplished courtiers endeavoured to frame their language after the model of Petrarch and his followers, Spenser caught the genuine fire and

fancy of Ariosto, which, engrafted on his soft and feeling heart, and tempered by his chaste and moral judgment, produced the *Faerie Queene*. Hence that delightful poem is full of those inconsistencies and faults which, from the causes we have attempted to illustrate, still blemished the productions of Italy, while, at the same time, its sweet and natural descriptions, its moral and instructive fables, have elevated it to a rank far above its originals, and most honourable and gratifying to British taste and vanity.

The most remarkable circumstance attending this first and principal work of our poet's, is the *double allegory*, which, as he himself informs us, it contains, and it is this circumstance that should principally attract the attention and direct the labours of a commentator. The *moral* allegory indeed seldom requires illustration, and we are at no loss to discover the *leading* features of that which may be called the secondary, or *political*. But it cannot be doubted that a great deal lies concealed from common observation, which would amply reward a patient investigation.

The taste which had adorned our golden age of poetry had long given way to the cold correctness of the French school, when Mr. Hughes undertook the task of editing our poet. With his head full of *unity* and *probability*, he 'weighs him in that false balance,' and, of course, 'finds him wanting.' It is no wonder that such a critic preferred the two Cantos of Mutability, to all the rest of the *Faerie Queene*. Still more wedded to the incompatible laws of classical propriety, Spence, in his *Polymetis*, has resumed the examination of that poem; and the application of similar principles produces the same conclusion. The learning and judgment of Jortin has added nothing to our knowledge of Spenser, though he occasionally gives us pleasure by unfolding the Greek and Roman origins of some of his sweetest passages. Warton, the Poet Laureate, found it a subject so happily adapted to his own taste and pursuits, that he entered with enthusiasm on the task, and has certainly succeeded more than any other of Spenser's commentators in discovering the sources of his poetry, in estimating the merits and defects of his versification and language, and in displaying the history and effect of the allegorical character which he has adopted. But nothing can more exemplify the imperious dominion which French literature and criticism had obtained in our country than the fact that one, himself a poet, and with a mind peculiarly turned for the enjoyment of works of real taste and fancy, should have so accommodated himself to the prevailing system as to wish that Spenser had reduced his



delightful poem to the rules of Bossu, that Tasso had lopped off the enchanted wood, and destroyed the gardens of Arimida, and that Ariosto had cut down his Orlando to a *geometrical* figure.\* Next came Upton, with less learning than some, but as much bigotry as any of the former commentators. He undertakes, indeed, the defence of the poet, but in a manner in which Spenser never *meant* to be defended;

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis—

Instead of asserting that the rules of his poem are the rules of romance, not those of Aristotle and Bossu, instead of pleading the non-jurisdiction of the court, he actually proceeds to justify him on the very principles by which he had before been tried, condemned, and executed; and a very poor piece of work he makes of it. But notwithstanding this want of judgment, notwithstanding his pert coxcombical manner, Upton has, perhaps, more worthily supplied the place of an editor than any other, in one most essential point; for it is to his ingenuity that we are indebted for most of the little insight we have into the *political* allegory of the poem.

From this general censure on Spenser's commentators, we must except one, who, though not professedly a commentator, has done more towards asserting the excellencies, and vindicating the plan and fable of the poet, than any of those who have undertaken regularly to criticise his works. We mean Bishop Hurd in his *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, which are admirably calculated to set the world right as to the principles upon which we ought to judge of many of our earliest writers, and to persuade those whose minds have been confined by the trammels of scholastic pedantry, that the Gothic structures of our ancestors have in them a beauty and even symmetry peculiar to themselves, though not reducible to any of the rules which they have been accustomed to regard with exclusive veneration.

Mr. Todd appears to us to have entered on the task which so many former adventurers had failed of rendering unnecessary, with a mind very capable of relishing and displaying the beauties of his author, and well stored with that species of information which was best calculated for rendering his labours effectual. If he has not succeeded in giving us

---

\* The ingenious Abbé du Bos observes, *happily enough*, that 'Homer is a Geometrician, in comparison of Ariosto.'

that satisfaction which we expected from a gentleman of his abilities and acquirements, we shall probably discover the real cause of our disappointment in that unhappy spirit of *commentating* which has so long prevailed, to the utter exclusion of sound investigation and useful enquiry, till almost all our ancient poets are involved in one common cloud of undistinguishable black-letter controversy, by piercing through which we in vain endeavour to find any new light, or to be regaled by the discovery of any fresh beauty. Nay, we must hardly venture to enjoy any of the passages which used to afford us delight, for fear of being damped by the unpleasant and mortifying information that our admiration is founded on wrong principles, or bestowed on a false object. The latter part of this observation is general, and we with pleasure except Mr. Todd from the severest part of the censure. We do not criticise his taste, which, we are sure, merits our commendation; but we condemn his judgment. Deeply read in romances, he has, by their help, furnished many good illustrations, and pleasing parallels; and with regard to his own labours, he deserves more strongly to be reprehended for sins of omission, than of commission. But he has swelled out his book most unnecessarily with the comments and annotations of others; and if, instead of republishing the whole heap of rubbish piled up by Hughes, Church, Upton, Jortin, and Waiton, and instead of treading in their footsteps so much himself, or entering the lists with them so often on the most trifling occasions, he had made a judicious selection from the labours of others, and had applied his own mind to those historical researches by which alone Spenser can be fairly and perfectly illustrated, he would have accomplished a work much more highly creditable to his own talents, and more useful to the public.

We shall not enter more minutely into the examination of the work before us. The title-page informs the reader that it is a new edition of an English poet, in which the illustrations of former commentators are preserved, and some new ones are added; and, unhappily, the 'Ex uno disce omnes' applies with more force to this species of compilation than to any other that we are acquainted with. The account of our poet's life, which is prefixed, deserves some notice. On the early part of this history, Mr. Todd has been enabled, by his commendable diligence and the kind assistance of his friends, to bestow a good deal of additional and agreeable information; and we have derived great pleasure from the perusal of so much of the correspondence of Spenser and his friend Gabriel Harvey, as Mr. T. has thought

worth transmitting to us. The strange and sophisticated taste of an age which invented English hexameters and trimeter iambics, becomes a highly entertaining subject of reflection, and increases our admiration of the poet, who after imbibing so largely of University pedantry, was able to shake off the trammels of education and habit, and leaving his 'peaceful province in Acrostic Land,' fly on the wings of genuine poetry and fancy to the delightful coast of Faerie. A good deal of information is also to be collected from various other parts of these loose memoirs, towards the conclusion of which Mr. T. corrects with great truth and accuracy a gross and almost wilful error of the Laureate commentator, and exposes the absurd and idle fables which have so long been handed down with improvements and exaggerations, from father to son, of Spenser's extreme poverty, and of his absolutely dying of want and hunger. His life, or the greater part of it, was certainly a scene of unmerited disappointment; and a little before his leaving Ireland for the last time, he experienced a calamity which was more than sufficient to discompose the philosophy of a poetical mind, and which appears to have hastened his death. The traditional story of his servant losing the last six books of his poem, is also investigated, and controverted with great judgment; and it is, in our opinion, very satisfactorily proved that the poem was never carried much beyond the state in which we now have it, and that any little fragments or hints for succeeding books, if there were any, perished in the conflagration of his house at Kilcolman.

As this is by far the longest specimen of original composition with which Mr. T. has favoured us, it may be expected of us to pronounce a general opinion on the merits of the performance, and we will therefore, before we conclude this article, observe that his style is easy, and that of a gentleman of taste and learning; but it is too diffuse, too unconnected, too common-place, and by scattering his facts and his remarks in a desultory and negligent manner, he has made a languid compilation of what, with a very little labour and attention, might have been a highly interesting and elegant piece of critical biography.

We have not particularly noticed any of the works of our poet but his *Faerie Queene*; but our observations on his commentators, and on Mr. Todd in particular, will apply in a sufficient degree to all. It is much to be regretted that the excellent and profound observations of Spenser in his account of the state of Ireland, should hitherto have met with no further attention than what Sir James Ware bestowed upon them so long ago. We find hardly a single observation, except as to points of mere verbal criticism, throughout that very useful and interesting work.



ART. XI.—*Good's Translation of Lucretius,*

(Continued from p. 183.)

THE second book of Lucretius, in proportion as it approaches nearer the more cramped doctrines of Epicurus, would naturally induce a belief that it recedes in the same proportion from poetical merit. This, however, is not the case; for there are passages of interest and spirit not unfrequently interspersed with the more unpromising mass of absurdities. In the examination of Mr. Good's translation, we shall turn the reader's attention towards them; and afford the English author the fairest opportunity of displaying his abilities on beautiful subjects.

The opening of this book immediately presents us with an illustration: and we are fully inclined to allow that Mr. Good has done justice to his original:

' Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,  
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem :  
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas  
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.  
Per campos instructa, tuâ sine parte pericli,  
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri, &c.

---

' How sweet to stand, when tempests tear the main,  
On the firm cliff ! and mark the seaman's toil !  
Not that another's danger soothes the soul,  
But from such toil how sweet to feel secure !  
How sweet, at distance from the strife, to view  
Contending hosts ! and hear the clash of war.'

The above translation is sufficiently faithful, and we are happy in being able to produce so favourable a specimen. In the note we felt our usual disappointment, wherein three passages are quoted as parallel, from Akenside, Beattie, and B. Jonson, which have no resemblance whatever to the supposed prototype of Lucretius. Mr. G. appears to be sensible of the difficulty attending the comparison, as he has kindly condescended to print in italics what he presumes enforces it. For instance; in Akenside, '*To climb the neighbouring cliffs,*' is considered a resemblance. In Beattie, it is true, a person is figured looking at the sea, but no such conclusions are formed, as in Lucretius: and the sea-

CRIT. REV. Vol. 7. April, 1806. E e

timent of Jonson implies ridicule, which was wholly foreign from the breast of the Roman poet,

‘ I wander not to seek for more  
In greatest storm I sit on shore,  
And laugh at those that toil in vain  
To get what must be lost again.’

In the 28th line of the first note in p. 183, after quoting from Mr. Good's remark, we shall be pleased to have it in our power to add a little to his stock of multifarious information :

‘ Statius has, therefore, compared to the sage himself this secure and elevated cliff, on which, Lucretius and Cowper represent him as seated :

‘ Stat sublimis apex, ventosque imbresque serenus  
Despicit. *Theb. ii. 35.*

‘ Firm stands its brow sublime, and winds and showers  
Despises, fearless.

‘ It is highly probable that from this passage of Statius, Goldsmith derived his beautiful and parallel simile ; which, in reality, is little more than a free translation :

‘ As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its head the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sun-shine settles on its head.’

*Deserted Village.*

Goldsmith undoubtedly borrowed the simile in question from a passage in Claudian : let the reader compare the Latin and English. We present it to him without the aid of italics :

‘ ————— ut altus Olympi  
Vertex, qui spatio ventos hiemesque relinquit,  
Perpetuum nullâ temeratus nube serenuin,  
Celsior exsurgit pluviis, auditque ruentes  
Sub pedibus nimbos, et rauca tonitrua calcat.’

*De Cons. Mall. Theod. Cons. 206.*

To Mr. Good's substantive ‘ *Unsuccess*,’ we must unite an adjective of equal beauty, l. 19,

‘ ————— *unanxious*’ quiet for the mind.’

We are aware that we are liable to the retort, ‘ and why should not Mr. Good coin words if he pleases ?’ Forsooth, we cannot answer it. We have not room to quote many of

Mr. Good's notes, which obviously put us in mind of Bish's Lucky Lottery Office, or Packwood's Razor Strops, i. e. they begin with something out of the way which excites our curiosity, and when we have followed the track through some lines we discover the evident puff with indignant vexation. We have an example at hand. Upon two verses in p. 185, there are five quarto columns of notes; the five columns, we allow, staggered us: but a reviewers' duty is superior to his disgust. We began then with Young—but alas! we ended with Roscoe! yes, with Roscoe! 'Oh what a falling off was there!' The quotations are as follows:

'Young's Night-thoughts.	Exodus.
Goldsmith.	Sadi—in Persic.
Athenæus in D. Laërtius.	Homer.
Lucretius himself.	Virgil.
Horace.	Thomson.
The Proverbs—in Hebrew.	Lorenzo de' Medici.
Horace.	Roscoe—pessimus omnium
Homer:	poëta.'

To save the reader further trouble on this head, we inform him once for all, that the general character of the notes partakes of a similar intermixture of chaotic learning. Even the Swedish dog-Latin of Linnæus is introduced as an imitation of the picture of a country life by Lucretius. The *imitation* begins thus prettily, 'O Lappo, qui in ultimo angulo mundi sic bene lates contentus et innocens.' Linnæus speaks of Lapland, and Lapland gives the opportunity of mentioning those who have written on it in English and French.

A principal fault which we find with Mr. Good; is the affected closeness of his translation, which occasionally, under the false idea of terse compression, leads him into arrant nonsense. We defy Œdipus to have made out the following enigma, or the baffled writer of this article must exclaim, 'Davus sum, non Œdipus.' p. 227.

'————— for far beyond the ken  
Lies the prime base impalpable of things;  
As this eludes all vision; so alike  
Its motion too elude. E'en oft the sight  
No motion marks where still the moving scene  
Springs obvious, by the distance sole concealed.'

However nonsensical the passage is as it stands, yet the illustration is certainly done in the spirit of the original:

'Præterea, magnæ legiones quom loca cursu  
Camporum complent, belli simulacra cientes;



Fulgur ubi ad cœlum se tollit, totaque circum  
 Ære renidescit tellus ; subterque, virûm vi,  
 Excitur pedibus sonitus, clamoreque montes  
 Ictei rejectant voces ad sidera mundi ;  
 Et circum volitant equites, mediosque repente  
 Transmittunt, valido quatientes impete, campos :  
 Et tamen est quidam locus altis montibus, unde  
 Stare videntur, et in campis consistere fulgur.'

'Thus, too, when warlike squadrons crowd the field,  
 Horrent in arms, with horses scarce restrain'd,  
 Shaking the solid glebe, while the bright pomp  
 Flames through the skies, and gilds the glowing earth,  
 While groans the ground beneath their mighty tread,  
 And hills, and heavens re-echo to their shouts—  
 View'd from afar, the splendid scene that spreads  
 Seems void of motion, to the fields affixt.'

As Lucretius has loosely copied his thought from Homer, so has Virgil very closely followed Lucretius. Among the moderns, Camoens has not been an unsuccessful imitator.

Mas ja cos escadrões da gente armada,  
 Os Eborenses campos vão qualhodos  
 Lustra co sol arnes, a lança, a espada  
 Vam rinchando os cavallos jaezados :  
 A canora trombeta embandeirada  
 Os coraçoës â paz acostumados ;  
 Vay as fulgentes armos incitando  
 Pellas concavidades retumbando.'

Between the 350th and 370th lines we meet the well-known verses of Lucretius on the cow bereft of her calf. The sweet simplicity, the unaffected beauty of them drew tears into our eyes when we were children ; and in a passage of such difficulty, we congratulate Mr. Good on his execution, although we by no means approve

' ——— si queat usquam  
 Conspicere amissum fetum.

' ——— If, perchance, she still  
 May trace her idol.'

And still less can we suffer our fair countrywomen to be imposed upon by the following translation.

'Neu simili penetrare putes primordia formæ  
 In nareis hominum, quom tetra cadavera torrent,  
 Et quom scena croco Cilici perfusa recens est,  
 Araque Panchæos exhalat propter odores.' V. 414.

'Nor deem those atoms like, from *putrid scenes*  
That spring malignant, and *th' essential sweets*  
*Breath'd* from Cilician saffron, or the blaze  
Of fragrant altars *fed from orient groves.*'

The learned reader will immediately see the absurdity of the translation ; and ladies in the mean time, as not understanding those 'atoms which spring malignant from *putrid scenes*,' or 'blazes fed from orient groves,' will take our word for it.

The note is still farther from the purpose. We are told that it was the custom 'to strew Cilician saffron, in conjunction with several other odoriferous flowers, over the stages of their public theatres.' The passage alludes to the sprinkling saffron and rose water through tubes secretly conveyed through the theatre, which added to the delight and freshness of an Italian audience. But we find Mr. G. frequently erroneous in the customs and history of the ancients ; we might add, the metre ; where quoting from Avitus, 'whose description,' sayeth Mr. Good, 'is possessed of equal beauty' with that of Virgil, he prints

'Præfert terribilis metuendum *formæ* decorem.'

We now proceed to quote from v. 624 of the original, with Mr. Good's translation, which is tolerably faithful ; although the '*largificâ stipe ditantes*,' is flatly rendered 'loading the path with presents.'

'Ergo, quom primum, magnas invecta per urbeis,  
Munificat taciâ mortaleis muta salute :  
Ære atque argento sternunt iter omne viarum,  
Largificâ stipe ditantes ; ninguuntque rosarum  
Floribus, umbrantes Matrem, comitumque catervam.  
Heic armata manus, Curetas nomine Græcei  
Quos memorant Phrygios, inter se sorte catervis  
Ludunt, in numerumque exsultant, sanguine fletæi :  
Terrificas capitum quatientes numine cristas,  
Dictæos referunt Curetas, quei Jovis illum  
Vagitum in Cretâ quondam obcultasse feruntur ;  
Quom puerei circum puerum pernice choreâ,  
Armatei, in numerum pulsarent æribus æra,  
Ne Saturnus eum malis mandaret adeptus,  
Æternumque daret matri sub pectore volnus.  
Propterea, magnam armatei Matrem comitantur :  
Aut, quia significant divam prædicere, ut armis,  
Ac virtute, velint patriam defendere terram ;  
Præsidioque parent, decorique, parentibus esse.'

' Thus moves the pompous idol through the streets,  
 Scattering mute blessings, while the throngs devout  
 Strew in return their silver and their brass,  
 Loading the paths with presents, and o'ershade  
 The heavenly form, and all th' attendant train  
 With dulcet sprays of roses, pluckt profuse.  
 A band select before them, by the Greeks  
 Curetes call'd, from Phrygian parents sprung,  
 Sport with fantastic chains, the measur'd dance  
 Weaving enfuriate, charm'd with human blood  
 And madly shaking their tremendous crests.  
 These picture, haply, the Dictæan train,  
 Alike Curetes term'd, as fame reports,  
 Who' drown'd the infant cries of Jove in Crete,  
 When round the boy divine, in arms they danc'd,  
 Boys scull themselves, and beat to measur'd sounds  
 Their clashing shields, lest Saturn the shrill shriek  
 Should trace, and Rhæa shed eternal tears.  
 Thus these the matron-goddess now precede:  
 Or else, perchance, they paint how every breast  
 Should burn with patriot fire, and every arm  
 Prove the firm guardian of a parent's years.'

The following three lines would have been improved by the very flatness of which we lately complained:

' Thus into life th' insensate dunghill rears  
 The race of worms, when once the mingling show'r  
 Wakes the warm ferment through the putrid mass.'

There is no such bombast in Lucretius's description of a dunghill.

' Quippe videre licet, vivos existere vermeis  
 Stercore de tetro, putorem quom sibi nacta est,  
 Intempestivis ex imbribus humida, tellus.'

Upon the subject of this dunghill there are eleven quarto pages of notes: and a moderately quick reader would dabble in the muck at least half an hour. After we have sufficiently dirtied ourselves and endeavoured to pluck a mushroom or two for our pains, we are dismissed with the following sceptical notions on dung:

' This theory of spontaneous vitality has been, however, expressly controverted by Redi, the father of experimental entomology, as well as by Trembley and Bonnet. But the general force of the argument advanced by the Roman bard does not depend upon its truth or falsehood. The fact remains the same, though the mode of accounting for it be different. It is equally true that



'——into life th' insensate dung-hill rears  
The race of worms :

Whether we believe they spring equivocally from organic molecules swarming throughout the putrid and fermenting substance of the dung-hill ; or that this latter affords nothing more than a proper nidus for the deposition of the fecundated eggs of flies and worms, which, in process of time, are hereby thrown into action, generate a new organization, and produce the new power of sensation. For no one, I apprehend, will contend that the eggs of the fly or worm, when first deposited, are possess'd of more sensation than the substance of the dung-hill itself; and thus, which theory soever we imbibe, the position of Lucretius follows equally as a truth,

'That sentient things, things void of sense create.'

We now bid farewell to the second book, and direct the attention of the reader to the third, wherein Lucretius advances to a more detailed account of the result of atoms, under different states of combination and modification. We shall not follow Mr. Good through the philosophical theories of himself or his original ; but refer to those passages which are more generally known, and more generally admired. To any future translator of Lucretius, we would recommend a selection of such passages, which would please the most listless, and a publication of them separately from the mass of the works in *rhyme*.

This book opens with the well-known address to Epicurus :

'O Tenebris tantis,' &c.

which is well rendered by the translator : but having no room at present for the quotation, we refer the reader to the work itself.

It would be difficult to devise that the following two lines,

'And with mistrust, through every nerve alarm'd,  
Joining the feast some jovial kinsman forms,'

were a translation of the bold verse,

'Et consanguineam mensas odere, timentque.'

L. iii. 73.

The following lines are worked up with much more spirit, if we exclude perhaps the last distich :

'For as the boy, when midnight veils the skies,  
Trembles and starts at all things—so, full oft,  
E'en in the noon, men start at forms as void  
Of real danger as the phantoms false  
By darkness conjur'd, and the school-boy's dread.

A terror this the radiant darts of day  
Can ne'er disperse. To truth's pure light alone,  
And wisdom yielding, intellectual suns.'

' Nam, velutei puerei trepidant, atque omnia cæcis  
In tenebris metuunt ; sic nos in luce timemus  
Interdum, nihilo quæ sunt metuenda magis, quam  
Quæ puerei in tenebris pavitant, finguntque futura.  
Hunc igitur terrorem animi tenebrasque, necesse est,  
Non radiæ solis, neque lucida tela diei,  
Discutiant ; sed Naturæ species, ratioque.

In the very marrow of a long quarto note upon oxygen, so 're-denominated,' Mr. Good 'pretends not to affirm what was the immediate *aura* understood by Lucretius as the fourth and most important substance in the composition of the animal spirit. To the oxygenous and the galvanic gas it has an equal and an astonishingly striking resemblance.' Then follows 'a table of the Epicurean and Lavoisierian analysis of respirable air.' Although we trespass on the limits we have prescribe to ourselves, yet we think it fair to apothecaries and druggists, to let them also know where they may find information, for fear they should take the book altogether to be really a book of poetry.

276. B. iii.—' Atque anima est animæ proporro totius ipsa,' rendered by Mr. Good :

' And lives as soul of e'en the soul itself ;'

but much more poetically by Marchetti

———Sta nel corpo ascosa  
*Alma di tutta l'alma, e signioreggia*  
In tutto il corpo.

It has also been imitated, but very weakly, by Polignac, in his *Anti-Lucretius*.

Mr. G. may call the following passage 'Inversion ;' we confess we can neither elicit sense nor grammar from it :

' Thus varies man ; though education trim  
Add its bland polish, frequent still we trace  
The first deep print of nature on the soul,  
Nor aught can all—erase it : ever, whence,  
This yields to sudden rage, to terror that,  
While oft a third beyond all right betrays  
A heart of mercy. Thus, in various modes,  
The moral temper, and symphonious life

Must differ ; thus from many a cause occult  
The sage can ne'er resolve, nor human speech  
Find phrase t' explain ; so boundless, so complex,  
The primal sources whence the variance flows !

Our translator, apparently without any reason, thinks that Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, borrowed the four following lines,

' The young disease, which must subdue at length,  
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength,  
So cast, so mingled with his very frame  
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;'

from

' ——— utei cum corpore, et unâ  
Cum membris, videatur in ipso sanguine crêsse.'

Nothing could have been farther from Pope's mind than such prosaic stuff, which Mr. Good calls 'highly forcible and expressive.'

724. ' Fly too, at death, the soul's pure seeds entire,  
Or with the body are there still that rest ?'

Wretched !

798. ' Trees not in ether, nor in ocean clouds,  
Nor in the fields can fishes e'er exist.'

Wretched !

We are inclined to pass a far different judgment on the following passage. The reader would certainly have been more soothed with rhyme ; but the blank verse, although occasionally cramped, is by no means deficient in merit :

' " Nam jam non domus adci-piet te læta, neque uxor  
" Optuma, nec dulces obcurrent oscula natei  
" Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent.  
" Non poteris factis florentibus esse, tuisque  
" Præsidium : misero misere," aiunt, " omnia ademit  
" Una dies infesta tibi tot præmia vitæ."  
Illud in his rebus non addunt : " Nec tibi earum  
" Jam desiderium rerum insidet insuper unâ."  
Quod bene si videant animo, dictisque sequantur,  
Dissolvant animi magno se angore, metuque.  
Tu quidem, ut es, lecto sopitus, sic eris, ævi  
Quod super est, cunctis privatus doloribus ægris :  
At nos horrifico cinefactum de prope busto  
Insatiabiliter defle-bimus ; æternumque



Nulla dies nobis mœrorem e pectore demet.  
 Illud ab hoc igitur quærundum est, quid sit amari  
 Tanto opere, ad somnum si res redit, atque quietem,  
 Quir quisquam æterno possit tabescere luctu ?

“ But thy dear home shall never greet thee more !  
 “ No more the best of wives !—thy babes beloved  
 “ Whose haste half-met thee, emulous to snatch  
 “ The dulcet kiss that rous'd thy secret soul,  
 “ Again shall never hasten !—nor thine arm,  
 “ With deed heroic, guard thy country's weal !—  
 “ O mournful, mournful fate !” thy friends exclaim,  
 “ One envious hour of these invaluable joys  
 “ Robs thee for ever !”—But they add not here,  
 “ It robs thee, too, of all desire of joy :”  
 A truth, once utter'd, that the mind would free  
 From every dread and trouble. “ Thou art safe !  
 “ The sleep of death protects thee ! and secures  
 “ From all th' unnumber'd woes of mortal life !  
 “ While we, alas ! the sacred urn around  
 “ That holds thine ashes, shall insatiate weep,  
 “ Nor time destroy th' eternal grief we feel !”  
 What then has death, if death be mere repose,  
 And quiet only in a peaceful grave,  
 What has it thus to mar this life of man ?

The notes on this passage are, as usual, ponderous : but by no means inelegant or uninstructional. However scrupulous we may be in allowing Mr. Good's attainments in the general knowledge he displays of various languages, ancient and modern, (and we are compelled to this state of scepticism by the plain circumstance of his not understanding his own,) yet we cannot deny that he has benefited by every good index to every good book ; and produced sundry beautiful passages, as parallel, the reading of which amply compensates for the labour of plodding through the text. However, in the passage above, we are open to the conviction that he can occasionally soar above mediocrity : and we were presently, in the notes, agreeably surprised by an old favourite passage from Beattie :

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;  
 I mourn—but, ye woodlands ! I mourn not for you ;  
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore,  
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,—  
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save :—  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !  
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !”

This certainly is preferable to the verses of Lucretus :

‘ Nec minus ille diu jam non erit, ex hodierno  
Lumine vitæ qui finem fecit, et ille,  
Mensibus atque annis qui multis occidit ante’

and still more certainly to Mr. Good's translation;

‘ ——— nor of shorter date  
To him who yesterday the light forsook,  
Than him who died full many a year before.’

We have now conducted our readers to the conclusion of the first volume : we have generally stated the principles on which we reviewed this work: we have impartially examined the beauties and defects, not merely of Mr. Good's translation, but of his theories, his taste, and his acquisitions. In the remaining three books we purpose to be very concise ; since from the production of a thousand passages, we do not think we can rest on a firmer foundation, the telegraph which we have established to convey to any distance, opinions maturely formed by an unprejudiced pen ; opinions corroborated by re-tracing each line, and weighing every sentiment. A few more words on the fourth, fifth, and sixth books will close our critique.

The second volume opens with a most naughty engraving of young ladies half naked, of sundry leering satyrs, a great goat in the foreground, and a most umbrageous recess in the perspective. We humbly suppose that the picture alludes to the end of the fourth book, wherein Mr. Good has nearly rivalled Dryden and Creech in obscenity. We will quote only a short passage from an immense note, which contains Mr. G's apology for defiling his page with impurities, at which Tate would have blushed. After professing that we dare not insert any quotation from this most labour-ed ribaldry, we leave to those who understand Lucretius, the pretext of the translator : nor do we doubt whether the judgment will finally condemn or acquit him.

‘ Our poet is now proceeding to a task which requires no small degree of delicacy and dexterity in the management of it. He is about to develope, with all the ornaments of verse, the mischievous effects of illicit love, and the entire doctrine of animal generation. It is difficult to enter upon these subjects with so much medical and anatomical science as he has exhibited, without rendering the description of either, and particularly of the latter, improper for general perusal. In plain and cautious prose, they are topics which ought not to be indiscriminately submitted to the eye of every one ; but when delivered with the necessary decorations, and in the glow-

ing language of poetry, a still greater circumspection should be adopted, even admitting that the utmost degree of address is evinced in the choice of verbiage. Yet why then, it may be inquired, did not the poet abstain from such topics altogether? and why, more particularly, are they not omitted in the present version? For the very reason that Lucretius thought proper to introduce them, I have not thought myself at liberty to suppress them. They are subjects that ought to be treated of, and that must be treated of in some way or other: they naturally fall within the scope of a poem, written expressly upon *The Nature of Things*: there is a moral in the former, so just, and so pointed, that every libertine ought seriously to peruse, and minutely to ponder upon the whole picture delineated; and amidst the dullness and obscurity generally attendant upon the latter, our poet is entitled to the conjoined thanks of naturalists and anatomical philosophers for irradiating their dark and thorny paths with the light and fire of the muses. While exquisitely elegant and inviting, our poetic lecturer is at the same time uniformly delicate and grave; nor do I know any description of persons, to whom subjects of this kind ought to be communicated in any shape, but might be prudently entrusted with the conclusion of the book before us.

The following mummary is disgusting; for shame! for shame!

‘On the doctrine of animal generation, Lucretius is a lecturer upon natural philosophy: he admits us to his theatre, and gravely and scientifically develops the principles of this important subject: he unlocks the causes of barrenness and fertility: he traces the nascent embryo from the first moment of copulation; and unfolds the principles which were supposed to determine its sex. A serious and attentive reader of this truly learned, as well as poetical discourse, whether male or female, cannot possibly, I think, peruse it without the acquisition of some degree of useful knowledge; and even the medical professor himself cannot but be astonished at the copiousness of its research, and the accuracy that accompanies much of its reasoning.’

We forbear from fatiguing our readers with any further extracts from this discussion. Suffice it to say, that the arguments Mr. G. deduces in favour of his attempt, smell much of the shop of Martial and Ausonius.

The fifth book of Lucretius, in a high strain of poetry, denies the possibility of composing and expressing an encomium worthy the merits of Epicurus. The general subject of the book, is *Cosmogony*: and however harsh the matter and the verse occasionally becomes, yet the sentiments and figures contained in this portion of the poem are generally more easy and comprehensible than the bewildered and



cloudy reveries of the four first books. The rise of the vegetable and animal world; the description of primæval life and manners, and their gradual advance towards civilization and a social compact; the origin of superstition and mythology; mineralogy, the art of war; the origin of the useful and polite arts, and their progress and tendency towards perfection, admit at the same time of varied numbers, and elegant disquisition; and we find the utmost harmony of Lucretius summoned, perhaps, in some degree to aid the first species of that kind of poetry which has since become trite and popular.

L. V. v. 53. We will put Mr. Good out of the question for a moment, and examine a conjectural emendation of Wakefield's in the original editions; in all with which we are acquainted, two lines are thus read:

'Cum bene præsertim multa, ac divinitus ipsis  
Immortalibu' de divīs, dare dicta sūerit.'

Now Mr. Wakefield reads, with all his parades of obsolete orthography:

'Quom bene præsertim multa, ac divinitus, ipsis  
Jam mortalibus, e divīs, dare dicta sūerit.'

We are not surprised at this petulant alteration from Mr. W.; although we are convinced that, if he were alive and thought him worth laughing at (as an author), he would laugh at his follower for retailing his frolicksome absurdity. Are we not told that Epicurus wrote a treatise *περί Όσιονής*? It is to this, as Le Fevre justly remarks, that Lucretius alludes. And as for Mr. Good's assertion that 'of Marchetti there can be no doubt that the copy he consulted retained "jam mortalibus:"'

'Massime avendo *de' medesmi Dei*  
Scritto divinamente, e delle cose  
Tutta svelata a noi l'occulta essenza.'

Either pen never wrote a word of Italian; or Marchetti translated *Immortalibu' de Divīs, 'de' medesmi Dei.*

We will close this book with an extract of no common merit—we mean in the original:

'Et genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis  
Durius, ut decuit, tellus quod dura creasset;  
Et majoribus, et solidis magis ossibus intus  
Fundatum; validis aptum per viscera nervis:  
Nec facile ex æstu, nec frigore, quod caperetur;  
Nec novitate cibi, neque labi corporis ullā.

'Multaque per cælum solis volventia lustra  
 Volgiyago vitam tractabant more ferarum.  
 Nec robustus erat curvi moderator aratri;  
 Quisquam nec scibat ferro molirier arva,  
 Nec nova defodere in terram virgulta, neque altis  
 Arboribus veteres decidere falcibus ramos.  
 Quod sol atque imbres dederant, quod terra crearat  
 Sponte suâ, satis id placabat pectora donum.  
 Glandiferas inter cûrabant corpora quercus  
 Plerumque; et, quæ nunc hyberno tempore cernis,  
 Arbute puniceo fieri matûra colore,  
 Plurima tum tellus, etiam majora, ferebat:  
 Multaque præterea novitas tum florida mundi  
 Pabula dira tulit, miseris mortalibus ampla.'

'Yet man's first sons, as o'er the fields they trod,  
 Rear'd from the hardy earth, were hardier far;  
 Strong built with ampler bones, with muscles nerv'd  
 Broad and substantial; to the power of heat,  
 Of cold, of varying viands, and disease,  
 Each hour superior: the wild lives of beasts  
 Leading, while many a lustre o'er them roll'd.  
 Nor crooked plough-share knew they, nor to drive,  
 Deep through the soil, the rich returning spade;  
 Nor how the tender seedling to replant,  
 Nor from the fruit-tree prune the wither'd branch.  
 What showers bestow'd, what earth spontaneous bore,  
 And suns matur'd, their craving breasts appeas'd.  
 But acorn-meals chief cull'd they from the shade  
 Of forest oaks; and, in their wintry months,  
 The wild wood-whortle with its purple fruit  
 Fed them, then larger and more amply pour'd.  
 And many a boon besides, now long extinct,  
 The fresh-form'd earth her hapless offspring dealt.'

The sixth book partakes with the rest a of mixture of error and comprehension; and although we have probably tired the public with our conscientious discharge of our task, we should not have hesitated to quote a few passages from the description of the plague at Athens, had we not resolved to hurt the feelings and the interest of our author as little as possible, which we were convinced must be compromised by any selection from that unfortunate passage. We wish him to depart from the stage, with his hat cocked aside, and his arms a-kimbo: and in the full confidence that he will gratefully thank us for the critical advice we have given him, and the lenient mode with which we have handled the *τα σαδ πα* of his composition, we take our leave of him, hoping him a far more prosperous end than that which befel Lucretius or his former translator.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*Lectures on some Passages of the Acts of the Apostles, by John Dick, A.M. one of the Ministers of the Associated Congregation, Shuttle street, Glasgow. 8vo. pp. 391. 7s. Ogle. 1805.*

THESE Lectures, as we learn from the preface, are published in compliance with the solicitations of many of Mr. Dick's hearers. Being drawn up originally without any view to a more extensive application than the uses of his own flock, he merely intended to illustrate for their benefit, those events in the history of the primitive church, which appeared to him to be the most remarkable; and the sole province of the reader, he tells us, is to examine whether he has placed them in a clear and interesting light.

We shall not stop to dispute with Mr. Dick, whether he would not permit to us at least, who are critics by profession, to give an opinion not merely upon the execution of his work, but on the choice also and selection of his materials. As our temper, however, is not naturally very captious or quarrelsome, we will submit ourselves for once to the rule which he has been pleased to prescribe to us; and to deliver our judgment in strict compliance with his directions, we are willing to say, that he has succeeded in that to which he has aspired, and has placed the events which are the subjects of his discourses 'in a clear and interesting light.'

The general merits of them may be correctly enough appreciated in a very few words. The design is good. His subjects, without any exception, are sufficiently important. The learning with which they are treated is suitable to the nature of popular instruction. The sentiments, generally speaking, are moral and unexceptionable. The author's mind is not deficient in vigour. His style is copious and flowing: but not indeed very pure, refined, or classical; and is occasionally deformed with Scotticisms.

The work indeed, though upon the whole favourable to Mr. Dick's credit as an author, is by no means free from considerable blemishes. Great taste and skill is necessary in transfusing and paraphrasing the dignified simplicity and brevity of the scripture stories into an elaborate, diffuse, and detailed modern narrative. To make up for a deficiency of materials, the preacher is often too apt to invent new situations, additional particulars, and to give passions of his own to the personages of the scene, for the sake of increasing its activity, and rendering it more shewy and impressive. Mean-



while these rhetorical insertions often harmonize very meanly with the native graces of the original. Of this nature we might adduce several instances of faults into which Mr. Dick has fallen, both with regard to the action and the sentiments pourtrayed in his discourses.

For example: Why travel out of the record for the purpose of suffering his own, and of leading the imaginations of his hearers, to insult, triumph over, and libel the 'rich man' and the 'mitred priest,' as in the following loose and puerile reflexions?

'The lame man (Acts iii.) begged alms from all the passengers, from the poor as well as from the rich; and perhaps he often found, that the former were more ready to give their mite than the latter to bestow their larger sums. The mitred priest might have passed him without notice, while the humble mechanic stopped to share with him the scanty earnings of his industry.' (p. 77.)

Let us turn also to p. 202, where he is speaking of the condemnation of St. Stephen, and mark the sage, profound, and salutary meditation with which Mr. D. concludes:

'But the observance of legal forms could not atone for the neglect of material justice in condemning him on false evidence, and interrupting his defence. Alas! this is not the only instance, in which law has been perverted to the destruction of the innocent, and the most nefarious deeds have been coloured with an appearance of respect to order and equity.'

**ART. 13.—Lord Nelson.** *A Funeral Sermon, chiefly preached on the late Thanksgiving Day at Thursford and Snoring in Norfolk, near the Birth Place of this great Man. With a particular View to his most useful Life and glorious Death. By the Rev. George Cooke, M.A. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. The Profits of this Sermon (if any) are intended to be presented towards some Public Memorial of Lord Nelson in Norwich or Norfolk.* 4to. 2s. 6d. Chapple. 1805.

THE parenthesis in the title page of this sermon gives hopes of a greater degree of sapience in the reverend author than the thirty onepagesof rhapsody prove him to possess. It is well known that many a man has passed in the world for a person of some talents, till he has published himself a blockhead: in the number of these unfortunates it would be uncivil to rank Mr. Cook; but after the perusal of this specimen of pulpit eloquence, we could not help exclaiming, like the fox in the fable, when he found the mask, 'O quanta species! cerebrum non habet!' for the type and the paper are of an excellent sort; but the contents are all of the same description as the following: 'As to him whose lot it is to address you in the name of your grateful country, if my abilities are so humble, or your hearts are so hard, that I cannot move you, I should utterly be ashamed not to be moved myself. And I have a thousand

times over thanked the great mixer of the cup of life, that among many other mercies he has not dealt me a heart thick coated with apathy, or beating only to the pulse of lukewarm indifference. And though such a disposition may have its sorrows as well as joys, I would not part with it for the unfeeling sneer of stoical philosophy, or the blest insipidities of grandeur.' Thus much says Mr. C. of himself; but when the village in which Nelson was born, rises to his view, 'its cottages,' he exclaims, 'skirt your coast, and it is embosomed in the ocean. And here let us indulge imagination a little, where for once even superstition is harmless—*The omens at his birth were highly propitious.* He was cradled amid the howlings of the tempest, and the beating of the billows, &c.' p. 19. If poor Nelson's monument be not erected in Norfolk till a sum adequate to the purpose be collected from the sale of this sermon, and of sermons like this, we fear a stone will not be laid before the Greek Kalends.

ART. 14.—*Imperium Pelagi. A Sermon, preached at Cirencester, by the Rev. John Bulman, Chaplain to General Philipson's late Regiment of 20th Light Dragoons, on Thursday, December 5th, 1805, being the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving.* 4to. Robinson. 1805.

ART. 15.—*A Sermon, preached at the Great Synagogue, Duke's Place, on the 14th Kislav (A.M.) 5565, answering to Thursday, 5th December, 1805, being the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving for the Success of his Majesty's Fleet under Lord Nelson, off Trafalgar; by the Rev. Solomon Hirschell, Presiding Rabbi (erroneously styled the High-Priest) of the German Jews in London. Arranged and rendered into English by a Friend.* 4to. Richardson. 1805.

ART. 16.—*A Tribute to the Memory of Nelson. A Sermon, delivered at West Cores, November 10th, 1805. By John Styles.* Second Edition. 8vo, 1s. Williams and Smith. 1805.

ART. 17.—*The true Basis of National Confidence in Seasons of Distress. A Sermon, delivered in the Parish Church of St. James', Bristol, on Thursday the 5th Day of December, 1805, being the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving on Account of the late glorious Victory obtained over the combined Fleets of France and Spain. By the Rev. Thomas Biddulph, A.M. Minister of the said Church, and Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Dowager Lady Bagott.* 8vo, 1s. Bristol, Landdown. 1805.

ART. 18.—*Victory considered as an Incentive to Piety, Temperance, and Charity. A Sermon, preached in the Parish of Tewkesbury, on Thursday the 5th of December, 1805, being the Day appointed for a National Thanksgiving to Almighty God for our late*

*Victories over the combined Fleets of France and Spain. By the Rev. Robert Knight, M.A. Vicar of Tewkesbury. 8vo. 1s. Longman. 1805.*

THE three last sermons were solely published for the benefit of the Patriotic Fund, which we are fearful will not be greatly enriched by the sale thereof. That of the Jewish Rabbi and of the Rev. John Bulman are of no better a cast.

ART. 19.—*Christian Sympathy weeping over the Calamities of War. A Sermon, preached at Pell-street Meeting, Ratchiffe Highway, Wednesday, February 26th, 1806, being the Day appointed for a Fast throughout Great Britain. By Thomas Cloutt. 8vo. Baynes. 1806.*

MR. Cloutt's sermon is as good as the above; i. e. good for nothing.

ART. 20.—*A Sermon preached in the Scots' Church, London Wall, on Thursday, December 5th, 1805, being the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving. By Robert Young, D.D. 4to. Longman. &c. 1805.*

THIS discourse, notwithstanding the diffidence with which the author lays it before the public, is extremely creditable.

ART. 21.—*The true Dependance and Duty of Man. Being a Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Saint Andrew, Norwich, upon the Thanksgiving Day, December 5, 1805, for Lord Nelson's Victory, and published by Request. By the Rev. Lancaster Adkin, M.A. of Bennet College, Cambridge, and Rector of Belaugh in Norfolk. 8vo. 1s. Ostell. 1806.*

WHATEVER impression the delivery of this discourse from the pulpit might make upon the congregation of St. Andrew, we can assure our readers it is but ill calculated for the closet, having neither beginning, nor middle, nor end.

ART. 22.—*Victory and Death: The Substance of a Discourse delivered December 5th, 1805, the Day of General Thanksgiving for the total Defeat of the Combined Fleets by Lord Nelson, in Aid of the Patriotic Fund. By Thomas Wood. 8vo. Baynes, 1806.*

THE substance of this discourse is like its author—Wood.

#### DRAMA.

ART. 23.—*The School for Friends, a Comedy, in five Acts, as performed with distinguished Success by their Majesties' Servants at*



*the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Written by Miss Chambers. The fourth Edition. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Barker and Son. 1806.*

THE distinguished success with which this comedy has been received by the public, is to be attributed more to the morality which pervades the piece, than to the *vis comica*, of which it is entirely destitute. It is however highly creditable to the authoress, whose first attempt it is at dramatic fame, and affords us a pleasing hope that she will one day or other be able to explode the trash of Reynolds and Co. from our theatres, of which they have too long enjoyed the monopoly.

## POETRY.

ART. 24.—*All Saints' Church, Derby. A Poem. By John Edwards. 4to. pp. 44. Rivington. 1806.*

IF an expression in this poem had not intimated that Mr. Edwards is a young man, or that this is his first poetical effort,

————— 'the conscious Muse forbears  
With unfledg'd wing'——

we should have conceived that he was an adept in his high profession, well versed by experience in all the arts of composition, and in the combinations of harmony, without which the utterance of inspiration is wild and incoherent.—If this Poem on All Saints' Church be indeed a juvenile or a first attempt; and if it be allowed to us to judge of the fruits of autumn by the blossom-promises of the spring, we will venture to predict, that Mr. Edwards' poetry will increase the refined enjoyments of taste, and (if he persevere under the guidance of the same spirit) will strengthen the energies of virtue.

The description of the river Derwent, as seen from the 'Glory of the Vale,' the Tower of All Saints, will surely justify our favourable presentiments.

'Lo, here the Derwent leads his train;—not now  
With playful step, as when a stripling nurs'd  
By Nymphs of Peak in sparry caves, he mock'd  
Lisping, the gurgle of the rills; nor clad  
As when in vesture green he wildly stroll'd  
Waking the echos of the rocky glens  
Of Matlock; but in grand procession here,  
With pomp of isles, and with the deepen'd sound  
As of ten thousand footsteps, lo he bends  
Onward his splendid march, bearing at large  
His crystal mirror, on whose disk is seen,  
(So on their shields the knights of Charlemagne  
At tournament, bore each his proud device,)  
Nobly display'd—this glory of the vale!  
And the blue lustre of circumfluent skies.'

The following is a fair specimen of our Author's powers in the intricacies of description :

' Walls of stone high-rang'd  
In massive tier of stories, each inwrought  
With labour exquisite of human art ;  
Lines flowing upward in the form admir'd  
E'er since the rainbow shone whose apex\* points  
To higher arches, spanning apertures,  
Where gleams of light through the dark trellis break  
In pleasing contrast ; buttresses, that front  
Each way the quarter'd winds, their capitals  
Rising like plumed helms in sloping file,  
Their base as ancient Zion's bulwarks firm ;  
And far aloft, pointing to loftier height,  
Turrets and pinnacles.'

We agree with Mr. E. in his opinion of the Gothic arch, and with much pleasure quote his observations, which give proof of his good taste.

The *repose* of the annexed picture is beautiful, and the colouring appropriately chaste:

' Contiguous stands  
The steeple ; whence the loudly-pealing bells  
Sound their sweet sabbath welcome. Thro' the air,  
The fresh and open air, it widely floats ;  
Sweet music of a Christian country. Ye  
Who dwell by cultur'd farms retir'd, and ye  
Whose lonelier hovels edge the barren tracts  
Of moor or mountain ; while with ear attent,  
Ye listen to its constant sink and swell  
So soothing, or, with livelier pleasure thrill'd,  
Lift up your children, and to them point out  
The object whence it flows, their beautiful eyes  
Bright'ning with earnest wonder ; ye, untaught  
By other than that minstrelsy, discern,  
Why thus the steeple's chinky walls ascend  
Distinct above the church.'

We envy not the feelings of that reader, who does not thank us for the following extract :

---

\* Dr Knox has expressed his disapprobation of the pointed gothic arch, asserting that the angle at the vertex hurts the eye, and is awkward and unpleasant. I cannot agree with him on this subject. A large arch is certainly more pleasing to the eye than one of smaller dimension, and, as the gothic arch is formed of the arc of a greater circle than the diameter of a round arch admits, I rather conceive that (where a due proportion is preserved,) imagination supplies the continuation of the greater curve ; in which case, the eye will not be displeased with the intersection as the apex.

'How sweet and pleasant is the light of day!  
 All living nature quaffs, with grateful zest,  
 'Th' immortal essence; of material things  
 Purest, and only sustenance whereon  
 In social banquet ev'ry creature joins,  
 Impassive spirits, and corporeal forms.  
 Go forth at vernal dawn, thou who would'st feast  
 On this refreshment, forth among the meads;  
 The lawns, the woodland skirts, and rural walks  
 By lucid fountain winding, or clear stream,  
 Whose bosom-folds of mist the morning breeze  
 Wreaths gracefully. Already has the lark  
 Awoke her matin song, upwinging still  
 The shoreless azure: od'rous sweet ascends  
 Th' invisible incense of the violet flowers;  
 And as thy foot surmounts the upland, lo,  
 The rising sun! glorious in majesty!—  
 Of light ineffable himself, he pours  
 O'er heav'n and earth the vivifying flood:  
 Creation wakes; in the unnumber'd forms  
 Of beauty rob'd; and beams, and buds, and breathies,  
 And harps her many-voiced minstrelsy:  
 Glitters the pearly dew; with glossier green,  
 All living wave the million million leaves,  
 Earth's vegetable morads; and one smile,  
 Of placid gladness and mix'd gratitude,  
 Is clearly featur'd on all visible things.  
 Thy heart has caught the impulse, and responds  
 With lively sympathy; and thy whole soul  
 With nature's joys and consolations cheer'd,  
 Gathers new strength. As when with holy faith,  
 On Bethlem's plain the patriarch rear'd the stone  
 Whereon, in slumber pillow'd, he had seen  
 The vision of the heavenly ladder, so,  
 Thy soul, that in the opening morning reads  
 The love of God to that diviner love  
 His word reveals, looks up with strengthen'd faith,  
 And builds her footstool on his lower works.'

The following thought is exquisitely beautiful, and (to us) original

'Oft the blue-eyed Spring  
 Had met me with her blossoms, as the dove  
 Of old return'd with olive-leaf, to cheer  
 The patriarch mourning o'er a world destroy'd.'

Unmixed praise is of suspicious value; we shall therefore mention some expressions, which appear to us objectionable, and which, if our judgment be right, the author will thank us for pointing out to his future consideration. He has chosen a difficult subject, which



has in itself a great many points that require dexterous management in their introduction; so that his failure in these particulars is rather the fault of his topic, than of his skill.

Thus, such expressions as the following must necessarily be measured prose:

‘Why men up-built aloft the belfry-tower.’—

‘Not of this stile, All Saints! thy colonnades.’—

‘When the churches first  
Were used as Cemeteries’—

‘Saw the first churches founded’—

Many lines even (as in p. 23.) can scarcely be dignified with the title of measured prose.

We do not admire the epithet ‘many languaged,’ applied to tempests.

‘Ye many-languaged tempests, that delight  
Around this tower to revel.’—

A poet is very liable to be deceived by his own ear. Verses which he himself recites, will naturally appear to ‘trill harmoniously:’ his own feelings give a tone and emphasis to expressions, which, to the unprepared ear of a stranger, would appear unmeaning and insipid. We have no doubt that by a *climax* of tone (if we may so speak) Mr. E. would convey energy into the last line of the following passage, but it is in reality a weak verse, to which the aid of capitals in vain attempt to give consequence and dignity.

— ‘every eye, beholding Thee,  
From the far-travel’d tasteful Amateur’s,  
That with impassion’d gaze contemplates long  
The Gothic grandeur of thy tow’r, to his,  
The simple peasant boy’s, bright glistening  
With nature’s fire, instinctively shallow,  
THOU ART, INDEED, A NOBLE EDIFICE!’

The Story of DALE-ABBEY is the worst part of the poem. It is altogether an uninteresting Episode. It was introduced, perhaps, as a relief, a kind of *Chapel of Ease* to the mother church, but the mother church can do very well without it.

We will parody a passage in this part of the work by way of advice for the poet’s future consideration.

‘Here, with purifying wand,  
Let the stern spirit of correction stand,  
And sweep it to oblivion.’—Vide p. 39.

The Gothic grandeur and religious gloom of a sacred edifice shed their influence on the early dawns of the mind of Chatterton.

‘When the lonely breeze  
Sighs as it passes by the mossy tomb,

And the mild evening-planet sheds its beams  
 With soothing influence, peering o'er the vanes  
 Of the dark steeple; then "his" consciously lyre  
 Surrender'd to th' impression, and "evoked."  
 Its softest melodies.'—*Poem on All-Saints.* P. 19.

The starry light of the lamp of genius lighted that unfortunate young man to ruin. May the poet of All-Saints, who follows the light of the same flame, pursue it with undeviating step through those paths which now his 'soul loves,' which are the paths of peace here, and which lead to everlasting happiness!

ART. 25.—*Hymns, Elegies, and Miscellaneous Pieces in Poetic Prose, written originally in French by the Abbe de Reyrac. Translated by F. B. Wright. 8vo. pp. 241. 5s. Ostell. 1806.*

THOSE who admire Harvey's Meditations, will thank Mr. Wright for translating the Abbè de Reyrac's Hymns into English.

ART 26.—*Poems by Edward Rushton. Small 8vo. pp. 162. 6s. Ostell. 1806.*

MR. RUSHTON has the praise of having written the popular and pathetic ballad of the 'Neglected Tar.' His poems of the light kind have considerable merit; where he attempts the ode, he fails, The Ode to the Memory of Chatterton is among the worst; but the Verses to the Memory of Burns are the best in this collection. They are uniformly good, and are worthy of their subject.

*To the Memory of Robert Burns.*

'Neath the green turf, dear nature's child,  
 Sublime, pathetic, artless, wild,  
 Of all thy quips and cranks despoil'd,  
     Cold dost thou lie,  
 And many a youth and maiden mild  
     Shall o'er thee sigh.

'Those powers that eagle-wing'd could scar,  
 That heart which ne'er was cold before,  
 That tongue which caused the table's roar,  
     Are now laid low,  
 And Scotia's sons shall hear no more  
     Thy rapturous flow.

'Warm'd with a 'spark of nature's fire,'  
 From the rough plough thou didst aspire,  
 To make a sordid world admire,  
     And few like thee,  
 Oh Burns! have swept the minstrel's lyre  
     With ecstasy.

' Ere winter's icy vapours fail,  
 The violet in th' uncultur'd dale  
 So sweetly scents the passing gale,  
     That shepherd boys,  
 Led by the fragrance they inhale,  
     Soon find their prize.

' So, when to life's chill glens confin'd,  
 Thy rich, tho' rough, uncultured mind,  
 Pour'd on the sense of each rude hind  
     Such dulcet lays,  
 That to thy brow was soon assign'd  
     The wreath of praise.

' Anon, with nobler daring blest,  
 The wild notes throbbing at thy breast,  
 Of friends, wealth, fortune, unpossess'd,  
     Thy fervid mind  
 Towards fame's proud turrets boldly press'd,  
     And pleas'd mankind.

' But what avail'd thy powers to please,  
 When want approach'd, and pale disease ;  
 Could these thy infant brood appease,  
     That wail'd for bread,  
 Or could they for a moment ease  
     Thy woe-worn head ?

' Applause, poor child of minstrelsy,  
 Was all the world e'er gave to thee ;  
 Unmoved, by pinching penury  
     They saw thee torn,  
 And now, (kind souls) with sympathy  
     Thy loss they mourn.

' Oh how I loath the bloated train,  
 Who oft had heard thy witching strain,  
 Yet when thy frame was rack'd with pain,  
     Could keep aloof,  
 And eye with opulent disdain,  
     Thy lowly roof.

' Yes, proud Dumfries, oh ! would to heaven  
 Thou hadst from that cold spot been driven,  
 Thou might'st have found some sheltering haven  
     On this side Tweed,  
 Yet ah ! e'en here poor bards have striven,  
     And died in need.

' True genius scorns to flatter knaves,  
 Or crouch amidst a race of slaves,  
 His soul, while fierce the tempest raves,  
     No tremor knows,  
 And with unshaken nerve he braves  
     Life's pelting woes.



' No wonder then that thou shouldst find  
Th' averted glance of half mankind,  
Shouldst see the sly, slow, supple mind  
To wealth aspire,  
While scorn, neglect, and want, combin'd  
To quench thy fire.

' While wintry winds pipe loud and strong,  
The high perch'd storm cock pours his song,  
So thy Eolian lyre was strung,  
'Midst chilling times,  
Yet cheerly didst thou roll along  
Thy ' routh of rhymes.'

' And oh! that routh of rhymes shall raise  
For thee a lasting pile of praise,  
Haply some wing in these our days,  
Has higher soar'd;  
But from the heart more melting lays  
Were never pour'd.

' Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,  
Where blest Columbia's waters glide,  
Old Scotia's sons, spread far and wide,  
Shall oft rehearse,  
With sorrow some, but all with pride,  
Thy witching verse.

' In early spring thy earthy bed,  
Shall be with many a wild flower spread,  
The violet there its sweets shall shed,  
In humble guise,  
And there the mountain-daisy's head  
Shall duly rise.

' While darkness reigns, should bigotry,  
With boiling blood and bended knee,  
Scatter the weeds of infamy  
O'er thy cold clay,  
Those weeds, at light's first blush, shall be  
Soon swept away.

' And when thy scorers are no more,  
The lonely glens, and sea-beat shore,  
Where thou hast croon'd thy fancies o'er,  
With soul elate  
Oft shall the bard at eve explore,  
And mourn thy fate.'

## MEDICINE.

**ART. 27.**—*Critical Reflections on several important Practical Points, relative to the Cataract: comprehending an Account of a New and Successful Method of Couching particular Species of that Disease.* By Samuel Cooper, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 8vo. Longman. 1805.

MR. COOPER is a strenuous advocate for the old method of removing the cataract from the axis of vision by couching. His opinion appears to be founded chiefly on the observations of Mr. Hey, and Prof. Scarpa, of Richter, and Palsen, names of the highest respectability in modern surgery. He affirms that the practice of couching fell into disrepute in consequence of the general ignorance of the correct anatomy of the eye, which then prevailed; and that the recent improvements in this respect, have removed the objections to the operation, which were formerly valid. He takes an ample view of the difficulties and probable ill consequences of the operation of extraction; and dilates, with considerable discrimination, on the circumstances upon which the practitioner may build his prognoses as to the quantity of relief which an operation will probably afford. The 'new method' of couching is one which has been lately recommended by Scarpa, and the 'particular species' to which it relates, is chiefly the membranous cataract, arising from an opacity of a part of the capsule of the lens, which may have been left in the axis of the eye, after an operation. It has been observed both by Professor Scarpa, and Mr. Hey of Leeds, that if any flakes or small portions of the membranes, or of the lens, happen to fall into the anterior chamber of the aqueous humour, they were more rapidly absorbed than those which remained in the posterior chamber: hence the former was led to perform an operation which the latter also hinted at, namely, by means of a needle slightly curved at its point, to force into the anterior chamber through the pupil, the portions of the secondary membranous cataract, as well as of the soft or caseous cataract itself, which had been broken down. Mr. Cooper has presented us with a translation of half a dozen cases from Scarpa, in which this operation is stated to have been completely successful.

Mr. C. has given a plate of Professor Scarpa's needle, which, it must be observed, is somewhat similar to one that has been figured by Mr. John Bell. It were foreign to our purpose to discuss the question at issue. The author has retained several able counsel, and his cause is rationally conducted.

**ART. 28.**—*An Improved Method of treating Strictures of the Urethra.* By Thomas Whately, &c. 8vo. pp. 235. Johnson. 1806.

CERTAINLY never did the distresses of mankind receive more effectual relief than they have derived from the invention of the ap-

plication of caustics to strictures of the urethra, first due, we believe, to that ornament of his profession, John Hunter. Mr. Home has, to our personal knowledge, employed the lunar caustic in multitudes of cases with admirable dexterity and advantage. Mr. Whately, we have understood, has also met with great success. Why should he quarrel with Mr. Home, about the kind of caustic and other minute particulars? Both of these gentlemen deserve the thanks of the community, and will have their reward.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 29.**—*Retrospect of Philosophical, Mechanical, Chemical and Agricultural Discoveries; being an Abridgment of the Periodical and other Publications, English and Foreign, relative to Arts, Chemistry, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Natural Philosophy. Accompanied occasionally with Remarks on the Merits or Defects of the respective Papers, and in some Cases showing to what other useful Purposes Inventions may be directed, and Discoveries extended beyond the original View of their Authors.* pp. 404. London. Wyatt.

THIS work is of a periodical description, and three times in the year announces the various occurrences which have taken place in the departments of philosophy and the arts, in the manner stated in its most copious title. Great diligence has been used to collect much information in little room, and not without success. The performance is likely to be useful to many, whose leisure, whose circumstances, or whose inclination, do not permit the perusal of more diffuse or accurate works. This may be considered as a kind of newspaper of science, and we are ready to admit that no single periodical work can supply all the information here contained. At the same time it would be unfair to the public to state that all the analyses, or abridgments which are here found, are entitled to the praise of perspicuity and accuracy. In fact, there are some instances where great carelessness may be observed, and if the editors expect to acquire or to preserve the favour of the public, that will not be done by such specimens of analytical powers, or chemical sagacity, as are displayed at page 218, where a long and very absurd account is given of a patent bleaching liquor, where the writer seems ignorant of the identity of the acetous and pyrolignous acids, and of the ready solubility of acetite of lime, as well as of many other sufficiently obvious particulars, though it must be acknowledged that it is not easy to give a scientific account of the patentee's preparation. In general, however, the articles are not thus objectionable.

**ART. 30.**—*The Life of the much-lamented Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, Knight of the Bath, Duke of Bronte, &c. By the*



*Author of the Manchester Guide.* 8vo. 1s. Bickerstaffe: 1805.

THE breath had scarcely left the body of the immortal Nelson, when the press teemed with 'lives, and histories, and biographical anecdotes,' of the lamented hero. As the history of his life is, however, about to appear under the auspices of his family, we shall suspend all remarks for the present, observing only that the work before us is, we believe, sufficiently accurate as to dates and facts, which are related with tameness and insipidity.

ART. 31.—*Memoirs of the professional Life of the late most Noble Lord Horatio Nelson, Viscount and Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe in the County of Norfolk, Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Hilborough in the said County, Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, Vice Admiral of the White Squadron of the Fleet, and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, also Duke of Bronte in Sicily, Knight Grand Cross of the Sicilian Order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit, Member of the Ottoman Order of the Crescent, and Knight Grand Commander of the Order of St. Joachim; comprehending authentic and circumstantial Details of his glorious Achievements under the British Flag, and a Sketch of his parliamentary Conduct and Private Character, with Biographical Particulars of Contemporary Naval Officers; to which is added by way of Supplement, a correct Narrative of the Ceremonies attending his Funeral.* By Joshua White, Esq. Third Edition, considerably enlarged. 12mo. 8s. Cundee. 1806.

COPIOUS gleanings from newspapers, annual registers, &c. compared, however, with the former article, it will afford much entertainment. In addition to the life of the immortal Nelson, the volume before us contains biographical particulars of cotemporary officers, and a correct narrative of the ceremonies attending the late procession to St. Paul's, with other details, of which the title-page is a prolific index.

ART. 23.—*To Your Tents! an Address to the Volunteers of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.* By the Rev. Matthew Wilson, A. M. formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Curate of Crayford, Kent. 8vo. 6d. or 5s. per Dozen. Griffiths. 1806.

THIS Address, which is written with a great degree of animation, is rather ill-timed, if the rumour be true that the greater part of the volunteer corps are to be shortly disbanded.

ART. 33.—*The Juvenile Preceptor, or a Course of Moral and Scientific Instructions, &c. Second Edition.* 12mo. 1s. 6d. Harris. 1805.

CHEAP and good.

ART. 31.—*A Letter to a Friend occasioned by the Death of the Right Honourable William Pitt.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1806.

WHILE politicians are speculating on the death of Mr. Pitt, the author of this letter wishes to be 'endured if he contemplates it as a Christian.' For this purpose, he ransacks the scriptures to prove that the 'immortal spirit, when separated from the body, neither sinks into a state of temporary slumber, nor loses the remembrance of the transactions of antecedent life.' He then proceeds to inform his friend, that 'the disembodied spirit is enabled to estimate aright the difference between things temporal and things eternal!' 'That the more highly Mr. P. may have rated temporal things heretofore, the more awfully impressive will have been his sensations, when his removal to another region shall have taught him to feel with an energy which mortals cannot feel, that earth and all things pertaining to earth, are nothing, absolutely nothing, in comparison with eternity.' He then supposes that if the voice of the deceased could now reach the British cabinet, if it could command the attention of a British senate, he would with solicitude inexpressibly greater than he ever felt on any subject of temporary concern, entreat statesmen and politicians habitually to bear in mind, not only that they have a country to protect, and a king to serve, but that they have also a *Master in heaven*; discharge your duty, he would exclaim, *in singleness of heart as unto Christ*, &c. &c. This exclamation is continued through two pages and a half, and the letter is concluded with the pious wish that the 'grace of God may direct and prosper Mr. Pitt's successors!' We are unable to determine whether the author of this curious epistle designed it as a satire on Mr. Pitt, or on those who have succeeded him in office.

ART. 35.—*Typographical Marks used in correcting Proofs, explained and exemplified, for the Use of Authors.* By C. Stower, Printer. 8vo. 1s. Longman. 1805.

AN useful publication for young authors. It frequently happens that much time is lost, and errors frequently committed, in consequence of the printer not clearly understanding the alterations of the author. The common mode therefore with which all printers are well acquainted, should be clearly understood and adopted by every writer; this mode is accurately explained and exemplified in this pamphlet.

ART. 36.—*Essay on the Nature of Laws, both Physical and Moral, by a Layman.* 8vo. Walker. 1806.

THE intention manifested in this short treatise, deserves more praise than its execution. We would recommend the author to revise his logic, to learn the nature of definition, and the necessity of attention to the use of his terms. He would not then say that space and time are laws, or that either of them excludes the idea of intelli-

nity and eternity. But he will do well to correct his notions of space, time, infinity, and eternity, by reading over Locke's excellent chapters on these subjects. Morality is strangely defined to be every thing which has relation to infinity and eternity, but though the definition is faulty, and there are some quaint expressions on the rule of the centre over the circumference, yet the author's morals are sound, and he very properly refers them to the holy scriptures. His maxim is just. No better seat can be prepared for the truths of revelation, than a moral heart, nay, there can be no morality but what is derived from those truths. As we have recommended logic to our author, we will farther encourage him to the use of his faculties in study, by making the structure of language and grammar the objects of his meditations.

ART. 34.—*A short Introduction to Swedish Grammar, for the Use of Englishmen, by Gustavus Brunnmark, M. A. Chaplain to the Swedish Legation at the Court of Great Britain, &c. Richardson. 1805.*

THIS work, as the title declares, is only intended as a short introduction to the Swedish grammar, and we are happy in announcing that it will be followed by a larger work, or a more complete grammar, for which, from this specimen, we are inclined to augur the best effects. The Swedish Academy has been laudably employed in improving the language, and from its transactions the author has derived great assistance. The Swedish language is but little studied in this country, yet from its affinity to our own, it merits more attention. Both nations are derived from a common ancestor, and in the wilds of Tartary spoke the same language. The Swedish has departed least from the original, whilst ours, from our ancestors pursuing their conquests more to the south, and afterwards suffering themselves the effects of the Norman conquest, presents a medley too much resembling the mixtie-maxtie accounts of Lord Melville and Mr. Trotter. On the subject of articles and pronouns, we have a reference to Harris, and of course did not expect any very great accuracy upon this subject. 'Man,' is said to be an impersonal pronoun, commonly translated with (by) one or we, as 'man kan ej,' one cannot; 'hvad skall man gora,' what shall we do? and in another place we are told, that when we do not want to determine any certain person or persons of a verb, we use the pronoun 'man,' which on that account (and not that it is used before impersonal verbs, which it never can be) is called impersonal, though, strictly speaking, it comprehends all the persons, as 'man kan lätt se det,' one can or may easily see it: 'man har sagt mig det,' I am told so. &c. Now in these cases 'man' is the same as 'man' in the German, 'man sagt,' or on in the French, 'on dit'; which latter 'on' is an abbreviation for 'homme,' or 'man,' and 'man' is evidently a noun in this, as in every other case in which it is used; and the phrase is, a man has said that, a man can easily see it. The knowledge of



phrase, as well as the word 'they,' which is frequent in our language, may answer some moral purpose, for instead of believing the words uttered, when they are prefaced by the Swedish and German phrases 'man sagt,' the French phrase 'on dit,' and the English phrase 'they say,' we should consider, that the 'man' and 'son' means one person, and 'they,' several persons, who know probably nothing at all of the matter in discussion. We expect to derive much instruction from the larger work which is in contemplation, and cannot lay this down without recommending it to those who wish to obtain an insight into the Swedish language.

ART. 38.—*The Elements of Commerce, or a Treatise on different Calculations, being a complete System of Commercial Calculations.* By C. Dubost. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d. Symonds. 1806.

THE first volume of this work only is before us; the second is shortly expected. We here find many different calculations, but most of them relate to operations of exchange. With the first set of calculations, namely on tare, trett, commission, interest, and discount, boys in general are made acquainted before they leave school: the next set, on the operations of exchange, more peculiarly belong to the extensive scale of a foreign merchant. This part occupies upwards of three hundred pages, and yet it is only an amplification of instances, which, when the principle is known, is scarcely necessary, and which a lad well instructed in arithmetic will easily learn in a few hours in the counting-house. The whole depends upon a simple and well known rule in mathematics, which is, that we can add together ratios, by multiplying the antecedents for a new antecedent, and the consequents for a new consequent; and that every proportion may be reduced to an equation. Hence in exchanges, where several places are concerned, a very complicated operation may be reduced into a simple one, by striking out those antecedents and consequents which are the same; or we can reduce them to lower terms, if they have a common divisor. In every counting-house there is a table of the values of denominations of money at the different places to which the merchant trades, and in general this table exhibits the values of money in a better form for practice, than the present volume. Of course to him the greater part of the volume is superfluous, and the principle may be learned by others, as well from the monies of four places as four hundred. The remarks on speculations in exchange and banking operations, and on exchange circulations, are deserving of the perusal of persons entering into an extensive line of trade; but the volume might have been reduced to a quarter of the size, without any disadvantage to the instruction it is intended to communicate, and we may express our surprise that so little use is made of decimal fractions. In the hint suggested of employing logarithms in the long calculations of exchanges, we join entirely with the author, and it has always struck us as extraordinary that logarithms are so little used by the exchange broker, when his operations would be so much shortened by an art so easily acquired.

ART. 39—*Instructions for Mariners, respecting the Management of Ships at Single Anchor, also general Rules for Sailing, to which is annexed an Address to Seamen. By Henry Taylor, of North-Shields. Fourth Edition. 12mo. Darton and Harvey.*

THE brethren of the Trinity-house and the ship owners of Shields, have expressed their approbation of this little work, which ought to be put into the hands of every master and mate of a vessel. The instructions on the subject of single anchor are drawn up with great precision; and the address to seamen discovers piety and a sound understanding, combined with zeal for the class of life in which the author has spent the greater part of his days. The advice in keeping to sea as long as possible, will have weight with those who have witnessed the damages sustained lately by vessels in Ramsgate harbour. 'A good roadstead is better and safer than a bad harbour; therefore never leave the former for the latter but in cases of real necessity, and I know but of one case where it can be necessary, and that is, when you can ride no longer, and have no lee-road to fly to for refuge.' The writer thinks that many more ships are lost now than in former times by masters keeping near the land and grappling for harbours instead of standing out to sea, and we agree with him, that if the case is really so, 'it is most astonishing that a master who loses his ship through ignorance or carelessness finds little difficulty in obtaining the command of another without any stigma from the public, or any apparent contrition on his part.'

---

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Kirwan respecting an allusion made to him in our Review for February last. Agreeably to his desire, we subjoin its contents, and need only remark that nobody could certainly suspect that meritorious philosopher of *forgery* in any instance, but at the utmost of inaccuracy.

'Gentlemen, I found in perusing your Review for February last, that you thought my credit for accuracy severely injured by Mr. Dalton's assertion, that not a trace of a table which I had given as Mr. Schmidt's, was to be found in Grey's Journal to which I referred. Mr. Dalton was certainly right; that table is not to be found *totidem verbis* in Grey's Journal, but this table contains several tables which I formed into one, conformable, as I thought, to the results of various of Schmidt's experiments; and hence I did not give it as a *transcript* from Schmidt. I am much obliged to Mr. Dalton for the polite apology he had the goodness to make for me: it is plain I could have no view in forging such a table, as I had no hypothesis to support by it. This account I hope you will have the goodness to publish, and am, Gentlemen, your constant reader, and humble servant,

(Signed) R. KIRWAN.'

Dublin, March 24th, 1806.

Mr. C.'s request relative to the second edition of his work, shall be attended to.

---

N. B. *The Appendix to the VIIth Volume of the CRITICAL REVIEW will be published on the 1st of next Month.*

# APPENDIX

TO THE

## SEVENTH VOLUME

OF

### THE THIRD SERIES

OF THE

# CRITICAL REVIEW.

---

Vol. VII.

No. V.

---

ART. I.—*De la Preponderance Maritime et Commerciale de la Grande Bretagne, &c.*

*A Treatise on the Maritime and Commercial Preponderance of Great Britain; or, on the Interests of Nations, with Relation to England and France. By M. Monbrion. 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THIS work, from the beginning to the end, is a notable specimen of the vague and frothy declamation of the French nation. It appears to be written by some hireling of Bonaparte, and to be one of the vehicles of his virulent animosity against the English; of his mean, insidious, and impotent rage against our commercial consequence, and our maritime dominion. Its main object is to prove, though no proof whatever is adduced, except the impudent assertions of the writer, that the commercial prosperity and the maritime ascendant of the English are injurious to the interests of other nations; are the main causes of their poverty and decay; and consequently, that it behoves all nations vigorously to unite with France, in order to crush the power and to reduce the wealth and greatness of Britain. Such is the drift of this author's reasoning; and such are his assertions, which are echoed in almost every page. As his work is evidently designed for circulation in other countries as well as in France, and as the agents, the spies, and emissaries of Bonaparte, who are so widely diffused, will no doubt endeavour to push the sale of it as far as their influence extends, and as it is calculated to excite a sensation of ill-will



against Great Britain wherever it is read, we think that we shall not render an unacceptable service to our patriotic readers, if we bestow a little pains on the refutation of its statements, and the counteraction of its influence.

It is a favourite assumption of the author that the prosperity of Great Britain is founded on the ruin of other states ; that it rests on the basis of injustice and oppression ; and that other nations can become rich only by making Great Britain poor. Thus it is endeavoured to incite the continental powers, not only by the feeling of jealousy and resentment, but of avarice and even self-preservation, to conspire with France to hurl us from the present towering height of our glory and our opulence, into the deepest abyss of poverty and disgrace. Were indeed our prosperity constructed of such materials as this author represents it, or were it founded on principles directly opposite to those of a sound morality, we, who are seriously impressed with a conviction of the moral government of God, could cherish no favourable hopes of the permanence of any prosperity which rested on such a fragile base and was so ill-deserved. But we hope to shew that the prosperity of Britain, great and unparalleled as it appears, is not inimical to the prosperity of other states, and that it does not repose on the crumbling pillars of injustice and oppression.

The prosperity of Great Britain is so far from being injurious to the prosperity of other nations, that it evidently tends to better their condition, to excite their industry, and to increase the sum of their enjoyments. Its tendency is not to depress, but to exalt, not to impoverish, but to enrich. And this will be clear from the following considerations, which we wish that we had lungs strong enough to make heard in the palace of the Thuilleries ; and indeed over the whole of Europe.—Commerce is nothing more than an exchange of commodities ; Great Britain does not send her merchantships to America, to Germany, or any other part of the world without bringing back something in return ; either the fruits of labour or the fruits of the earth, either natural or manufactured produce ; or else money, which, being only the representative of value, must be considered as equivalent to so much produce, whether natural or manufactured. Now does it not irrefragably follow that the commerce of Great Britain, viewed in this rational and simple light, must tend to excite the industry, to increase the wealth, and to multiply the enjoyments of every town or province with which she trades ? The commerce of one country must act as a spur to the exertions of another.

If Britain, in exchange for her manufactures, brings from other countries either raw or manufactured produce, either fruit or food, or any thing else, she must ultimately benefit those countries. If a nation have so much more subsistence than is requisite for her population, it cannot be better employed than in exchange for commodities which it wants. A nation must always be regarded as happy and prosperous, when it produces more food than is requisite for the wants of its inhabitants; this is indeed the only solid and permanent criterion of national prosperity and happiness. Now no individual will take pains to grow more of any article than he wants, unless he can dispose of the superfluity; and that country, which takes the superfluous produce of another in exchange for articles of utility or pleasure, encourages the growth; thus the manufactures of one nation may improve the agriculture of another. Would the agriculture of America flourish so much if it were not for the trade with England? We hold it for a truth too clear to be contested, that it would not. England supplies America with articles of necessity and convenience, of use and ornament, and better and cheaper than she could provide for herself, or procure elsewhere. If America were entirely to shut her ports against the introduction of English manufactures, the effect would be almost as pernicious to her as to Great Britain; in order to obtain something like a substitute for the articles of necessity, or convenience and comfort, with which she is supplied by this country, America must transfer a portion of that industry which she now employs in a more productive, into a less productive channel. A part of her population must pass from the toils of agriculture to those of manufactures, from a healthy employment in the fields to the more sickly labours of the loom. The Americans might obtain similar articles to those which they now procure from us, but coarser and dearer from the want of skill, of machinery, and capital. It is the skill, the machinery, and the capital of the English manufacturer and merchant, which would long enable us to supply America with various goods of a superior quality, and at a lower rate than she could supply herself; and surely then the active powers of America are more wisely and more advantageously employed in producing such articles as they may exchange for these goods, than in less profitable exertions to procure the goods themselves. The same kind of reasoning may be applied to the commercial relations which subsist between Great Britain and other states, and from which those states, however what is commonly called the balance of trade may

seem to be against them, must derive a considerable benefit proportioned to the extent of the trade.

We have therefore no hesitation in asserting, and we think that the arguments which we have adduced will justify us in asserting, that the commerce of Great Britain tends to enrich those countries to which it is directed, to vivify their industry, to increase the number and the sum of their enjoyments. Great Britain does not indeed make a gratuitous dispersion of her commodities; she cannot afford to be so liberal; nor is it requisite that she should. She will not send her manufactures where nothing is to be had in return; she demands an equitable equivalent. But what can this equivalent be, whether it consist of raw, of manufactured produce, or the precious metals, but something which previous exertion has procured? what then becomes of the pompous assertion of M. Monbrion, that the commerce of Great Britain relaxes the industrious energies of other nations, that it undermines their prosperity, and accelerates their decay?

By shutting us out from the ports of Europe, France does not benefit but impoverish both herself and her allies; she does not excite but chill the spirit of industrious exertion. The industry which was employed in procuring a quantity either of raw or manufactured produce, which might be exchanged for English commodities, stagnates in action, or is turned into a less fertilizing stream. The mind of Bonaparte, however well it may be versed in the art of war, is totally unacquainted with the principles of trade; he can direct the ravage of armies, better than he can superintend the beneficent operations of commerce; he knows how to impoverish, but he is totally unskilled in the science of enriching nations. His disposition bears more resemblance to the lightning which blasts, than to the dew which refreshes the verdure of the earth. While his present system continues, and the councils of France are influenced by his little, selfish, despotic, and narrow-minded policy, France never can become a great trading nation. Trade is a plant not to be forced; it will strike root only in a genial soil; it will, as history demonstrates, flourish only where civil liberty prevails. It cannot long endure the pestilential atmosphere of arbitrary power; it is only freedom which can supply a suitable nourishment for its roots or moisture for its leaves.

Before trade can be carried on to any great extent, capital must be accumulated. Nothing but a large capital can give long credit, support slow returns, engage in distant enterprises, endure the reverses and contingencies of promising speculations, purchase expensive machinery, and conduct



diversified and complicated works. The accumulation of capital must usually be the effect of parsimony and frugality, of vigilance and care, continued for a length of years. But this disposition can never be at all general among any people, or receive any thing like an adequate encouragement, except where the genius of liberty presides, shewing its beneficent operations in the institution of equal laws, and in the pure and upright judicial administration of the country. Liberty is the tutelary divinity of commerce. Men will not sow where they never expect to reap; nor labour for that which they are never likely to enjoy. The maxim in despotic states is, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we may be robbed of what we have by the capricious tyranny of the government. Thus a lavish expenditure or squalid wretchedness are the usual characteristics of despotic nations. Individuals are prodigal because they cannot look forward with any thing like certainty to the chance of enjoying the fruits of a provident accumulation; they are too much absorbed in the present; to make any provision for the future; no one willingly labours for the fruition of his most inveterate enemy. Where liberty flourishes property is secure. Each person is led to contemplate his own interest, not only in relation to the present day, but to years that are yet to come; he calculates not merely the present, but the future gains and pleasures of his exertions; a potent stimulus is applied to every species of industry; vigilance, economy, and a prospective parsimony, are forcibly excited. Thus capital is rapidly accumulated; and wealth is collected into masses by which the most salutary effects are produced; by which the arts are cherished and agriculture improved: by which the comforts and conveniences, the embellishments and refinements of civilized life, are made every where to abound. The commercial spirit is an enterprising spirit; but what so forcibly appals or so thoroughly annihilates the spirit of enterprise, as the ghastly spectre of an overwhelming despotism, menacing every moment the loss of property or life, causing every generous sentiment to vanish, every patriotic feeling to expire? The day which makes man a slave, takes half and more than half his worth away. There is something in tyranny, which makes its victims soon dwindle into all that is dwarfish and contemptible in mind and heart; it withers the nobler energies of the soul, and unfits the frame of man for those exertions which contribute most to the improvement and the happiness of social life. It is the smiling aspect of civil liberty which diffuses life and joy wherever its influence is felt, which animates all the exertions of

man by the feeling of security, and facilitates the acquisition of property and the accumulation of capital by the certainty of enjoyment.

If France wishes for the aggrandizement of commerce, which humanity would always prefer to that of arms, she must adopt a system of government which shall evince an inviolate respect for the rights of property; which shall inspire confidence in the rich, and encourage exertion in the poor. All forced loans, all violent exactions, all capricious and arbitrary taxes must cease; and every bosom in the state must be made to taste the sweet feeling of security. If Bonaparte be ambitious of commerce, if he desire to have his towns peopled with merchants, and his ports resound with the busy hum of trade, he must be contented to set limits to his own power, and throw away the sceptre of despotic sway. He must institute a house of commons, which if not a perfect, shall at least be a virtual representation of the people, so that not his will but the will of the people, speaking in the voice of their representatives, shall be the basis of the law and the rule of taxation.

Commerce has flourished in Britain more than in any other country, chiefly on account of the greater degree of civil liberty which we have enjoyed; and of which no other nation ever appears to have had, for so long a continuance, so large a share. Civil liberty is the talisman, which makes commerce flourish; and it would be happy for France, and for the world, if Bonaparte would have recourse to this safe and efficacious charm, which would soon fill his towns with manufactures, and his ports with ships. In Britain, heavy as are the taxes, they are not partially distributed. They fall, as far as possible, equally on all in proportion to their means. No individual whatever can have his property wrested from him by the arbitrary will of another. There is no will in the country paramount to the law. However large the proportion of taxes which each person pays out of his property, each is conscious that he shall enjoy the remainder in security. He knows that it cannot be taken from him without his own consent, or, what is the same, that of his representative in parliament. His spirit of enterprise therefore is not damped; nor are the exertions of his frugality repressed. His industry is ardent, and his capital continually increased. Hence public credit, which is itself one of the fair progeny of a well-regulated government, over which the tutelary genius of civil liberty presides, flourishes in Britain with a fullness of expansion and a sublimity of growth unknown in any other age or any other country. Public credit does

not denote only the presence of wealth, it also indicates the prevalence of moral honesty among the people. Moral honesty has for a long course of years eminently distinguished all the commercial transactions of this country; and where the operations of commerce are not sanctified by the presence of moral honesty, they are nothing but complicated fraud. Before France can become a great commercial people, not only her political institutions but her moral habits must undergo a considerable alteration. There must be a change for the better in the genius of her government, and the manners of her people. A greater portion of freedom must be incorporated with the one, and virtue with the other.

Bonaparte is wrong in supposing that he could make France rich by making England poor. By the plunder of Great Britain he might indeed pour a temporary and fugitive stock of wealth into France; but it would, in some measure, be like cutting down the tree to get at the fruit. As far as our manufactures find their way into France, they must tend to excite the industry of France; for as far as they are objects of desire, they must operate as stimuli to exertion. Commerce is an exchange of equivalents, and the equivalent which France gives for English merchandize, in whatever it may consist, must be the product of toil. If all commerce were at this moment to be banished from England, it would not take refuge in France, any more than a dove would seek protection under the wings of a hawk. Commerce will not migrate to a region where all the moral virtues are despised, and where nothing but injustice and oppression are to be found. From every view which we can take of the subject, it appears to us, in opposition to the vapid declamation and impotent invective of M. Monbrion, to be at this moment the interest of all nations, instead of confederating with France against England, to confederate with England against France. For it is England which tends to enrich, and France to impoverish the world. The political propensities of England are naturally pacific, because they are commercial; those of France, which are almost entirely military, are naturally directed to war and ravage, to schemes of conquest and desolation. The prosperity of France is founded on the ruin of nations; it is watered only with tears and blood: while the prosperity of England, the fruit of virtue and of toil, overflows to every country with whom she trades, and her ships excite the salutary activity of every people whose shores they frequent. The prosperity of France generates nothing but evil, the prosperity of England diffuses universal good. England at this moment may be regarded as the great workshop of the world; and it is a



workshop in which articles of pleasure or utility are prepared for every people under heaven. Her produce and her manufactures are not indeed gratuitously bestowed; but they are given in exchange for commodities; of which other nations have a superfluity; and surely every nation is benefited which parts with something which it does not want for something which it does, which multiplies its pleasures by bartering that which, if retained, could make no accession to its own felicity. Nothing tends to improve the disposition and manners of individuals more than a benignant social intercourse with their neighbours; the remark may be applied to nations. Trade, which multiplies the objects of desire, and the means of enjoyment; which allays national antipathies, and generates the mild feeling of philanthropy, tends to refine and civilize, to increase knowledge, and to redouble industry. The Romans are said to have promoted civilization by conquests; but the benefit, allowing it to be real, was purchased by ravage and by blood. But Britain enlarges the boundaries of civilization by means more agreeable to reason and more genial to humanity. She promotes civilization by the works of industry and art, by furnishing numerous excitements to the ingenuity of man; and while she rouses the inquisitive faculties of the mind, she does not fail in exercising the more tender sensibilities of the heart. Every bale of goods or package of manufactures which she sends abroad, is something which tends to wean men more and more from the coarse habits of savage life; and though there may be some austere persons who inveigh against delicacy and refinement; yet it is certain that it is delicacy and refinement which add to the charms, to the interest, and the loveliness of the softer sex; and infuse a greater degree of gentleness, of benignity and sweetness, into the social establishments of men.

We trust that the foregoing observations will be an ample refutation of all the calumnies which it is the object of M. Monbrion's work to propagate among foreign nations to the prejudice of our own. Before we conclude, we will say a few words on the commerce with neutrals, as that is a subject in which the dearest interests of this country are involved; and as M. Monbrion would willingly make his readers believe that the conduct of Great Britain towards neutral powers is nothing but a tissue of the most glaring cruelty and injustice. That particular acts of oppression may have been committed by individuals on the seas, we do not pretend to deny; but oppression is not the characteristic of the English government; and we trust that all particular acts of injustice and oppression towards any neutral power have

been and always will be speedily redressed. The important question is, whether the commerce with neutrals should be subject to any restrictions at all, and if to any, what those restrictions should be. Now if an unrestrained commerce be allowed between neutrals and belligerents, that commerce must necessarily prove most disadvantageous to the party which is most powerful at sea : and can we expect that that belligerent which possesses a superior marine, should quietly suffer that superiority to be rendered useless, or should patiently permit its enemy to derive greater advantages from an inferior force than it does from a superior ? For instance, if one of the belligerents which has the smallest naval force should possess some colonial produce, of which it does not choose to risque the transport in its own ships for fear of capture by the superior fleets of its antagonists, ought neutral vessels to be suffered to convey this produce without any molestation, and thus carry on the commerce of the belligerent with little danger of loss ? For at this rate France, or the belligerent possessing the smallest naval force, might turn all merchantmen into ships of war to cruize against the commerce of her rival ; while England, or the nation possessing the superior marine, not carrying home the produce of her island in neutral vessels but in her own ships, would have that produce continually exposed to be captured by the enemy, at the very time when the trade and property of that enemy were protected by the neutral ships in which they were conveyed. But, as far as war has any thing to do with equity or justice, would this be either equitable or just ? Would it not be a concession on the part of a superior naval power, which it could not make without rendering its maritime superiority of no avail ? It may be said that England might permit her trade to be carried on by neutrals as well as France ; but this again would be for England to abandon the greatness and glory of her marine, only to promote the ambitious views of her most inveterate foe. Conscious of her inferiority at sea, France wishes to make up for the inferiority of her force by the subtlety of her policy. She wishes to secure her own trade from capture, while she commits every possible depredation on that of her antagonist. Thus she clamours for the rights of neutrals and the freedom of the seas. But she has neither reason nor justice to support her claim. There is an old maxim which may be referred to the conduct of nations as well as individuals : ‘ Do as you would be done by.’ Now for a moment let us suppose that the maritime force of France was as superior to that of England as the maritime force of England is at present to that of France. Would France in these circumstances permit neutral pow-

ers to interpose as a shield between her and the property of her enemy? Would she suffer them to protect the trade of England, and to render nugatory her own maritime superiority? Would she consent to let the trade of England be carried on in neutral bottoms, without fear of capture, while the trade of France, notwithstanding her naval superiority, was exposed to innumerable risques? Surely not. France would not be so blind to her own advantage, nor so lenient to her enemies. From the ravage and oppression which France has practised by land, and from the little respect which she has shewn to the rights of independent nations, we may readily conjecture what havoc she would make upon the ocean, what piratical depredations she would perpetrate on the property both of friends and foes, if her superiority were as great and decided by sea as it is by land. The ocean would soon be covered with the wrecks which her squadrons, as ferocious and unprincipled as her armies, had made.

Let nations beware how they are misled by the insidious cant and treacherous sophistry of France to unite in any confederacy for the destruction of England: for England is the only power which can prevent the insatiable ambition of the Emperor of the French from spreading his devastations over the four quarters of the globe.—We hope that these remarks, which humanity as much as policy dictates, will find their way to those whom they most concern; and help to check that mischievous error which is spreading far and wide, that the maritime supremacy of England is adverse to the interests of mankind.

## ART. II.—*Voyages de Guibert, &c.*

*Guibert's Travels in different Parts of France and Switzerland, in the Years 1775, 1778, 1784, and 1785. Published after his Death by his Widow. 8vo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE father of the author of this work, was governor of the invalids under the old government of France. Great numbers of persons of this description, whom the fortune of war had spared, but who were no longer fit for active service, were distributed over the whole extent of France. Some of them languished in fortresses situated on the Alps or Pyrenees, on the sea coast and other places. Various abuses had crept into these establishments, which the French ministry either did not know, or which they wanted the inclination or the courage to reform.—The inspection of the detached companies of invalids was entrusted to Guibert the son, who seems to have performed the office



with a degree of zeal, of probity, and humanity, which did him great credit; and the present volume is the fruit of the various excursions which his appointment caused him to undertake. The remarks which Guibert made during his several journeys, both on men and things, are often interesting: he seems to have possessed no inconsiderable talent for observation; and he often displays both depth and acuteness in his reflections. His descriptions, unlike those of most modern tourists, are perspicuous and brief; they are not merely a volume of sounds which vibrate only on the ear, without exciting any thing like a clear and well defined image in the mind.—At the time when Guibert made his several journeys of inspection, France was infested with numerous state prisons, which were almost all guarded by the invalids. The remarks of Guibert, therefore, often give us an insight into the abuses of the old government of France. In these prisons he beheld the manifold evils of arbitrary power; he saw the cruelties that were committed in secret, without either a power of complaint or hope of redress. His heart was often touched, and his sympathy excited, by these moving scenes. In the various abodes of terror and despair which he visited, the son was often found imprisoned by the father, the father by the son, the husband by the wife, or the wife by the husband; the weak by the strong, and the simple by the artful;—and all this by *lettres de cachet*, obtained under false pretexts from the ministers of the crown, or which those ministers got issued merely to serve their own sinister, vindictive, or interested ends.

As such a work as the present must necessarily be very desultory, and as the reader could derive neither pleasure nor instruction from a dry analysis of the contents, or a barren recapitulation of the author's motions from one place to another, we shall translate a few extracts which may interest and amuse.

The author gives the following description of the situation of Brest, and of the deplorable state of the marine in that harbour under the old government:

‘The road of Brest is not visible till we get close to the town, and then not completely; that of Toulon offers beyond comparison a more beautiful expanse; it has the appearance of a fine lake; and the mountains which surround it, seem to render it more secure. The port of Brest is formed by the Perfel; at first sight it has a majesty which is imposing from the beauty of its quays and the immensity of the establishments of all kinds which surround it; but it appears to have many inconveniences on a closer examination. It is too narrow to contain such a marine as it includes. The ships are laid up in ordinary in three rows which almost touch each

other. Hence there is no circulation of air between the vessels, which causes them to rot in a little time. The middle row is particularly liable to this inconvenience ; for some time past they have been at the pains to change the situation of the ships from time, to time in order that they may by turns be more equally exposed to the current of external air. But this operation is not performed with sufficient frequency ; nor, if it were, would it completely remedy the evil, either because the water of the port has some qualities not favourable to the preservation of ships, or because it abounds with worms which eat into the wood ; or lastly, because the wood which we employ in the construction is not chosen with sufficient care. It is certain that ships do not last at Brest more than eight or nine years at most, an effect ruinous to the marine and to the finances of the king. A number of vessels have accordingly rotted without ever leaving the port. The *Britannia* has been rebuilt since its first construction. The *Citizen* is actually on the stocks. The *Ville de Paris*, which made its first appearance in the last engagement (off Ushant,) is returned to the port and will be entirely rebuilt. All its timbers were rotten ; and many cannon-balls had penetrated from one side of the hull to the other. On my asking whether the other ports in the kingdom would be as unfavourable as Brest to the preservation of the ships, I was uniformly told that they decay more rapidly at Brest. At Toulon, a ship commonly lasts fifteen or sixteen years ; at Rochfort, ten or twelve. The water of the *Charente*, which is extremely muddy, is said to be better adapted to the preservation of the wood than that of Brest. I was also told that the tide contributed to the rapid deterioration of the ships, because, as it rose and fell, it exposed them to the alternations of humidity and dryness which accelerate the decay of the wood. The ports in the Mediterranean are not subject to this inconvenience. The extreme compression of the port of Brest occasions all the shops and establishments to be crowded too close together ; in the bustle of a great armament the workmen are heaped one upon another. This inconvenience of want of space is still more injurious to the materials, as it necessarily occasions many mistakes, much fruitless search, much loss of labour and of time.—The port of Brest presents four stocks for building, and four forms for covering and relitting. These last are too confined ; those which are at the back of the mountain of the Capucins are too much exposed to the sun one way, and are as much in the shade another. Here the ships decay as they are built.—The forms are beautiful ; the water is easily introduced to the necessary height by means of sluices ; only one is covered in ; it would perhaps be better if they all were. There are magazines of all kinds of prodigious extent ; that for cordage is particularly remarkable ; traces of the magnificence and grandeur of Louis XIV. appear at every step. But is this magnificence necessary ? Does not the simplicity of the English establishments deserve the preference ? Instead of superb buildings of free stone, with architectural embellishments, and having within fine staircases ornamented with busts of Louis XIV. in stone and in bronze, we see among them only simple edifices without any species of decoration. There every thing

seems made for use only, while among us too much is sacrificed to ostentation.'

---

'The great defect of the port of Brest is the want of air; every thing is compressed and jumbled together, and presents a picture of confusion and embarrassment.'

---

'On all sides there are enormous abuses, depredations of materials, and defalcation of labour; the workmen are under no controul; a necessary effect of the new arrangements, which have committed all the labour of superintendance to the officers, without foreseeing that in the greatest exigencies all the officers would be at sea. This is the case at present; they are almost all away. Thus five or six thousand workmen in the shops and yards are subject to the inspection of only five or six officers of the port; who, even when an armament is going on, perform their part without any scrupulosity or vigilance. The French officers are in general but little fitted for the patience which these details exact; and particularly officers of the navy, whose education, habitual service, whose insubordination on land, and whose prejudices against every species of order and of discipline, render them quite unqualified for attending with punctilious exactness to things which they regard as frivolous, which are to them indifferent, and which most disdain. These officers will at best attend only when the particular armament of their own ships is going on; but the yards for preparation and construction will be always abandoned to themselves. They are so at present in a most deplorable manner.'

Thus we find that the abuses, the neglect, the pillage, and the fraud, which prevailed in the dock yards of France under the monarchy, appear to have been even greater than those which the patriotic industry of the commissioners of Naval Inquiry have lately discovered in our own.

Great insubordination seems according to this author to have prevailed even on board the old French marine. All the officers appear to have been on a sort of convivial equality. When the chiefs gave any offence they were put under quarantine; or, as we should say, sent to Coventry. The captains were thus treated by the officers of their own ship. This abuse was necessarily produced by the mode in which the officers of each ship were chosen. In time of war the captain of each ship had the choice of his officers; hence he was obliged to treat them with a sort of obsequious complaisance, to study their humour and promote their pleasures. Thus many captains were obliged to go from port to port, to solicit officers to serve on board their ship; when they often experienced humiliations and rebuffs, and were obliged to put up with the refuse of the other captains. Hence the



whole body of the marine was divided into little factions ; every captain had his friends, his creatures ; hatred, jealousy, and animosity, became general ; no subordination could subsist ; the captain who was not liked, was deserted by his officers, who passed into the opposite faction.

The following remarks on the Duke d'A—— will be found applicable to many other persons. ‘ He has read much, knows many things, has some wit, but far below what he pretends to have, and there is nothing worse than a little wit and a great desire of shewing it.’ At Pirmisentz, the residence of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, M. Guibert saw a large building in which there was an immense hall, heated in winter by twenty-five stoves, where the Landgrave exercised his troops. There was space enough for a whole battalion to manœuvre at once ; and more than two in detail and by companies. The ground-floor of this building was destined for a riding school ; above was an immense granary. Such structures might be advantageously employed in other countries. The ground-floors might serve for the exercise of the cavalry, the hall for the infantry, and the granaries for oats and stores. We have heard of parsimony recommended in cheese-parings and candle-ends ; but we never before heard that the Emperor Joseph ordered his soldiers to collect the parings of their old shoes, and send them in hampers to the committee of economy in the province, who were to turn them to account ; nor did we recollect that this same emperor ordered the shirts of his troops to be reduced the breadth of two fingers in length, and that he made a calculation how much cloth he should thus save in shirting his whole army. Might not a reduction be thus made not only in our own military but our domestic expences, by cutting off the flaps of our shirts, or, what might be still more economical, wearing no shirt at all ?

Guibert, who was well acquainted with the art of war, intersperses his work with some military remarks which are always just. He says, (p. 158) speaking of the conduct of Turenne at the battle of Turckheim, that he set a good example to generals, who often err in not attending and directing in person the movements of the wing with which they make the attack, under the pretext of wishing to superintend the whole. It is incredible how many battles have been lost by this mistake. The general officer to whom we entrust an attack, never conducts it with the same decision. He is often restrained by a wavering timidity ; he meets with obstacles, with changes in the disposition of the enemy, which were not foreseen ; and while he is sending an account of

this to the commander in chief, and waiting for fresh orders, the opportunity for action is lost. In war, we ought, as much as possible, never to confide our interest to any other person ; but play the game ourselves. Great generals have never failed to do this ; and we may be sure of the mediocrity of that man who, during a battle, is not personally present where the stress of the action lies. There can be no exception to this rule except where the corps, which is intended to turn the enemy, has to make a movement to too great a distance, which would separate him too much from the mass of the army ; or where the movement is designed to make only a diversion or a feint. In these cases, the general is doubtless better placed in the body of his army, where he may observe the movements which his detached corps shall cause the enemy to make, and may accordingly form and execute his plan of attack. But in numerous armies, like those of modern times, where every battle is a complexity of manœuvres, the presence of the general is requisite in every quarter. It is therefore more than ever necessary that a general should be young, active, and vigorous, that he may be able to pass with rapidity from one wing to another. Marshal Broglio after the passage of the Lohuc, when Prince Ferdinand was expected to attack his army, said to his general officers, ‘ Gentlemen, the enemy is marching against us. This is my position. I have relays of horses at the right, at the left, and in the centre. You will always find me in the hottest of the fire. Recollect that battles are won by those who have most audacity.’ If, as M. Guibert argues, youth, vigour, and activity, are essential requisites in a modern general, what are we to think of the wisdom, or the honesty, of the Aulic Council, in appointing to the command of an army, on which the fate of the empire, and indeed of Europe seemed to depend, an old emaciated debauchee, a crippled voluptuary, who could never get out of his bed till noon, and when he rose was obliged to be carried about in a litter ? What are we to think of their sagacity or their patriotism, who could select such a person as a match for Bonaparte, who is so unremittingly vigilant, so indefatigably active, whose movements resemble the rapidity of lightning, and whose impetuosity nothing but the most heroic daring ever can restrain ?

We will now give the reader a specimen of M. Guibert’s descriptive powers ; for which purpose we will translate his account of Mount Ballon, the highest of the Vosges.

‘ At a league from Geromani we begin to ascend Mount Ballon by a magnificent road that conducts to the summit. This road

surpassed all which had been told me respecting it. It is much more curious and beautiful than that of Saverne, from its elevation and the gentleness of the rise, for Mount Ballon is at least 3000 feet high, while the ascent is managed with so much art, that we may ride up or down at a gallop. We know not next which to admire most,—the fine width of the road, its solidity, its consistency, (a garden walk is not more perfect) or its boldness, the enormous labour of the terraces which often suspend it in the air, the multitude of bridges which twenty torrents that cross it rendered necessary, lastly, the richness of the materials of which these bridges and terraces are constructed. They are always of granite or porphyry, of which the mountain is composed. But to all these beauties of art are added the still more ravishing beauties of nature. There are mountains heaped together in enormous masses, and almost all covered with beautiful woods of oak, mixed with pine, with fir, and birch; forming that variety of delicious green, which is so much sought in the English gardens, and of which we obtain only small portions with so much expense and pains. There are rivulets and cascades which descend on all sides from these lofty mountains; and which so enliven the way with the freshness which they breathe, and the continual murmur which they make, that all the senses are charmed at once. Some of the cascades fall with a tremendous crash from more perpendicular heights, and afterwards flow in torrents in the midst of precipices mixed with wood and rocks, when they become more soft and tranquil, expand by degrees, and form a thousand streams, which run in all directions in the meads of the valley, which seen through the masses of shade, and infinitely varied by the turns and involutions of the road, exhibit beautiful sheets of verdure traced with streams of silver and of gold. The weather was extremely fine. A bright sun animated the scene, and produced effects of light and shade impossible to conceive and describe. Sometimes as we ascended, we discovered at a turn of the acclivity, a space opened through the wood; from which the sight plunged into the valley of Geromani, whence, after reposing on a charming mixture of meadows, copses, streams, and houses dispersed on every side, it expatiated in the plain of Alsace, at the end of which the Black Mountains, which seemed to form only a body of clouds, majestically terminated the horizon. It was exactly an optical view, and the valley was the tube through which it was seen. At other times the bends of the road, the thickness of the wood, and masses of the mountains, concealed the valley entirely from our view. These masses of mountain seemed to join as we advanced; and we found ourselves inclosed in a horrible labyrinth without a trace of habitation or of culture. There was nothing but the wild undisciplined savageness of nature; it was like a situation in the most sequestered Alps, or the limits of the world. The magnificence of the road, it is true, suddenly recalled to our minds the ideas of civilization and society: but at the same time the perfection of the way, its perfect solitude (for it is hardly at all frequented)



and the nature of the materials, which do not suffer a vestige of culture to be seen, on which the hoof of the horse leaves not a trace behind, and which is always like a beautiful walk in an English garden—all this had the appearance of fairy land; and I said to myself we are arriving at the palace of Armida, and this is the rout which her magic wand created through the surrounding rocks and the desert wild.

There are not many descriptive passages in any of our modern tourists, which are superior to this in distinctness and perspicuity, in selection of imagery, and clearness of expression. The great excellence of what we may perhaps not improperly term verbal picture, consists in presenting the object to the eye and making the reader a spectator of the scene. For this purpose all redundancies of diction should be avoided; no more words should be employed than are requisite for a vivid representation. In all subjects perspicuity must be materially injured by a superfluous and cumbrous phraseology; but this is more particularly the case in picturesque description, where a mass of words must operate like a mist which is cast around the object. In drawing, the accuracy of the likeness must depend on the correctness of the outline; the colouring is only a secondary consideration, and no colouring, however soft, harmonious, or bright, can make amends for an inadequate, indistinct, and defective outline. In verbal description, the first endeavour should be to give a clear, exact, and definite representation of the thing, so that a corresponding perception of it may be excited in the mind; and all those decorations of speech are to be condemned, which impede the attainment of this primary object, which diminish rather than increase the resemblance, and confuse rather than adorn.

On entering Switzerland, M. Guibert was forcibly struck with the superior neatness, comfort, and cleanliness of the inns, compared with those in his own country. Of the latter, he says, that they were 'vraies cloaques,' that 'the cookery was most disgusting, that the house, the master, the mistress, and the staircases, the chambers, the furniture, and even the servants were all alike; that the beds were hard, the linen coarse and foul, the walls and chimney pieces almost all covered with the most revolting obscenity, on which no persons of any modesty could cast their eyes without a blush.' When a Frenchman spoke thus of the inns in his own country, they must have been bad indeed; and we should remember that the general state of the inns and places of entertainment of any country will be found no bad criterion of the general habits of the people. The general neatness and cleanliness, and even elegance, that are so prevalent in the

inns in this country are characteristic of the taste, manners, and disposition, of the people. The French were, and we suppose still are, far below the English in their notions and sensations of cleanliness, comfort, and convenience. But does not this prove them far behind us in the scale of civilization? Refinement always keeps pace with civilization; and the more civilized any people is, the more refined, or discriminating and sensitive will they become in their physical and mental taste. Delicacy of sensation and of sentiment may be ridiculed and despised, but it certainly proves that those who possess it are so much farther removed from a state of barbarism than those in whom it is not to be found.

M. Guibert was particularly struck with the various indications of plenty, of independence, and of happiness, which he found in the habitations of the Swiss peasantry, but which we fear have ere this entirely disappeared before the ravage of the French.

'I went,' says the author, 'into some of the houses; all have several stories; all have on the ground floor one or two large rooms embellished with stoves, with painted tiles; all have glass windows and shutters. There are some very large, which proclaim the wealth of the proprietors: these are painted on the outside with different colours, they have gardens inclosed with painted pales; flower pots are seen in the windows and other places; and an area around the house is paved with flints displayed in a variety of forms. The interior of the rooms is always wainscotted even in the most common habitations. The wainscot, the benches, the tables, are all singularly neat. It is very usual to see curtains in the windows. In many public houses I have seen the refinement of cloth blinds on the outside. In the principal rooms of every house we always meet with the almanack and the gazette, and often a list of the magistrates of the republic, and of all the baillies by order of the bailliage. We should compare this with the profound ignorance of our peasantry, who know not in whose name they are governed, nor the date, nor the name of the month in which they live.'

'All the peasants (he is speaking of the vale of Aar) are proprietors; this is the great difference between them and ours, who have often no property but their hands and arms. There are many of them in easy circumstances, hardly any poor, and some very rich. All have good shoes on their feet; they know not what a *snob* is, at least in this part of Switzerland. Many have watches. On Sundays and holidays, the men and women are all habited in cloth. The women almost all wear a velvet cap ornamented with a broad black lace, their hair flows in long tresses down to their loins, and is fastened above with ribbands of black or coloured silk. Many wear a silver chain upon the breast. No woman is ever seen

at work in the fields without shoes or stockings. All have straw hats with a ribband which they wore on the Sunday; but which proves that it is their habitual ornament. Under these hats we have the pleasure of beholding a countenance where the lily vies with the rose.

The author seems to have accurately discriminated the different features of the Alps and the Pyrenees, and the different degrees of pleasure and of interest which they inspire.

‘The Alps are more high, more majestic, and have a greater grandeur of appearance. There are no parts of the Pyrenees, except among the involutions of the rocks, which are entirely inaccessible to the sun. In the Alps, the snows descend very low down the sides; enormous glaciers, as high as the mountains themselves, repose their bases in the vales, and defy all the fires of the Dog star. It is in the Alps that we must seek the great phenomena of nature; first those prodigious glaciers which are the cradle of the great rivers of Europe, next those fine vicissitudes of shade, of light, and colour, which they produce. It is in the Alps that we must seek for capricious and grotesque configurations, for colossal profiles, for the mighty effects of water, for those extensive lakes which are so varied in their form, and which are often as deep as the mountains are high by which they are enclosed. It is in the Alps that we find a more appropriate singularity in the plants and animals: we find the chamois, the moufardi, the eagle, and other birds of prey which are not seen among the Pyrenees. The human form is also in general more tall and strong. There is a greater originality of manners and customs more decidedly at variance with those among the inhabitants of the plains. In the Alps you will find more hospitality, more frankness, more energy, more knowledge, a greater union of happiness, of severity, of innocence, and of health. Grand ideas, either introduced by the recollections of history, or generated by the genius of the place, or inspired by the sentiments of liberty which are breathed around, excite a stronger feeling of enthusiasm in the heart, and a more serious cast of reflection on the mind. Cæsar, Hannibal, Rome, all these great names are associated with the Alps. In the Pyrenees you must rarely expect any violent agitations of astonishment, any sublime emotions of the soul. Nature there will do nothing to make your hair stand on end, or your heart vibrate with terror and dismay. It will never raise you above yourself; but you will often experience sensations of pleasure and delight. The valleys are more smiling and more fertile than those in the Alps; the verdure appears more vivid, the waters are more silvery and more clear. They are not produced by the solution of snow as in the Alps; they gush from the rocks, and belong more to the entrails of the earth.’

In the secluded and unwholesome fort of Brescow near the town of Agda, M. Guibert found between forty and fifty



miserable individuals of all conditions, who were imprisoned by *lettres de cachet*, and guarded by a company of invalids. Of these unhappy victims of an arbitrary government, M. Bernard was at once the jailor and the judge, the arbiter of their treatment and their destiny. He could confine them where he pleased, in a room, or a dungeon, he could indulge them with liberty, or keep them in chains; and the portion of light and air which they enjoyed was regulated by his caprice. The keepers of these prisons, of which there were many in France, were subject to no inspection or controul !!!

The following anecdote is no uninteresting specimen of the state of manners in France at the time M. Guibert wrote.

‘As I was going to sleep,’ says he, ‘a gun was discharged just under my window. A great shriek was raised, in which could clearly be distinguished the cry of a person who had been wounded. It was really so, but happily he had received only a few shots in his arm. It was not a lover assassinated by a jealous husband; it was a poor husband whose assassination was attempted by the paramour of his wife. Fifteen days before, he had attempted to poison him without success. On this occasion, there was no proof, nor any evidence. The man in his agony only knew from what quarter the gun was fired. He repeated without ceasing, “It is that beggarly rascal who lives with my wife. I surprised him with her the other day, and he told me in a rage that I should never surprise him a second time.”’

In the south of France love often produces such tragedies as these ! We shall now take our leave of M. Guibert, whose travels, though they may now appear rather antiquated, are far from being devoid of interest, and may be read both with pleasure and instruction.

### ART. III.—*Coup d'Œil rapide sur Vienne, &c.*

*A rapid View of Vienna, accompanied by a Letter from an Officer of Rank in the grand Army, containing a Detail of the Military Operations, in consequence of which that Capital fell into the Hands of the French. 8vo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Dulau.*

THIS is one of the most recent accounts of Vienna which have been published, and contains in a small compass a sufficiently copious account of the present state of that capital. The late important events which have occurred on the continent, have contributed to render this renowned city an object of

more than ordinary attention; and the present interesting little work will, in some measure, gratify the public curiosity. We shall therefore make no apology for presenting the reader with a larger and more detailed exposition of the contents, than the size of the work would otherwise justify.

'Vienna,' says the author, 'is one of the least beautiful capitals in Europe. There are no exterior embellishments to captivate attention. The streets, which cross each other here and there in the most disorderly manner, are neither even nor parallel; they are dirty, and bordered by footpaths, which, not being raised above the level of the carriage-way, serve only to render it slippery. In many of the streets, the concourse of people is hardly less than in those which are contiguous to the Pont-Neuf at Paris; but the view which they present is much more fantastically varied. We discriminate a motley assemblage of Turks, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Croats, Cossacks, Kalmucks, with a conflux of natives, who move along with an aspect of phlegmatic tranquillity, which is singularly striking. Not far from the centre, there is a street which is carried like a bridge over another street (called the Deep Diten), so that the carriages, which pass into the first, are sometimes exactly over the head of some other vehicle in the second; a spectacle which always arrests the attention and excites the curiosity of the traveller. There is hardly more than one street in this metropolis which can be reputed very handsome; and that is formed by a regular succession of magnificent palaces, and is accordingly called Noble-street.

'The town being fortified, the houses are unusually straitened for room. A whole house is seldom occupied by a single proprietor, for the second story of the greater number belongs to the Emperor. This was occasioned by a concession on the part of the inhabitants, who purchased at this price the favour of having the sovereign reside among them. These second stories are allotted by the court to its agents and domestics. This constitutes a part of their salary, and serves to make a real addition to the revenue of the state.'

The temperature of Vienna is represented not to be so warm as might be expected from the latitude in which it is placed (48th degree 12 min.). Surrounded by mountains or high hills, which are covered with accumulations of snow or ice of a long continuance, it experiences no scorching fervours except during a couple of months, while the winters are piercing cold. The inhabitants endeavour to fortify themselves against the rigours of the climate by the warmth of their clothing; on the first commencement of the cold season, they wrap themselves up in a pelisse, and their rooms are heated by stoves of such a size and such a quality, as not to permit the slightest degree of cold to be felt.

The health of the inhabitants is much affected by the impetuosity of the winds, which, besides the catarrhs and rheu-

matisms which they produce, rapidly dry and pulverise the chalky soil, the particles of which insinuating themselves into the chest, are thought to have a deleterious effect upon the lungs, and to deposit the germ of consumption. This inveterate malady, for which no adequate remedy has yet been found, and which prevails so much in all great towns, is supposed to be no where so fatally operative as at Vienna. The number of pulmonary patients who perish annually within its walls, is awfully great.

Yet the pharmaceutical art is said to be better cultivated at Vienna, than in all the other towns in Germany, and the numerous sons of Æsculapius who are found here, are said in many cases to contend most successfully with the great enemy of mankind; and to snatch from an untimely grave multitudes of the devotees to an excessive sensuality with which the town abounds. The syphilitic disease, that terrible chastiser of intemperance and lust, is believed to be more general at Vienna than even at Paris, that degenerate mart of an almost promiscuous prostitution!

The small pox in 1795, carried off 1,098 persons; but vaccination has been since introduced, from which the most signal benefits will no doubt be derived. The whole population of Vienna in 1795 amounted to 231,105 inhabitants, of whom 1031 were ecclesiastics, 3,255 nobles, 4,256 public functionaries, and 7,333 burgesses or chiefs of the corporation.

Vienna is not without several charitable institutions. There are hospitals for the sick, for lying-in women, for insane persons, for the military, and even for the Jews, all of which are distinguished by the propriety of their management. The suburbs are divided into eight districts; and a physician, a surgeon, and a midwife, are allotted to each; who are paid by the government, and whose business it is to attend the poor at their own houses. In 1795, they had 19,820 sick under their care, of whom 464 died, and 623 were sent to the hospital. The city has since been made to participate in the benefits of this salutary institution. The government seems to have paid great attention to the health of the inhabitants; for we are informed that no new house is suffered to be inhabited till the physician of the district has certified that the walls are sufficiently dry.

Provisions are to be had at a moderate price. Abundant supplies of meat, corn, and wine are brought from Hungary. Austria furnishes fuel, which is transported on the Danube; and about 150 gardeners in the suburbs raise immense quan-



tities of vegetables, which are to be had at a very low rate. The government takes every pains to prevent mendicity. The asylum for orphans contained, in 1797, 1479 of these unfortunate persons; and there is an establishment for the relief of old men, and of fathers of families who are past the period of toil.

There is no town where signs of taverns and public houses are more frequently seen; and yet by ten at night a more profound tranquillity and a more sombre silence prevail in the streets than in any other city of the same size. In the Leopoldstadt suburbs, there is a coffee-house which is almost entirely frequented by Greeks (who are very numerous at Vienna), and while we hear nothing but their language, and see nothing but their dress, we imagine ourselves transported into the midst of Greece; an illusion very agreeable to those who have early been taught to admire the erudition of that celebrated people.

The inhabitants of Vienna are in no small degree renowned for their hospitality. Besides a variety of open tables, there are many houses where you may freely go at any hour of the day, or even in the middle of the night; and partake of whatever is served up to the company, as well as join in the conversation. In winter, as the stoves diffuse an equal warmth over the whole apartment, the company do not all crowd around the chimney, but are seen dispersed in groups about the room; while huge menials in variegated liveries, carry round ices, lemonade, orgeat, and pastry. There are besides stalls kept in the middle of the hall, where those who have nothing to say may amuse themselves, or purchase articles for twice as much as they are worth.

Music is in high request; as is likely to be the case in a country which produced a Gluck and a Mozart; and which still possesses a Haydn and other composers. A taste for this fine art is diffused even among the lower orders; so much attention is paid to it as often to tire the patience of foreigners; and there are some circles where they never meet without a concert. Literature does not flourish much at Vienna; the press is shackled with restrictions; freedom of research or of dispute is dangerous; and there are hardly more books prohibited at Petersburg or Rome than at Vienna. The English language is a good deal studied; and the imitation of English fashions and the desire for English manufactures are very general. All the English, of whatever rank they may be, enjoy the privilege of being presented at court by their ambassador; and this has given rise to many singular occurrences and ludicrous adventures. But the pre-

dominant passion at Vienna is a taste for good living. They eat largely and they drink in proportion.

The palace of Schoenbrunn, which was lately for a short time the imperial residence of Bonaparte, is embellished with a superb collection of paintings, of which Joseph II. stripped the churches in Brabant. At this palace there are no less than fourteen large green-houses besides smaller ones. The former, which resemble vast galleries, fronting the south, contain a multiplicity of plants the most rare and the most precious which the four quarters of the world can furnish; and which serve at the same time as a receptacle for birds, the most captivating by their plumage or their notes. They roam at liberty in these spacious galleries, and are seen perching on the same trees under which they would have retired for shelter in other climates. Great numbers here breed and perpetuate their kind. The palace of Augarten was thrown open to the people by the Emperor Joseph; at the principal entrance we behold a vast edifice, composed of great galleries, highly decorated, where eating is practised from morning to night. Before this edifice, there is a circular area surrounded by large chesnut trees, under which are tables where you may take tea, coffee, ice, &c. The wild and romantic part of the gardens is formed by the forest of Brigit, of a league in extent; which is traversed by the Danube from one end to the other; and whose banks afford a delicious promenade. At the entrance of the wood, we meet with a number of eating houses; here, particularly on a holiday, multitudes repair, and the pleasures seem to make this spot their favourite abode. Though the grosser indulgences of sense seem to be sought with most avidity, yet musical instruments are played among the trees; sounds of mirth are every where heard, and indications of delight every where seen.

The forest of Prater is also near Vienna; and is one of the most favourite and fashionable resorts of the inhabitants. The way to it is by a beautiful road which runs through the forest. Here are Turkish, Chinese, Italian, English, coffee-houses, ball-rooms, billiard-rooms; and, instead of shepherds and rural swains, we behold retailers of coffee, lemonade, pastry, traiteurs, musicians, jugglers, &c. Here the promenade displays all that is great or little, beautiful or ugly, elegant or slatternly, wanton or demure in the precincts of Vienna. Here princes, burgesses, prostitutes, monks, and soldiers, are mingled in a sort of popular mass. In the evening this is the scene where the fair come to display all their charms, their blanchishments, and wiles. But the Viennese seem to have ano-

ther appetite at least as potent as the sexual ; for the proverb ' Vive l'amour pourvu que je dine,' is said to be true of them.—We have thus given a pretty circumstantial account of the state of this German capital as it existed immediately previous to the capture of Bonaparte. What alterations that event is likely to produce in the habits, the manners, the sentiments, the virtues, or the civilization, of the inhabitants must be left to futurity to disclose. The letter of the officer of the French army at the end of this ' Coup d'œil ' contains little that has not been previously detailed in the newspapers. But every account which we have of the late disastrous campaign in Germany serves only more distinctly to shew and more forcibly to establish the misconduct, the incapacity, or the treachery, of General Mack, or whoever were his advisers and coadjutors. Never was there a promise of success so fair, which was so fatally blasted. If the Austrians, instead of suffering the French to break their line, divide their force, and beat them by detachments, had waited the arrival of the Russians, and attacked the enemy with their united strength, it is highly probable that Austria would never have experienced such an humiliating reverse of fortune; and that Bonaparte would not at this moment, be proudly threatening to destroy every vestige of liberty and independence that is yet remaining in Europe.

ART. IV.—*Les Souvenirs de M. le Comte de Caylus, &c.*

*Reminiscences of the Count de Caylus, with a short Account of his Life and Writings. 2 Vols. 12mo. Paris. 1805.*

THESE *Souvenirs*, or (to use a term applied in a similar sense by Lord Orford) *Reminiscences* of the famous Count de Caylus, might fairly have been entitled the last sweepings of the Count's study. Perhaps it would not have excited much regret in the learned world if some of the articles, such as the tale of Pamphilus and Melazia, with a few others, had fallen a sacrifice to the broom, or (as friend Peter says) had been remembered to be forgotten. Yet there are here and there some very curious and interesting papers preserved, which throw light on the French history and amply redeem the rest.

The Notice Historique, or short account of the life and writings of the Count prefixed, is a meagre sketch consisting of scarcely six pages, and that extracted for the most part from the *éloge* of M. Lebeau. The Count de Caylus was certainly one of the greatest Mæcenases of his own age,



and consequently we may add of any age; for never did the sacred flame of literary ambition burn with a steadier and benigner lustre than during the ministry of Colbert. If he is not to be classed among the first *πολυμαθοι*, he at least claims a high rank among the *φιλομαθοι*, or lovers of learning. His house is said to have exhibited a complete museum of antiquities, Egyptian, Tuscan, Greek, and Roman. He kept up a regular correspondence with the principal literary characters of his time upon the continent, particularly with the Abbé Barthelemy during his antiquarian researches in Italy. He is said to have restored the invention of painting in wax in various colours, from the description of the process given in Pliny. Lady M. W. Montagu says of him in one of her letters, that he had less of conceit about him than most of his fellow countrymen, which, if not very high praise, is however something. As an antiquary he was fanciful and fond of conjecture, but ardent, acute, and ingenious: as a connoisseur in the fine arts, elegant and judicious: as a man of learning, perhaps, neither very deep, nor very clear.

The first *Souvenir* that occurs, is a collection of anecdotes, &c. relating to the private conduct of the Count d'Olivarez, prime minister to Philip IV. of Spain, not more notorious for craft than for credulity; an odd union, but in times of bigotry and superstition, not uncommon. Spain seems the country destined by Providence to be the last that should throw off the yoke of mental bondage for that yoke which is *easy and light*. She is emerging, but it has been by very slow degrees, from the pool of religious intolerance and ignorance. Even the Chevalier de Bourgoanne, who has been the most zealous advocate of the country which he describes, is obliged to confess that, so late as the year 1780, torments were inflicted by order of the tribunal of the inquisition in Spain upon a poor woman, who, having been convicted of sorcery and witchcraft, was burned at Seville. Can a people so dark as to be capable of this, be illumined in the course of one quarter of a century? But to return.—These anecdotes were originally collected by M. d'Harcourt during his stay at Madrid, whither he had been sent by the court of France to endeavour to persuade the King of Spain to give his crown to the duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, and grandson of Louis XIV; in which commission, we know, he ultimately succeeded. An historian of France calls d'Olivarez the Richlieu of Spain. He was so, and more, in cunning and cruelty, but surely not in the abilities of a statesman.

The second historical memoir details the secret measures

concerted by Colbert to procure the disgrace and dismissal of Fouquet, superintendant under Louis XIV. and his own appointment to be comptroller general of the finances. This is an interesting period in French history; for, in fact, the ministry of Colbert was the commencement of a new reign under the same prince, just as much as the ministry of the Cardinal de Richlieu had been under the preceding monarch. Colbert, however, like Augustus and many others who have paved their way to power by indefensible means, did much to atone for them by the use he made of it to aggrandize and improve his country.

Passing by some unimportant memoirs, we shall now hasten to that which is preserved in vol. i. p. 97. entitled 'Details hitherto unpublished respecting the Secret and true Causes which banished M<sup>lle</sup>. de la Fayette from the Court of Louis XIII. and the Intrigues of the Cardinal de Richlieu to procure her departure.' It consists merely of a letter found among the papers of the Count, from father Caussin, a Jesuit, confessor to Louis XIII. addressed to M<sup>lle</sup>. de la Fayette, written apparently soon after the admission of that mistress of the king into the monastery of the Visitation near Chaillot. This letter is certainly a curious and valuable relic, and ought not to be overlooked by any future historian of those times. This young woman was an attendant on the queen-mother, and the monarch had for some time indulged an attachment to her, which was, if we may believe the simple but zealous Jesuit, of the purest and most spiritual kind. The Cardinal, whether jealous of a sister near the throne, or apprehensive of increasing the king's intercourse with the queen-mother, who had corresponded with Monsieur, the great fomentor of rebellion among the noblesse, was desirous of expelling her from the court. The cardinal, says the history of those times, had given Louis, father Caussin as a confessor, believing him to be a simple man, incapable of creating any troubles, and who would readily enter into all his views: but it happened that, in a little time, the simplicity of this Jesuit changed the face of government. His prejudices made him look on the alliances with the protestants against the house of Austria, as an abominable thing: he dared to attribute it to the ambition of the Cardinal: he accused him to the king of loading the people with taxes, of treating the queen-mother inhumanly, and of rendering the government odious by his injustice. He also encouraged, contrary to the wishes of Richlieu, the king's connexion with M<sup>lle</sup>. de la Fayette. The result was that the lady was soon immured in a nunnery, and the Jesuit disgraced and banished.

to his own country. This letter contains what might be expected in such circumstances—condolements on their common sufferings, details of his own conduct in the affair, and of the Cardinal's duplicity, congratulations on the entrance of his correspondent on her sacred profession, with exhortations to continue firm in it, and to take every opportunity (for the king still visited her occasionally) of instilling into the royal ear wholesome advice concerning the administration of his government !

‘Adieu, dear Angelica, (he concludes) my joy and my crown, to use for once the expressions of the Apostle, continue firm in the ways of God : and if you should learn that persecution has put a period to my life, recommend to God the rest of my soul ; obtain a service for me in your church, and pray all your sisters, namely those who are of my acquaintance, to offer their communions for me. You will find a number of ecclesiastics, and persons devoted to religion, who will say masses for me if you ask them. I have uniformly served the public, and am hated by none except such as are too attentive to their own interests. Whatever may befall me, I pardon them with my whole heart, and pray that they may acquire true charity and eternal salvation. I hope that you will never forget me in your prayers, &c.

NICHOLAS CAUSSIN. 1637.

In the second volume we are presented with a collection of short memoranda, the scrapings of the Count's commonplace-book, very useful no doubt to assist his memory *inter legendum*, but very unworthy of being obtruded on public notice. Here we are told that Claudius (it should have been Clodius) the son of Æsopus the tragedian swallowed a diluted pearl before Cleopatra. And he might have added Canigula did the same afterwards. But what school-boy does not know this from Horace ? Here also we have the important piece of information, that Vitellius was he of all the ancients who vomited with most facility to enable him to continue the feast. J. Cæsar paid Cicero the same high compliment at an entertainment of the latter. It has fallen to our own lot to know an epicure who put himself under the same discipline for a college feast. But unfortunately the emetic was mixed rather too strong, and the patient was obliged to stay at home and ‘tipple imaginary pots of ale.’ Here also we are told that ‘Achilles was the first who introduced two authors upon the stage at once,’ a remark which made us stare, until by some weeks of hard study we discovered that for Achilles is to be read *Æschylus*, and for authors, *actors*.

The greater part of the rest of this second volume is occupied with details of the intrigues of Mary of Medicis, second



wife of Henry IV. and of the amours of Louis XIV. in neither of which (to confess the truth) could we find much interest. There is one paper containing a few judicious remarks on French literature, the decay of which the Count apprehends will originate from the Anglo-mania, or rage after every thing English, which infected his nation. 'A pretended philosophism is come over to us from London together with the jockeys.' Alas! Count, it is neither our philosophers nor our jockeys that have undone your literature. The evil originates at home. Not but that imitation has always a bad effect on literature, as we ourselves could shew from some examples of Gallomania and Germanomania. By the way, the rage after English fashions and manners in Paris has shewn itself in nothing more than in the introduction of malt liquors. A few years ago the common beverage among the French was an ordinary sort of wine, as it was among the ancient Romans. Of late years nothing has been more common than to see a knot of tradesmen or artisans over their beef-stakes and porter à l'Anglaise. Thus it is—petimusque damusque vicissim. We shall sum up our remarks on this specimen of literary scavenging with what we said at first: There is much which had better have been kept back; There are some things which it would have been wrong not to have brought forward.

ART. V.—*Voyage a la Partie Orientale de la Terra Firma,*  
 &c. &c.

*Travels in the Eastern Part of the Terra Firma in South America, made during the Years 1801, 1802, 1803, and 1804; containing the Description of the Captainship-General of Caracas, composed of the Provinces of Venezuela, Maracaïbo, Varinas, Spanish Guyana, Cumana, and the Island of Marguerita, and comprehending every Thing regarding the Discovery, Conquest, Topography, Legislation, Commerce, Finances, Inhabitants, and Productions of these Provinces, with a View of the Manners and Customs of the Spaniards, and of the Savage and Civilized Indians. By F. Depons, Ex-Agent of the French Government at Caracas. With a Map and Plans of the Metropolis and principal Forts, 3 Vols. 8vo. Buisson. Paris. 1806.*

M. DEPONS has presented to the public a work on a subject which has hitherto occupied the pen of few writers. With the whole of Spanish America we are imperfectly

acquainted, and with no part of it more so than with the provinces here described. M. Depons comes forward with fair pretensions: his opportunities have been good, and his work he affirms, with a confidence which we hope has more in it of conscious correctness than of audacious assertion, to have no other foundation than truth, and no other ornament than exactness. And surely these must be regarded as the requisites of the highest importance in a work which describes the appearance of a country, and the manners of its inhabitants, and infinitely surpass in value the decorations of style, or the flourishes of imagination. With the partiality of an author to his subject, M. Depons does not hesitate to assert that no part of America, be it where it may, equals in the variety and richness of its productions, this captainship-general of Caracas, which extends from the 12th degree of north latitude to the line, and from the 62d to the 65th degree of the longitude of Paris. This country is here purposely styled the eastern part of Terra Firma, in order to distinguish it from the western Terra Firma bordering on the cape of Lavela, and the isthmus of Panama.

The work before us is divided into chapters, each of which is frittered down into numerous and nameless divisions corresponding to the table of contents. The first of these commences as far back as can reasonably be wished, and includes a merited panegyric on the genius and boldness of Columbus. From that great man he diverges to extol the intrepidity of the conquerors of America, and observes with truth that the day may yet come when it will be regarded as fabulous that 120 men, embarked in three sloops from Europe bound to America which they knew not, should have landed in St. Domingo peopled by a million and a half of Caribs, should have taken possession of it in the name of the King of Spain, have built forts, and have without any considerable aid, established the Spanish domination, and finally destroyed the original inhabitants. This, it must be allowed, is one of the marvellous and melancholy romances of modern times, when a handful of hardy and half civilized men crushed a nation of harmless but unwarlike savages, and when bigotted Christians forgot the best laws of christianity, and vied with each other who should murder and convert most effectually. Nor was the fate of St. Domingo singular. Cortes with little more than six hundred men subdued six millions of Mexicans, and Pizarro completed the conquest of the vast empire of Peru with the aid of no more than 180 Spaniards.

Cumana was first visited from Europe by commercial speculators, and the first Europeans who settled in it were two Spanish priests who went with the benevolent intention of converting, without oppressing the Indians. This pleasing scheme however was rendered vain by the treachery of the crew of a Spanish vessel, who carried off the prince of the country while he rashly confided in their honour and humanity. The priests fell a sacrifice to the indignation excited by this outrage, and two other ecclesiastics, whose courage emboldened them again to attempt the task of converting the heathens, were massacred during a fickle fit of these savages. The consequence of this violence was an expedition from St. Domingo, which after some reverses effected the conquest of the country. It was at this epoch that Bartholomew de las Casas arrived in America, the apostle of Indian liberty and of negro slavery. M. Depons attributes little merit to the motives of that monk, refuses him altogether the honorable title of philanthropist, but is willing to concede to him the credit that can be derived from an *Indiomania*. His conduct we believe arose from the pure though mistaken dictates of an humane heart.

M. Depons proceeds to investigate the history of the original conquest and settlement of all the provinces of which he treats. Among his observations, we remark the notice of the cession of the province of Venezuela to the mercantile house of Weslers in Germany, by the Emperor Charles V. who loved present money better than distant wildernesses. A singular treaty was concluded between the monarch and the merchants, of which no article was adhered to on the part of the latter, but what suited their own interest. A series of the most horrid cruelties ensued, which the appointment of a bishop to the government of the province, observes M. Depons with becoming indignation, only failed to render more atrocious, because that was impossible. At length the Spanish king annulled the treaty with the Weslers, and restored the province to a comparative state of tranquillity and happiness, though the effects of the previous desolation have never been repaired.

Having in his first chapter concluded his account of the settlement of the provinces which he visited, our author in the second proceeds to describe the country more particularly with respect to its natural appearances. The general temperature he affirms to be wonderfully mild considering the latitude, and the mountains to be of a moderate elevation, generally fertile to the very summit, and chiefly, if not entirely, what naturalists call secondary hills, though Von



Humboldt, it is said, has found granite in one of them, which is certainly a most *unsecondary* mineral. But the great advantage of these districts, says M. Depons, is, that they possess no mines, an assertion which can appear unreasonable to none who have considered the bloodshed, the slavery, the devastation, the deplorable misery which the discovery of the existence of gold and silver mines has entailed on the unhappy inhabitants of those parts of America where they abound, who have been compelled to exchange idleness for labour, competence for starvation, happiness for misery, and liberty for slavery. Nor has the sorry consolation even been left to the philanthropist to believe that the Spaniards have themselves ameliorated their condition. Happier by far had they sought for wealth only on the surface of the earth, and surely richer and more powerful as a nation as well as more independant. The comparative history of the Spanish and English colonies in America has admirably illustrated how little national wealth consists in an abundance of the precious metals.

But though gold and silver have been thus denied to the cupidity of the European adventurer, the loss has been ten-fold repaid in the abundant provision which nature has afforded of many less valuable, but infinitely more useful articles of commerce. Pearls which once were found in great plenty, are now, by an imprudent use of the fisheries, become scarce. Salt is or might be produced in immense quantities by the fervent heats of a tropical region, though the King of Spain, by the establishment of a monopoly in favour of the crown, has interrupted the progress of the manufacture and the profit of his subjects, without adding materially to his own revenue. Such are the usual effects of royal interposition in commerce. Many excellent kinds of wood are the growth of these provinces, and medicinal plants, gums, resins, and oils, in extraordinary quantities, are produced to waste their virtues on the desert air. The exportation of all these articles is trifling when compared to the abundance in which they exist. Many valuable discoveries in the vegetable kingdom yet remain, according to our author, to repay the toil of future observers, and men of science paid by government ought, in his opinion, to be dispatched forthwith, 'to investigate nature in these countries where she is so rich and pompous.' In this chapter we have an account of the lake of Maracaibo, which is no less than an hundred and fifty miles in length and four hundred and fifty in circumference, communicating with the sea by a narrow neck, notwithstanding which, its waters

are fresh and fit for drinking. At the north-east of this lake there exists, according to M. Depons, an inexhaustible store of mineral tar, from which certain vapours exhale which are visible in the night-time, and serve to direct the pilots of the frail barks of the Indians, who know not the use of the compass. They call these lights the lantern of Maracaïbo. The sterility and insalubrity of the borders of the lake have produced a singular custom amongst the natives, who there build their habitations upon the water. Many villages formerly existed in this manner on the surface of the lake, and procured for the town and afterwards for the whole province the name of *Venezuel*, or *Little Venice*. Four of these yet remain, a miserable remnant which escaped from the barbarous ravages of the agents of the *Weslers*. A church built also on the water is attached to the villages, and is served by a curate charged with the spiritual care of the aquatic Indians. The performance of these clerical functions affords a proof the least equivocal in the world of zeal and of courage, for we learn that few of the priests retain their health for more than five days after their arrival, or their life longer than six months. We do not see how this can be reconciled with the opinion asserted to be entertained by the Indians of the salubrity of their watery habitations. We observe also an account of the manner of catching wild ducks in the lake of Maracaïbo, by making calabashes or gourds float amongst the flock of these creatures when swimming, till they become familiarised with the sight: after that is effected, an Indian introduces his head into an empty calabash provided with sight holes for permitting him to observe his prey; he then advances towards them swimming, and all his body being concealed, presents to them no object of alarm. When he arrives near enough, he seizes a duck by the legs, and pulls it down so suddenly, that the creature can make no struggle, and utter no cry to alarm the vigilance of the other birds. In this way, any number of ducks may be procured. Now this very story, almost verbatim, we remember to have read, as far as we recollect, in *Barrow's Travels in China*. It is there related as the practice of the Chinese. We leave the reader to judge whether this is an extraordinary coincidence or a lying plagiarism.

The lake of *Valentia*, which exists also in these provinces, is much less considerable than that of Maracaïbo. Its length is rather more than ninety miles, and its breadth twelve. Many rivers empty their streams into this reservoir, from which however no outlet to discharge its waters has yet been discovered, and according to our author, the *evapo-*

ration, though great, is not enough to account for the lake not increasing. A sort of current having been noticed towards the centre, M. Depons thinks to demonstrate the existence of some subterraneous opening by which the waters make their way. Be this as it may, the lake is daily diminishing in extent, owing most probably to the numerous canals which the inhabitants have cut, to draw from the rivers a supply of water for the purposes of nourishing their plantations. The ground thus abandoned by the lake is of the most luxuriant fertility, and the cultivators, in the language of our author, are eager to lavish on this new soil 'their cares and their sweats.'

The population of the captainship-general of Caracas has not hitherto been well known. M. Depons however has had better opportunities for ascertaining this point by means of the annual census taken by the parish priests. In the Spanish dominions the performance of the duties of religion is not left to the discretion and conscience of the faithful ; but he who has confessed, which is strictly required to be done once every year at least, receives a certificate from the confessor containing one word only, *Confeso*, he has confessed, with the signature of the priest. This billet is presented to the curate, who admits the holder to the communion table, and takes his certificate from him, providing him with another equally brief, *Comulgó*, he has communicated. The curate afterwards visits all the families in his parish, and demands a billet from every individual. Thus the priests have the means of determining the number of their parishioners. Certain old women however, induced by various motives, go to confession and the communion tables often in the year, and receive, accordingly, many billets, one of which they are accustomed to keep for themselves, and to sell the rest to all the young reprobates of the parish for a piastre a piece, and for more as the time of collecting them approaches. The collectors also find some difficulties in the execution of their duty. Some of the parishioners go on a journey as the time of his visit approaches, others conceal a part of their family, while a few, more bold or less pious, fairly lock their doors and shut their windows, allowing the priest to exercise himself with knocking for admittance in vain, till he is told by some neighbour in concert, that nobody lives in that house. If, says M. Depons, I wanted to prove the uselessness of these precautions to make good Christians of the Indians, I should not want matter, but I mean only at present to show that the census is too low. According to that enumeration, however, the number of inhabitants amounts to 728,000, of which



the whites form two tenths, the slaves three, the freedmen four, and the Indians the remainder. For the great size of the provinces, this must be regarded as a most scanty sprinkling of inhabitants. The causes of so remarkable a thinness of population are various, but are to be found chiefly in the very bad and oppressive system pursued by the Spaniards in the government of their colonies. Nothing is more difficult than to procure permission to go even for a year or two from Old Spain to the American possessions, and leave is rarely granted for any person to settle there finally. Strangers, heretics, and those accused before the inquisition, even though acquitted, were specially prohibited from entering the Spanish Indies, and till very lately it was not allowed for any person whatever to go from one province to another. The severity of these regulations is of late however considerably relaxed, and a sum of money can procure for aliens the permission of entering and inhabiting the provinces of America.

The system of education has been on a very bad footing in these countries; though of late years a new spirit has arisen, and the study of the languages, of the fine arts, and of the sciences has become universal. The reader will perhaps be surprised to learn that there are few of the Spanish youth who do not by the aid of dictionaries alone master the difficulties of the English tongue, and even with laudable though feeble efforts, attempt its anomalous and discouraging enunciation. The formality of their grave dress is daily yielding to the frippery of the French costume; the long rapier itself no longer appears, that once dear companion of the Spaniard from the day that he quitted the arms of his nurse till he was extended on the bed of death. A young creole is now to be flattered by being mistaken for a Frenchman, with his remnant of a coat, his pantaloons up to his throat, his black crop, and his round hat. As Shenstone has observed,

‘ Good Lord, to see the various ways  
Of dressing a calf’s head.’

The laws of Spain with respect to marriage, formerly permitted minors to enter into the state of matrimony without the consent of their parents; but now, by a very recent royal edict, such concurrence is required till sons are 25 and girls 23 years of age. This change of law M. Depons calls holding up the flambeau of reason to the darkness of prejudice. We have great doubts however of the propriety of using this kind of flambeau in a country so miserably ill-peopled. But if the single young ladies of Caracas suffer little restraint, marriage communicates to them an unparalleled de-

gree of freedom. A bad wife is a triple curse to a Spaniard: she has only to complain to any magistrate that her husband keeps a mistress, spends his money in naughty ways, starves his family, or beats his better half, and without any proof of these accusations being asked or admitted, the poor man is either severely reprimanded, or sent to prison till his wife demands his enlargement. Upon the whole, really our surprise at the thinness of the population of these countries is very much abated by the knowledge of such circumstances. At this part of the work we have an account of a conspiracy of which the object was the independence of Caracas; but which was frustrated by the vigilance of the government. This happened so lately as in the year 1797. The number of negro slaves is not very considerable compared to their superabundance in the colonies of other nations; and the Spaniards, terrified by the example of St. Domingo, have latterly refused admission to additional numbers. M. Depons here compares the habits of the different European nations in the treatment of their negroes, and with no small exultation gives to his countrymen the honours of humanity. The English, says he, treat their slaves with a haughtiness strangely contrasted with the feelings which they profess, and the Spaniards, prodigal of prayers and catechisms, bestow upon them no other provisions than spiritual ones. An extremely singular privilege, however, is possessed by the Spanish negroes, each of whom may legally, and actually often does force his master to sell him for a very small sum in comparison to his value, by application to a magistrate; and manumission, far from being impeded as in other countries by taxes and legal difficulties, is so unrestrained that the number of free negroes bears a large proportion to the rest. Perhaps it may be said with truth, that in this very circumstance consists much of the safety of the Spanish colonies from those dreadful dangers which have ravaged and overwhelmed some of the French possessions, and which yet hang with an air of portentous threatening over the territories of other powers. Various laws restrain from the holding of public employments the manumitted slaves, and forbid them to indulge in the vain but coveted use of ornaments of gold, of silk, and of pearls. From all these restrictions however, the king is accustomed occasionally, upon payment of a fine, to grant a dispensation. Marriage is rarely contracted between the whites and people of colour, but the white women are frequently known to become pregnant by intercourse with the mulattoes, and to cast a thin and shameless veil over their incontinence by the public exposition of their

infants. It is here asserted that if a white girl is openly declared a mother in the way now stated, she is lost for ever in the general estimation; but the most complete proof of her libertinism short of positive demonstration, is supposed to detract nothing from her delicacy or her merit.

The fourth chapter treats of the Indians, as the aborigines of America have been absurdly styled; and M. Depons labours with no better success than his precursors to discover from what part of the globe these people have originated. The smallness of their numbers at the time that America was discovered, undoubtedly arose from their ignorance of the methods of procuring a plentiful subsistence, and their preference of the pursuits of hunting to those of agriculture. Their cruelties in war and their use of poisoned arrows mark the vices of all rude nations. Their religion was as imperfect as their manners were barbarous, and though they all admitted the immortality of the soul, the Indians of Terra Firma believed in the existence of no other spiritual being than a demon. The soul, according to some of these tribes, after death hovered round its earthly habitation, and in the persuasion of others fled to distant lakes in the bowels of a huge serpent that carried them to a delicious land, where they spent their days in dancing and getting drunk. When a beast is killed at the chase, the Indian of these districts opens its mouth and pours in some intoxicating liquor, in order that the soul of the dying animal may report to the rest of its kind the good treatment it has received, and they be encouraged to come to participate in the same favors; and the huntsmen actually await in confident expectation, the arrival of their dram-loving prey. Such are the superstitious extravagances, and such the unquenchable love of inebriation which govern these barbarous tribes. Upon the whole it may be remarked that few traces of the most moderate degree of civilization can be discerned amongst any of these people. They adhere to their savage customs with infinite obstinacy, and, though for the greater part long-subdued and peaceable subjects of the Spanish crown, yet notwithstanding the great orthodoxy and religious enthusiasm of that government, they have little more of christianity about them than the name.

The fifth chapter, which commences the second volume of this interesting performance, treats of the civil and military organization of these colonies. That nothing may be missed, we are favoured with a long dissertation on the origin of conquests, before we come to the consideration of the settlements of Caracas. M. Depons remarks with justice



the very different systems pursued by France and Spain with respect to their colonies. The French colonists universally regarded their residence in the Indies as temporary only, and looked to Europe for a home, for the acquirement of honours, and for the improvements of education. But it has been the successful policy of Spain to reverse all these circumstances, and to enable every individual to consider his birth-place as his home, the spot where his education might be completed and his rank elevated, and to unite in one great and consistent mass the heterogeneous materials of the Spanish empire. Caracas is governed by a captain-general, whose authority extends for seven years over every branch of public affairs within his provinces. But immediately under the King of Spain, the council of the Indies, composed of men of the highest rank who have served in America, conducts with despotic authority and admirable sagacity the whole fabric of the colonies. In this body all the patronage of the Indies is vested, and, according to our author, their integrity is as incorruptible as their political skill is unbounded. A numerous ecclesiastical body of bishops, monks, and curates, support the interests of the Catholic faith throughout these vast tracts, and unite themselves by strong ties with the priesthood and government of Europe. The administration of justice is committed to the care of various judges, but all persons belonging to the army or militia, or who have ever belonged to either of them, or who have obtained any rank from the king, claim the privilege of having all their causes, civil as well as criminal, conducted before a court martial. The processes before the Spanish courts are tedious and expensive, and our author divides all the people into two classes, one ruined by law chicanery, and the other enriched by it. Unfortunately, many countries may with equal truth make the same assertion respecting themselves. The Spanish laws spare with a morbid humanity the lives of the subjects, but regard with total contempt their personal liberty. On the slightest accusation, or the merest suspicion, a man is committed to prison, and every process is commenced by the confinement of the accused. It naturally arises out of this practice that imprisonment is regarded as no disgrace, and but a moderate inconvenience. 'A Spaniard,' says our author, 'goes to prison unmoved; he writes from it from morning to night to the men in authority, to his protectors, and to his friends. He receives there the visits of all his relations and of all his acquaintances with the same gaiety and confidence as if this place of grief and humiliation were his ordinary abode. He

departs from it with the same serenity ; he returns punctually the visits received there, and enters again into society without considering this event in the light of a misfortune.'

The maritime strength of these provinces is altogether trifling, and consists of a few miserable sloops. The military forces are much more numerous and respectable : the troops of the line and militia together, amount to about 13,000 men. But when the vast territory is considered, over which this body of defenders is thinly sown, it will be seen that the regions of *Terra Firma* owe more of their safety to the neglect of their enemies, than to the prowess of their troops. It can hardly admit of doubt, that a well-directed effort to free these districts from the dominion of Spain would be attended with success, if the offer of independance were held out to the inhabitants.

The sixth chapter of this work is allotted to the exposition of the religious organization of Caracas : the first and most formidable branch of this is the Holy Inquisition, of which though no body is established within the limits of these provinces, yet three tribunals, at Mexico, Lima, and Carthagena, are the inexorable defenders of the faith throughout all the districts of Spanish America. The greatest part of the duty of the inquisitors consists in the exercise of a rigid censorship on all books, new and old. Of many works part is expunged by their orders, and the writings of five thousand four hundred authors are utterly prohibited to the inspection of the faithful. M. Depons has enumerated a few of those, amongst which we observe the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, probably there placed on account of the piety and frequency with which our supposed countryman has applied himself to the quotation of scripture. Notwithstanding the devotion of the Spanish crown to the papal see, the pope has little authority and no patronage in its American dominions. The whole influence over the numerous and powerful clergy is centered in the person of the monarch, and is probably one of the most effectual engines by which he governs and restrains his distant territories. A long train of archbishops, bishops, canons, and curates, owe their appointments to the royal patronage, which descends even to the offices of sacristans and porters ; and the same influence reaches in the same degree to the army, the civil officers, and the law, as well as to every other department: it is a maxim that all favours should come from the king. These very means which have so strengthened and consolidated the royal power in Spanish America, are the same precisely as are at the present time employed in France by Buonaparte, to confirm his usurped autho-

riety, and, it is to be feared, can hardly fail of the same success.

At this part of his work, M. Depons breaks out into the warmest praises of the French curés, who were so good according to him, and did so much good, that they were rather regarded as tutelary angels, than as public functionaries. We believe they were generally virtuous and pious men. But the eulogium seems brought forward at a period peculiarly unlucky for the credit of his countrymen, whose government has been so miserably parsimonious in their allowance of stipend to these angels, that we learn from the pastoral letter of the archbishop of Rouen that priests cannot be found to fill the vacancies occasioned by death.

The chapter on ecclesiastical establishments concludes with some remarks on asylums which are still in existence in the territories of Spain, and afford a proof, in spite of all that our author argues, that civilization has made less progress, and superstition retained a more powerful influence there than in most other European possessions. We could indeed have excused M. Depons for the trouble which he has taken to demonstrate in separate sections truths so extremely evident, as that these places of refuge from the punishment due to crimes are injurious to law, that they counteract its action, that they encourage assassination, and that they ought to be abolished.

In the next chapter, agriculture and the preparations of colonial commodities are the objects of discussion.—Amongst the productions of these countries, the most valuable are the chocolate nut, indigo, cotton, coffee, sugar, and tobacco, of the growth of which, of the best method of cultivation, and of many other interesting particulars, we have here an amusing account, though, from the length and minuteness of the details, we can afford them only a general notice. Agriculture is, according to our author, very ill understood: a small part only of the estates is under cultivation, and there are no proprietors of considerable wealth. The causes of this imperfection are stated with great formality by M. Depons, under five heads, 1. The universality of mortgages on all estates, arising from the pride of Spanish character, which can bear to be poor, but not to appear so. 2. The annuities left as burthens on the landed property by the piety of the dying faithful, of which almost every estate has more or less. 3. The practice of living in towns, and regulating the family expences by the returns of their estates in the best years, a procedure probably congenial to the dis-



position of the inhabitants of warm climates, and certainly at least as common amongst our own countrymen as amongst any people in the world. 4. The contempt in which agriculture is held by the Spaniards of all ranks, who leave the care of the soil to negroes and mulattoes, and conceive themselves dishonoured by any attention to their estates, or superintendence of the management of them. 5. The last cause, is the scarcity of negroes, whom the Spaniards never imported themselves, and scarcely permitted others to import but in a clandestine manner. Yet the agriculture of this country, says our author, must utterly perish unless more blacks be introduced, since the present number of slaves daily diminishes by the surplus of deaths over births, and by the individuals who obtain their freedom through the benevolence or piety of their masters. This conclusion, however, is not unanswerable, and it seems not unlikely, that the efforts of free men may, when they become more numerous, far excel the extorted labours of slaves. If even the advantages were granted to be less, the security would be so infinitely greater as to outbalance all contrary considerations.

In the eighth chapter, which concludes the second volume, the attention of the reader is directed to the commercial system of Spain in regard to her colonies, and to the eastern part of Terra Firma in particular. The Spaniards have never regarded their possessions in the new world in any other light than as the treasures from which they could derive plentiful supplies of the precious metals. They have even by excessive taxes altogether impeded the exportation of articles from the European to the western territories, and thrown that beneficial commerce into the hands of other nations, as the Dutch and English. Various attempts have been made without success to stop the contraband trade, and resort has been had to measures of severity, to confiscations, and to degrading punishments. The consequence has been that many families have been ruined, much misery produced, and the contraband trade continued just as before. Such coercive means have indeed in all past experience proved ineffectual, and we trust will continue to do so in future. The Spaniards came much nearer their object of excluding strangers by opening their American ports to their own subjects under certain restrictions. In war time, however, it is in vain for the vessels of Spain to attempt to cross seas beset with the squadrons and cruisers of a victorious enemy, and the preponderance of the English fleets has always, of late years, proved the cause of a complete interruption of all communication between Spain and her colonies. Even the orders

of their government have been for successive years hindered from reaching their destination. In these circumstances, during an English war the experiment was made of opening their ports to the commerce of neutrals, under no other restrictions than those to which the Spanish flag was itself subjected. By these means abundance of European articles was introduced to supply the necessities of the colonies, and the colonial productions long accumulated in their warehouse, found a ready market. Thus something was saved, though the double profits of export and import, as well as freight, belonged to the neutrals. This state of affairs, however, excited the rage of the Spanish merchants, who saw their gains thus vanishing before their eyes, and in consequence of their remonstrance, all intercourse was again prohibited with strangers. M. Depons grumbles very much that the chief advantages of the change of measures should have been to the English, between whose colonies and those of Spain an active commerce began, and while a French flag durst scarcely for a day float in the breezes of the Antilles, the Spaniards displayed their national standard unmolested in every port of the English. In this division of the work a most excellent and extended account will be found of the commercial relations of Spain with America, as well as of all the changes which have taken place in their measures from the time of the discovery of the new hemisphere to the present day.

The administration of the revenue forms the subject of the ninth chapter, which commences the third volume. As this part of the work consists of details which do not admit of ready abridgment, we cannot enter deeply into the consideration of it. The revenues arise from impositions of the usual sort, with the addition of various exactions connected with the Catholic religion; for throughout Spanish America the king enjoys all the privileges which in Europe form part of the peculiar patrimony of St. Peter. The whole revenues of Caracas amount to about a million and a half of piastres, a sum frequently exceeded by the expences of its government, especially in time of war.

In the tenth chapter, we have a description of the various towns in these districts, regarding which, says M. Depons, hitherto as little known as the most forbidden regions of China, it becomes me to gratify as much as I can the reasonable curiosity of the reader. As the walls of cities however, though most useful in themselves, make a poor figure in the pages of history, and, whatever other good qualities they may have, form a subject very little amusing, we must pass in silence many of these details. But in this place, the attention is also directed to various customs, chiefly of a religious na-

ture, some of which will be found sufficiently interesting. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to contemplate any of the numerous and peculiarly absurd superstitions of the Spaniards without being moved either with sentiments of ridicule or compassion. The devotion of their ladies is especially edifying, and their vows are directed to a formidable host of saints and to virgins of every description, from our Lady of Mercy, to our Lady of the Seven Pains. Festivals occur almost daily, and though sometimes accompanied by music, fire-works, and other diversions, are never marked by any addition to the luxuries of the table. The sobriety of the Spaniards is unconquerable. One of the towns, Porto Cavello, is dreadfully insalubrious: a Spanish squadron stationed there for six months, lost one third of its complement of men, and four French vessels, of which two were very small, in the space of five days, buried 161 of their crews. As is also the case in our own settlements, great part of this terrifying mortality is to be attributed to the imprudence and intemperance of the sufferers. From the perusal of this chapter we have derived considerable information as well as entertainment, and we quit it with a regret that we cannot here do it the justice which its merits demand. But so little of the actual situation of these countries has been hitherto known, and that little has been so unsatisfactory, that we consider the offering of *M. Depons* to the public, as likely to prove gratifying to their taste as well as advantageous to their interests.

The eleventh and concluding chapter of this performance relates entirely to the province of Spanish Guyana, and to the great river Oronoko. Guyana is bounded by the Oronoko on the north, by the river of the Amazons on the south, the sea on the east, and the 70th degree of the longitude of Paris on the west. Of this great country, the Portuguese possess the southern part of the eastern border, the French that immediately north of it, the Dutch what is known by the names of Surinam, Essequibo, and Demerara, while all the rest is the undisputed property of the Spaniards. The account given of the Oronoko is ample and minute.

The sources of that immense river are yet unknown, though it is not difficult to guess, with some degree of probability, within a little of the real place of its origin. A question is discussed by our author at considerable length regarding the reported communication of the Oronoko with the river of the Amazons by a cross branch, the existence of which has been strongly contested and positively affirmed by those who have adopted the opposite opinions. In itself it seems a thing not very probable that such a communication should



exist. By means of it part of the water of one of these rivers must necessarily flow into the other, and where part makes its way, one would imagine the rest, or at least a great deal of the rest, would be apt to follow, having excavated a channel for itself. But as the reverse of this is not wholly impossible, it becomes a question of facts, and he who brings along with him the best arguments will naturally gain the most numerous proselytes to his opinion. All the ancient geographers and travellers, among whom are to be reckoned Le Fen and LaCondamine, have united in affirming the existence of this communication. 'But,' says M. Depons, 'in vain the apostles of India persist in denying it.' The unfortunate Pere Gamella, one of these missionaries, has particularly offended our author by his obstinacy on this point, and by his insisting with much positiveness and ill-humour that nobody could know better than himself every thing regarding the Oronoko, which for twenty-two years he has continually explored. Now, though M. Depons is not pleased altogether with this father, we cannot see any reason for denying his authority, as well as that of all the missionaries, on so slight grounds, and while nothing better is offered on the other side than a remark of Von Humboldt, which by no means implies his own personal knowledge of the fact. However, this point, we hope, will soon be more completely settled by the publication of the observations of that illustrious and indefatigable traveller.

The Oronoko delivers its waters to the ocean by fifty mouths, which occupy an extent of one hundred and eighty miles. Of these, however, no more than seven are navigable, partly from the scantiness of their waters, and partly from the difficulty of navigating through innumerable shoals. By means of these openings the facility of an extensive commerce is presented to the inhabitants of Guyana, the benefit of which, however, is in a great measure prevented by the absurd jealousies and narrow politics of the Spanish government. The Oronoko, if not the first river in the world, yields to none but that of the Amazons, and to that only in the wideness of its opening into the sea. The amazing volume of water contained in the channel of the Oronoko may be readily imagined when the reader is told that according to Von Humboldt, at the distance of six hundred miles from the ocean, this river is in breadth 2,503,000 toises, without any island to eke out its size. A toise being reckoned at six feet, this is equal in English measure to something less than three miles.

The Oronoko annually, like the Nile, experiences a periodical overflow of its waters, but the spectacle is so much the

more magnificent in the American river, as its magnitude greatly surpasses that of the African. Ninety miles from its mouth the water is still fresh, and for one hundred and twenty it continues to discolour the sea by the spoils of the continent through which it runs.

Spanish Guyana is a country of prodigious extent, more like an empire than a kingdom, and of a fertility which yields to nothing within the limits of the torrid zone. It has been altogether neglected by its present masters, who, already overburthened by enormous possessions which they know not how to manage, are little disposed to undertake plans of improvement, or to depart from the errors of their forefathers. It appears that the white population of the Spanish territories in America is thin and not increasing, that the Indians rather diminish, and certainly acquire no useful habits, but eat and sleep careless of the future, and, except mumbling a few prayers of which they do not understand the meaning, are in no respect better than they were three centuries ago; while even the negroes partake of the qualities of the Spanish soil. In all Guyana, if M. Depons be correct, are to be found no more than 34,000 inhabitants of all ages and colours. Such a system of wretchedness and sloth has never before endured for a space so long, and it is highly to be desired that these fertile districts should be freed from the Spanish yoke, and, without being the property of any European government, should in a state of independence hold communication with all. To no countries would this change be more advantageous than to England, and to none would the execution of it prove less difficult. Our attempts to promote the independence of Mexico, of Peru, of Chili, or even of Terra Firma, would be assisted by the wishes and the zealous efforts of the inhabitants, and the success of such enterprises would turn out infinitely more advantageous to us than the acquisition of the actual sovereignty of all the capes and islands of the globe, of which the conquest is expensive, the retention ruinous, and the benefit dubious.

At the end of this chapter M. Depons gives an account of the ideas which have been entertained of the existence of a country of immense wealth in the central parts of Guyana, where the very roofs of the houses are said to be of solid gold. But after a long discussion, he arrives at the most unquestionable conclusion, that no such country can possibly have existed for so long a time as is asserted, without more positive proofs regarding it having been hitherto adduced. With this the volumes before us conclude: and we part from them with regret, and most readily admit that they surpass in mat-

ter and execution almost all the recent publications of the kind. The French make excellent travellers; and M. Depons happily illustrates the truth of this remark. His style is very pleasing and very lively, with general correctness and frequent elegance. His information is extensive, and from every circumstance that we can gather, accurate. His inferences are commonly ingenious as well as just, though tinged with a nationality of thinking, and a ridiculous partiality for his countrymen, qualities which appear most foolish when contrasted with general and indisputable excellence. The work, upon the whole, deserves our warmest approbation, and we do not hesitate to recommend it to the perusal of the reader as a performance well calculated to amuse his hours of leisure, and to combine solid instruction with agreeable recreation.

ART. V.—*Statistique Elementaire de la France, &c.*

*Elementary Statistics of France; containing the Principles of this Science, and their Application to the Analysis of the Wealth, Resources, and Power of the French Empire. For the Use of Persons destined to the Study of Government. By James Peuchet. pp. 639. 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THERE is perhaps no other branch of human knowledge that requires so profound a judgment, so accurate and comprehensive an appreciation of the genius of different classes of people, and of the physical character of nations, as what is usually denominated statistics. The writer who has observed the character and customs of only one nation of modern Europe, can have no more claims to the title of statistician, than he who knows only a dialect of a single language can have to that of grammarian. It is indeed a science which results in a great measure from a comparison of the productions and productive powers of different nations. Without such general and accurate knowledge, all statistical works are calculated to make a display of learning, beneath which gross ignorance is concealed. Numerous historical facts, it is true, may be collected and arranged with much chronological accuracy, indicating very distinctly the origin and progress of different articles of commerce in a particular state; but such tables, unless confronted with similar ones of all other commercial countries, are mere hieroglyphics that evince but the contented ignorance of their authors. Pom-



ous tables of local imports or exports, without regard to their average value in the commercial world, and to the influence of political circumstances, can at best serve but as data, whence the statist draws general and practical results. Yet even this negative merit cannot be ascribed to the work of M. Peuchet. He who wishes to examine a specimen of the most laborious ignorance, or to experience the soporific influence of verbose dullness, may turn to the present *Statistique elementaire*. M. Peuchet appears to have read whatever relates to statistics; to have studied every thing, and comprehended nothing. As an old inland custom-house drudge, and as one of the literary labourers employed at the *Statistique generale*, &c. which we have noticed in a former Appendix, some examples of practical knowledge were to be expected, though perhaps nothing that required either talents, judgment, or profound science in any department. From the immense quantities of paper converted to the purpose of statistical reports in republican and consular France, it was no arduous task to select matter sufficient to occupy 600 octavo pages, without devoting 50 to the author's preliminary dissertation, which he is pleased to call 'a discourse on the study of statistics, on the manner of writing, (in imitation of Mably), and on the writers in that science.' Here the author should have displayed something of the spirit of inquiry, should have marked the increase of commerce and manufactures, noticed the rise, progress, and effects of luxury and civilization, compared the influence of local laws, local wants and local manners, on the progress of commercial speculation, as they relate to provinces, to states, and to the whole trading world. From these inquiries he should have proceeded to apply his commercial history to that of population, and have shewn how the facilities of intercourse, the substitution of specific values in metal for the vague mode of barter, and the increased resources and conveniences of life have united and augmented society, have stimulated industry and rendered it more and more productive, and have disseminated real knowledge and virtue among men. To the philosopher and legislator, such researches would have furnished lessons of political wisdom; to merchants they would have served as the solid basis of all their commercial speculations, as being indicative of the permanent sources of the necessary wants and marketable superfluities of all the different countries. Hence too would have appeared the natural effects of commerce on civilization, and its great influence in augmenting population and establishing moral honesty and the social virtues. All com-

mercial nations, from Tyre, Carthage, and Venice, down to the states of Holland, have ever been numerously peopled. There are indeed instances of agricultural countries being sufficiently populous; but such people have still retained their pristine savage manners and customs; whilst those who have applied themselves to commerce and trade have as uniformly improved their minds, substituted real virtues for ungoverned passions, administered to the general comforts of life, and contributed to extend the principles of science, truth, and justice. These are facts graven in the front of history and sanctioned by the hand of time, which no idle declamation, no vain sophistry can controvert or deny.\* Wandering tribes are free-booters; pastoral ones, petty thieves; and more extensive agricultural settlers become warlike plunderers. The history of the Jews, as well as that of all other nations, corroborates these remarks, and also demonstrates that it was commerce which first taught men the practical principles of justice to their superiors, equals, and inferiors. The same position holds good to the present hour, and that country which has attained the highest degree of commercial intercourse, must also have acquired the most efficient and most exalted principles of civil justice. The existence indeed of the latter is essential to the former; and, as justice is a relative virtue, in proportion as it is more general in any nation, so much the more perfect must that people be. It is from this virtue only that we can hope to effect any general and permanent reform in civil society. Should ever an implicit obedience to its dictates universally and invariably prevail, then, and then only, would guilt and vice vanish from amongst men.

Perhaps however it is in vain that we blame M. Peuchet for not presenting us with some such matter in his long preliminary dissertation; he has neither talents nor liberty for such a task. Yet why affect such consummate knowledge of his subject? Why attempt to define the limits of a science before he could comprehend its elements? Why endeavour to criticize and even abuse his predecessors and fellow labourers, unless to betray his own imbecility, and the servitude to which every possible kind of inquiry is subjugated in France? Had he indeed attempted, however imperfectly, a philosophical disquisition in the manner above alluded to, it would have brought to the recollection of his readers the duties of merchants and legislators, two classes of people

---

\* This is true even in China.

who for many years have had no existence in France. Such a hint might have been more dangerous than useful.

But to return more immediately to the work of our brother-critic. After labouring in vain to define the etymology of the word *statistic*, he attempts with no better success to explain the particular elements of this science. He exclaims bitterly against the introduction of details in natural history, agriculture, geography, and topography, into works on statistics; he is equally hostile to political arithmetic, and seems to insinuate obscurely that the actual state of commercial wealth, revenues, population, and warlike forces, are the sole objects of statistical science. This would be, to make our Exchequer-chancellor's annual budget, a perfect statistical account of the united kingdom! It is true, the details of English finance are merely statistical, but neither M. Peuchet nor any of his countrymen have ever been able fully to comprehend them. The author indeed acknowledges that this science has been invented and brought to its present state of perfection in this country; but he has no idea of the mathematical accuracy which it has attained. In the seventeenth century Sir William Petty first reduced it in some measure to a system, and all his descendants, down to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, have more or less contributed, by their publications of political tracts, to render it familiar to almost all classes of British subjects. Frenchmen now begin to write on the science of statistics, without comprehending it: they have indeed no legislation; nor has any other country in the known world ever possessed a financial legislation but England, and her trans-atlantic offspring. This, doubtless, is one of the causes that have contributed to her great superiority in the arts, sciences, and commerce, and to that superior judgment and virtue, which have raised human nature to a height unknown in any other country, and which caused an enlightened Frenchman to entitle the English nation 'la seule nation d'hommes, parmi les troupeaux innombrables qui rampent sur la terre.'

M. Peuchet concludes his prefatory effusions with a review of the different publications on French statistics, (kindly omitting all those of the *economistes*) in which he gravely tells us that they are all very good, but not quite perfect in every respect. Our author's review indeed presents us with nearly the same information as that of a *Catalogue raisonné*, which French booksellers are so generous as to communicate to their countrymen, who would rather read than buy books, and rather write than cipher. The work of Moheau, however, forms an important article in this review: his '*Re-*



*cherches et Considerations sur la Population de la France, en 1778,* are pronounced perfect, and absolutely the best work ever written on the same subject; it is the basis on which our author has formed the work before us.

M. Peuchet divides his book into ten chapters, on the extent of territory; regions; departments; their political, administrative, judicial, and religious organization; population; productions of the French territory; produce of labour; commerce; revenues; and warlike forces. The first three chapters are occupied chiefly with geographical and topographical details, against which much violent declamation was used in the preliminary dissertation, as incompatible with statistical works. The author compiled this volume prior to the annexation of Genoa to the French territory, consequently his descriptions are imperfect; nor is it likely that any succeeding one will be more fortunate until the empire of Charlemagne shall be completely re-established. It is not therefore important what are the actual divisions and boundaries of France, but what she aims at making them. The same may be said of the brief historical outline (interesting in itself, but entirely misplaced here) of the civil and religious establishments. These have all been three times radically changed by Buonaparte: what they will next be moulded to, we shall not inquire, but think it was very needless in M. Peuchet to devote a considerable part of a volume to treat of the actual condition of institutions, which are in a state of continual metamorphose. We have before stated from personal observation, that in France there were no public schools regularly maintained, except in Paris, and M. Peuchet reluctantly confirms the facts. Immense sums are levied on the people for public instruction, but they are all converted to purposes much more suitable to the autocratical ambition of their master than to the promotion of education. The necessity of public seminaries has indeed become so urgent, that the friars (called *Ignorantins*) of Lyons have established one; and in several other places schools have been instituted and supported by voluntary contribution. The enumeration of the schools of Paris, however, is sufficiently splendid, and consoles the author for their rarity throughout the country. It appears that there are in Paris, which contains a population of perhaps something more than 400,000 individuals, 217 old physicians, 256 old surgeons; 111 doctors in medicine, and 10 doctors in surgery, received after the new forms; 252 officers of health, and 23 midwives; total 1079. This account does not include

either apothecaries or druggists, the latter of whom are neither very numerous nor their concerns extensive. If we consider the general penury, idleness, and love of splendour that prevail in Paris, it will appear surprising how more than one medical practitioner to every 400 can possibly exist. On the other hand, it is a fact which we have often observed, that there are few people of whatever age or condition in life, who are not almost incessantly courting the influence of medical regimen, either to improve their complexion, or repair the ravages of time or debauchery.

Some items respecting the number and powers of tribunals (shall we call them of justice or of law?) may convey a tolerably accurate notion of the litigious state of a French neighbourhood. Besides 3539 justices of peace in France, there are 3530 tribunals of police for deciding petty quarrels; 427 tribunals of correctional police; 427 tribunals of the first instance, or of examination, the duties of which are nearly similar to those of our grand juries, and which were, in 1802, supported at the expence of more than 130,619*l.*; 31 tribunals of appeal supported by 77,657*l.*; 108 criminal courts of justice (besides special tribunals, which, in 1802, received near 1000*l.*) the judges of which receive annual salaries to the amount of 113,100*l.* These tribunals, composed of three judges each, frequently sentence criminals to be branded with letters on the shoulder, and other parts of the body. The *ci-devant tribunal*, now *court* of Cassation, consists of 48 judges, who receive 24,092*l.*; the general expences of this court exceed 25,703*l.* annually. The entire expence of judges for the 11th year, it appears, amounted to 376,849*l.*; of attornies, &c. 93,872*l.*; secret expences 30,612*l.*; total for that year (1802) 525,000*l.* sterling. This sum, although very considerable in France, where the difficulties of procuring money are so much greater than those attending the production of the necessities and even luxuries of life, may be the amount of the government-salaries of lawyers, but it is not perhaps a tenth of what is annually expended in that country in carrying on suits at law in all the different courts. The expences of law-suits to the plaintiffs and defendants are always regulated by the wealth of the parties; if both are rich, it is common for the courts to suspend their decisions until they receive a *douccur* nearly equal to the sum in litigation, and when they at length pronounce judgment, it is very generally accompanied with a powerful demand of remuneration for the trouble they have taken! On the ecclesiastical establishments, it appears that only

90,949l. are annually expended, about one-sixth of what is given for law!

The chapter on population betrays great incapacity, and even an ignorance of the common principles of arithmetic. The latter indeed might be expected from the author's hatred of political arithmetic, and the silly objections which he made to Playfair's Elements of Statistics, merely because he used arithmetical notation. M. Peuchet states the whole number of inhabitants in the countries which compose the French empire, to be 34,976,313; but he afterwards reduces this number by a few thousands, for which we have no other reason than that it was too great! From an immense chaos of contradictory opinions and estimates we have been able to learn that, according to reports presented to Chaptal, the total number of births was 955,977, one-fourth of which were *illegitimate*. The proportion of births to the entire population is as 1 to 28  $\frac{3}{10}$ ; that of the deaths as 1 to 30.\* This surplus of births of 1  $\frac{7}{10}$  is announced as a proof of an increased and increasing population; but M. Peuchet does not seem to know that more than one-seventeenth of the annual population is necessary to account for emigrations and other casualties, which are never estimated in the number of deaths, but which have the same effect on the general population. The number of births in London annually, exceeds that of the deaths in a much greater proportion: so that although it is not considered the most productive nor the most healthful part of the British empire, yet it surpasses these estimates for the whole of France. It is confessed that about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the inhabitants of France are females; we are in possession of documents to prove that there are just now above two, in many parts three females to one male. From our author's estimate, it appears that according to Buonaparte's laws, even during peace,  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the male inhabitants (from the age of 17 to 41) are annually converted into soldiers! In this state they are doomed to celibacy, and legally annihilated, as to the propagation of their species. The marriages are as 1 to 132  $\frac{7}{10}$  of the population; and according to a recent law, (a favourite project of Buonaparte) marriages cannot be contracted, no matter what may be the age or character of the parties, unless given away by their parents, or if dead, by their nearest relations!

---

\* The author has sometimes reversed this order by making the deaths more than the births, in a manner somewhat *Hibernian*; the above, however, is what is really intended, as published by Chaptal.



Thus a marriage cannot be celebrated at Paris between two provincialists without their parents coming from their respective provinces; nor can that of an Italian and Dutchwoman be celebrated in France, unless their parents come from Italy and Holland to give their approbation! Such are the modern laws for the protection of morality.

Our author's section on longevity and the relative proportions of age to the population, although very short and defective, may tend to show how he has exaggerated the number of inhabitants. It is stated, that in the departments between the 47th and 52d degrees of latitude, the number of male births only exceeds that of the females by  $\frac{1}{15}$ th, while in those between the 43d and 47th there is an excess of  $\frac{1}{15}$ th: in the country, it is also alleged that the male births surpass the female only by  $\frac{1}{16}$ th, and in the towns by  $\frac{1}{15}$ th. These estimates we shall not at present controvert. Of these births 23\* in every 100 die before completing their first year. One fourth of the entire population is said to be from 1 to 10 years of age;  $\frac{4}{21}$  from 11 to 20;  $\frac{2}{13}$  from 21 to 30;  $\frac{1}{7}$  from 31 to 40;  $\frac{1}{8}$  from 41 to 50;  $\frac{1}{13}$  from 51 to 60;  $\frac{1}{20}$  from 61 to 70;  $\frac{1}{40}$  from 71 to 80;  $\frac{1}{160}$  from 81 to 90, of the total number of inhabitants. In the last terms of this estimate from 81 to 90, (in the original it is from 91 to 100) a palpable mistake occurs which we have not the means of rectifying.

But let us apply these numbers to the annual births, as before given. Born in one year 955,977, of which 219,874 die before attaining the age of twelve months, which leaves the effective number only 736,102;—238,994 die under 10 years, leaving a residue of this generation only 497,108; from 10 to 20 years 182,091 die, residue 315,017; from 20 to 30, 147,073, leaving 167,944; from 30 to 40, 136,568 die, which leaves only 31,376 survivors of this generation after 40 years. From 40 to 50, according to this calculation of our author, 119,497 die, which is 88,121 more than the amount of the whole generation! This will certainly convince the most inattentive reader how absurd and erroneous is M. Peuchet's attempt to augment the number and the length of lives in France.

The mean term of the duration of life is here given at 28 years and 9 months, (according to Morgue† it is only

\* The author, in all his subsequent calculations, totally omits the immense number which dies under twelvemonths old.

† We always refer to Morgue as a creditable authority, because we have collated his tables with the records in the hospital of Montpellier, and because that town is the most salubrious in France, and consequently the most favourable to population.

26 years 3 months,) yet our author supposes  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the total number of souls from 31 to 40, and  $\frac{1}{8}$ th from 41 to 50 years of age! 'The number of sick and infirm amounts to  $\frac{1}{20}$ th of the population, and the mortality each month is  $\frac{1}{40}$ th of those diseased.' Both these estimates are very considerably under the truth. 'In the army, during war  $\frac{1}{2}$ th of the soldiers are sick; and in the military hospitals  $\frac{1}{23}$ d of the diseased die every month.'—'In the hospitals of Paris from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the patients die (a fact not very honourable to the physicians); in the *Hopital des Vénériens* about  $\frac{1}{10}$ th die.'

In these estimates we perceive nothing of the mathematical accuracy, though much of the manner, of Morgues' Essay on Statistics. On the number of inhabitants to each square league, the author himself seems doubtful about deciding, and follows the opinions of Necker in 1784, and Pommelles in 1789, both of whom exaggerated the real number, the one to increase the finances, the other to augment the armies. Necker calculated 916 persons to every square league (French); Pommelles only 905; but M. Peuchet alleges that there are now  $1,093\frac{3}{4}$  souls on each square league! This increase, it ought to be premised, is not in consequence of the additional countries annexed to France, but, as it is here asserted, in consequence of an increase in the general population of the ancient territory of France.—The French have published numerous volumes on almost all the arts: on the art of sleeping, art of begetting children cleverly, art of eating, art of credulity, &c. but we do not recollect any on the *art of lying*, although it is a science in which many of them are profound adepts. A practical treatise written by a Frenchman in his best manner on the 'art of lying,' would unquestionably eclipse all our Munchausens, &c. and even the memory of Dean Swift himself.

With respect to the general population of France, we have on a former occasion\* stated its amount, and our reasons for believing and even asserting that it could not be greater than our calculation. M. Peuchet here offers us another means of ascertaining the real number of souls in the French empire. He states that the annual number of births is equal to  $28\frac{1}{2}$  of the total inhabitants, and gives only 955,977 for that number, which would make a population of 27,087,015 souls, an estimate, which, though much less

---

\* See Appendix to the 4th and 5th Volumes of the Critical Review. Art. Herbin.

than the author's, we consider to be about two millions greater than the reality. Much is said of the populousness of the Italian states; but the late ingenious Fontana\* has shewn, so late as 1798, that many parts of the country now occupied by the French are extremely unwholesome, and that  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of the inhabitants die annually. Indeed the number of inhabitants in all parts of Italy has been decreasing for several years past. But, were the French government conscious of such an enormous population, why has it not published a general census, the same as the English and Spanish governments have done? In the latter, not only the number of houses is given, but their inhabitants are classed, and the precise number of males and females devoted to each trade, arranged in opposite columns, in such a manner that in every province and large town the number of mechanics, merchants, nobles, monks, nuns, and soldiers, may be precisely known.

Our author's account of the French territorial productions, like the 'Statistique generale' before alluded to, is chiefly compiled from Lavoisier and Arthur Young's Tour. He confesses indeed that many of Mr. Young's estimates of the productive fertility of France, are much greater than facts will warrant. Had Mr. Young travelled deliberately over France as a naturalist, in pursuit of minerals, or botanical studies, instead of a visionary agricultural theorist, he would not have so far deceived the world with an idea of the extreme fertility of that country.

The chapter on the product of labour, offers nothing new except the duty called the *patents*. This is a direct tax on every kind of industry, and may be considered as one of the poll-taxes, which vary from about 6 francs to several hundreds. Every artisan and mechanic is obliged to pay for his *patente*, that is, a legal privilege to follow his trade, in proportion to the money he can earn; and the most industrious, of course, pay the heaviest duty according to this mode of estimation. The Constituent Assembly proposed this tax, and calculated that it would produce above 23 millions of livres; but, such is the state of that country with its boasted increase of population, that, except during the period of the late truce, this tax has gradually diminished to less than one fourth of its original amount.

The loss of the French fisheries, which employed 86,668

---

\* See his excellent *Dissertazione di aritmetica politica, sopra il modo di calcolare la vita media dell'uomo, e sopra l'errore degli scrittori d'aritmetica politica, &c.*



tons of shipping, and produced 6 millions of livres annually, is feelingly lamented by our author. We pity the writer who is obliged to furnish a pompous statistical account of the actual commerce of France! M. Peuchet, however, like his predecessors, has given us pretty ample extracts from Necker, and has wisely declined saying any thing of the commerce of modern France, which he well knows has had no existence for some years past. In the financial details, it appears that Buonaparte has adopted the English term *budget*, for the amount of the different receipts of revenues and the disbursements of the government. The estimate, or rather the budget for the 18th year, supposes the amount of the receipts to be  $18\frac{1}{2}$  millions sterling, of which 916,666l. are from what Sir Francis d'Ivernois calls *Reccites exterieures*, and 833,333l. from the sale of national domains. A sum nearly equal to this has been annually produced from the same source; but the national domains must one day or other be all sold, when the deficit may be irremediable. We perceive also that above a million of this revenue arises from deposits of money and its interest, given as pledges of honesty by those appointed to offices of trust or emolument. Such securities may be, and no doubt are, indispensable in France; but they will unquestionably superinduce a mode of reasoning but too common in that country, and which always seeks for indemnification without regard to the means. Peculation indeed is not deemed unjust by most officers of that description. It is a truth applicable to all classes and situations in life, that whatever is done from no other motive than the mere pecuniary recompence attached to it, will never either benefit society or do credit to the individual.

The concluding chapter on the national forces of the French empire is thus introduced:

‘The most numerous military corps is the infantry; that of France is at the same time the bravest in Europe; an honour which has long been the portion of the Spanish infantry, and which it retained till the battle of Rocroi, in 1643. The Russian infantry at present appears to hold the second rank in Europe; that of Prussia no longer rates but after the Austrian troops, and after them the English infantry, the worst of all.

This abuse of the English soldiers has been industriously propagated in France as a national creed which it was necessary and politic to inculcate, and has become nearly as general as a similar opinion in this country, that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen.

Although we hold all national prejudices to be in the highest degree contemptible, yet we believe we may with safety assert, that on confronting some of these gasconading warriors

with facts, they could not produce one instance from the days of Edward I. to the present hour, where a French army had either taken or forced an English one of equal numbers to retreat.

We have extended our remarks on this unworthy compilation to a considerable length, because circumstances have rendered us perhaps better acquainted with the general design of these statistical works, than many of our contemporaries. Two or three similar works are announced as nearly ready for publication. These form a part, and that a very important one, of Buonaparte's means of re-establishing, first the empire of Charlemagne, and finally that of ancient Rome; they display the countries under his dominion as populous, rich, and happy; while those under the neighbouring governments are represented as miserable, tired of their rulers, and solicitous of participating in the blessings of his imperial protection. Treachery, bribery, ignorance and vulgar credulity, have moreover given effect to these false representations on the continent; in this country they will be believed with caution.

---

ART. VII.—*Aelteste erdkunde des Morgenlaenders, Ein biblisch-philologischer versuch von Philipp Buttman.* Berlin. 1806.

*An Essay on the Knowledge of the Earth in the East in ancient Times.*

AN enquiry into the ideas of the ancients on the form of the earth, has been prosecuted with great industry in Germany; but it has been chiefly confined to the knowledge which we derive from the Greeks. Heyne, Mannert, Noss, Gosselin, have all laboured with various degrees of success in this field of enquiry; and, if Rennell has not attained his wish in the representation of the earth according to the ideas of Herodotus, yet the plan was well devised, and he deserves great credit for the attempt. What, however, these writers have attempted for the geographical representations of the Greeks and Romans, has been left untried in general for the Hebrews, and this treatise, from a man of learning, of a comprehensive turn of mind, and clearness of conception, is therefore the more worthy of our attention. Its object is to discover the meaning of the old tradition of Eden, with the four streams flowing out of it, of which the first chapter of Genesis contains only a concise account.

According to our author, Eden could not have been on this side of the Euphrates, and we must look to some part

of the earth, where are four great rivers, by which we may form an idea of the district in question. The inspired author represents the four rivers as if they flowed from one source, from one single district; this source however was unknown to him. It existed on those heights out of whose paradisaical gardens the original sinners were driven, and to which all future access was barred by angels with flaming swords. These heights are probably the chain of mountains called Imaus and Paropamisus, which to the inhabitants of the southern countries were the limits of their geographical knowledge. On this chain of mountains lived the original father of the human race in a delicious garden. On offending the divine command he was driven from the garden, and soon after, Cain, the first murderer, was driven for his crimes to the east of this country, to a land of wretchedness, and a curse or sentence was passed on him, that he should with his posterity live a wandering life. Directly to the east of Cashmire, near which our author places Paradise, live the wandering Tartars, whose roving life must to the settled inhabitants of the southern countries appear most wretched, and as arising only from some calamitous state, which they interpreted into a curse.

If from Cashmire we proceed southwards towards India, four great rivers present themselves to our notice. Pison or Pisong, the Besynga of Ptolemy, and the present Irabatti, the most remote from the western Asiatics and least known to them, is therefore more fully described. It flows through the celebrated Chavila, where are gold and precious stones, and this country was called by the Greeks, *χρυσεν χώρα*. The author here uses the words 'flows through,' but in the original it is *סוב*, which rather means 'surrounds.' It was, we should therefore imagine, the eastern limit of the country in question; as in early times it was most natural that rivers should be boundaries of districts. Gihon is probably the Ganges, a stream of high honour in all times; Chin, the Hind or Indus; Dekel, or as in later times Dekl, Dikla, the Tigris; but, as the knowledge of these rivers was lost to the western Asiatics, the two rivers were confounded in one, and called by one name Hiddekel. As the Euphrates was universally known to the Hebrews, it required no farther explanation.

These conjectures are established upon much reading, and in general we feel much inclined to adopt them. We cannot, however, approve of the frequent use of the word *μυθος* when applied to any part of the scriptures; but this is a prevalent fashion among one class of the learned in Germany,



and they affect to treat the knowledge we derive from the inspired writers in the same manner as they would the fables of the Greeks and Romans. That our author belongs to this class, is evident, not only from this treatise, but from another, in which much learning is displayed on the two first *μυθoi* of the Mosaic original history. These *μυθoi*, according to him, took their rise from a people living in the south-eastern part of Asia, and he grounds this conjecture on the circumstance, that Jehovah allowed to man food from the vegetable world alone, to which also the animal world was limited. This seems to have been originally the fiction of a nation and religious sect, that abhorred animal food, and they endeavoured to establish the prohibition of such food, by the tradition of an original command from the creator, and of a golden age, in which even the animals did not devour each other. As this was not the case with the Hebrews, we are not to look to their race for the origin of this tradition, but to the south of Asia, where at the present day the greater part of the inhabitants hold animal food in detestation.

ART. VIII. *Des cultes qui ont précédés et amenés l'Idolatrie, &c.*

*A Treatise on the different Forms of Worship which preceded and introduced Idolatry, or the Worshipping of human Figures. By J. A. Dulaure. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE origin of idolatry is lost in the obscurest recesses of history. We know only that it began very early after the flood, and of all the writers upon the subject, the author of the book of Wisdom, whoever he was, seems to have assigned the most probable causes for this perversion of human reason. The moment that the great truth was lost, that there was only one being to whom divine adoration was due, and that men could persuade themselves that more persons than one had divine command over human affairs, the door was open to every absurdity; each age would increase the stupidity of its predecessors, and the poems of Homer would naturally be disgraced by the condescension of the poet to the vile taste of his countrymen. In the history of idolatry, Homer's poems date far from its source; Hesiod, Orpheus, and Linus, are equally incapable of rendering us any assistance. Egypt with her population of gods might aid our researches if her hieroglyphics were understood; but to the Chaldeans most probably our attention ought to be

directed, and, as their early records have not escaped the devouring hand of time, the solution of the question is not very speedily to be expected.

The author of this work flatters himself that he has made the important discovery, and he has worked it up into a system, according to the custom of his countrymen, which will be read with pleasure, and serve for occasional amusement. We cannot flatter the public with any other benefit from these researches, except that at times he is led by his subject to some very ingenious remarks, which throw light on the obscurer places of heathen mythology. As written records can give us but little aid in the proposed question, it was necessary to lay down some principles as a clue to conduct us in our wanderings, and these appear in the following form: 1. What is simple, is more ancient than what is complicated. 2. In the early stages of society, the state of man as to his morals, differed but little from that of the savage at the present day; his religious opinions were errors. 3. The errors of antiquity, in spite of the improvements in knowledge, were respected. Civilization, as it advanced, polished, adorned, or hid them under the veil of allegory. 4. Symbols are not merely objects of nature, but also works of art.

Aided by these principles, our author conducts us into the midst of his idols and symbols, and he makes a remark which will not be admitted without hesitation, that the principal source of the errors of antiquity, arose in the confusion of the symbol, with the being it was intended to represent. Thus they believed that the sign, figure, or symbol, had the same virtue, the same supernatural power, whether for benevolent or malevolent purposes, as the deity of which it was the object. But this fact in the history of idolatry, which is confirmed by a similar delusion of ignorant people in the Romish church, could scarcely have commenced with idolatry. Idolatry must have preceded it, and mankind must for a long time have been accustomed to bow down to an image, before they could have ascribed to it any active qualities.

Three species of religious opinions, each still existing in the world, paved the way for idolatry. The belief in a supernatural power joined to an inanimate object, was an early error. It prevails still in full extent in Africa, and the objects of their superstition are called Fetiches. Thus, whatever made a strong impression on the mind, the noise of thunder, the violence of the torrent, the roaring of the winds, the heat of the sun, became an object of religious

awe and adoration. In process of time men examined these objects with greater attention ; the motion of the sun, and moon, and stars, required a degree of skill. The things themselves were adored, as if endowed with intelligence, and they, who were best acquainted with the motions of these gods, acquired reputation and formed themselves into a body of priests. Thus Sabeism, or the worship of the host of heaven, became the established religion. The step was easy from the worship of inanimate to that of animated matter, and policy was gratified by the greater security for allegiance in the worship paid to a departed hero. The human mind thus debased, sunk at once into a step which degraded it still more, and transferred its homage from the objects of nature, or an imaginary god, to the work of their own hands, an image of wood or stone.

But in this progress of mankind towards idolatry, it is presumed, that the primitive state of society was that of uncultivated and savage life ; an opinion which is by no means to be reconciled with the only true history we have of it, and that is in our Bibles. The language held by Abraham to the sons of Heth indicates no such state ; and we should rather attribute idolatry to a very early perversion of mind, to base depravity, than to this progress which is assigned to it. The tale current among the Jews, that Abraham left Chaldea from detestation of idol-worship, makes idolatry to have had an early origin ; and we are more inclined to ascribe to Nimrod this detestable mode of establishing both civil and religious tyranny. Force and fraud co-operated at that time to make a great change in human affairs ; but the descendants of the sons of Noah were by no means an ignorant, uncultivated race. If we have seen the purity of Christianity debased by the wicked arts of the Romish church, can we be surprised that at an early age of the world a similar spirit of deception should be at work ; and that for equally sinister purposes, men should have been gradually brought from the worship of the only true God, to that of idols, devised by the cunning of a few, to gain the dominion over the consciences of the many ?

On the worship of Fetiches, very ingenious remarks are made. Mountains, forests, fountains, rivers, lakes, seas, disgraced by this species of worship, pass in review before us ; but if the author means by Hebrews, the descendants of Abraham, there is no reason to believe that either the patriarch himself, or his son Isaac, or grandson Jacob, with his children, paid any veneration to the oak of Mamre. The worship, which is paid at the present day to the river Ganges by



the Hindoos, is sufficiently known to our countrymen, and from that we may form the best notion of the ancient worship paid to similar objects. But our author here carries us into a new field of enquiry, and would persuade us, that he can in an easy manner remove the veil of allegory, which covers idolatry.

The early possessors of country, to secure themselves from continual disputes on the rights of territory, encircled each region by a space of uncultivated ground, and as this was called *eremos* in Greek, the name *Hermes* easily arose from it. On these frontiers were placed the principal objects of worship : on them were performed funeral rites ; tombs were placed there : and they were the theatre of several civil and religious ceremonies. To prove this, instances are brought of the adoration of mountains which were on the frontiers of countries, and of sacred stones placed also on these frontiers. As the uncultivated ground was called *Hermes*, in process of time the limits of the colossal pillars upon them were called by the same name ; and as here religious rites were performed, by degrees adoration was paid to the pillars. These pillars were made in various forms ; and hence arose the terms *Hermapollo*, *Hermathene*, *Hermaphroditus* ; according to the god whose head was fixed on its top. Instances in great number are given of these pillars placed in various parts of the world ; and we have no doubt, that when property in land was established, it was natural to make the separation valid by all that society held most sacred. Hence we are not surprised at finding the images of gods on the limits of territories, just as we do the image of the cross, or of the Virgin Mary, in the catholic countries of Germany, where we pass out of one territory into another ; but we apprehend that the worship of these pillars did not originate, as the author supposes, in the desert state of the territories, and its consequent appropriation to religious rites ; but that idolatry being previously established, the idols would be placed by states on their frontiers, and by individuals on the borders of their possessions.

We shall not follow our author in his notice of a variety of these stones to be found in almost every country, but just examine the result of his enquiry, which is to explain to us the whole history of Mercury. This god was the son of Jupiter and Maia, that is, of the heaven and earth, the place where they unite being the boundary of our view : he was born on mount *Cyllenê*, that is, on the frontiers of Arcadia and Achaia ; was the god of negotiations, being concerned in all treaties of peace and alliances, because

these were ratified on the frontiers ; was the god of eloquence, because great discussions took place on the frontiers ; was inventor of the harp, and instituted solemn sports, because at the meetings on the frontiers music and sports were as usual as at our country fairs ; he conducted the souls of the dead to the lower regions, because the dead were buried on the frontiers near to the statues of the gods ; he was the god of trade and merchants, because on the frontiers was a great meeting at certain times of traders : of course it was natural that amorous intrigues should be under his care, as they would be frequent at these meetings ; and as in such assemblies there would be sufficient attraction for thieves, it was natural for poor Mercury to have the charge also of that profession. His other qualities may in a similar manner be accounted for, and it was natural that as science improved, this god should be the director of a planet, who is of all others the quickest in its motions.

In the same manner the different qualities of Venus are analysed, which we doubt not originated in the impurities that took place in the temples of Babylon, and are still common in many parts of India. When the uncouth stone, that represented this filthy goddess, was converted by the Greeks into a beautiful statue, the poets sung her praises in a different strain, and the scenes of the brothel were rendered less disgusting by a superior degree of decorum, that attended the rites paid to the mother of harlots. All these rites, according to our author, preceded the worship of dead men deified, but naturally led to it. Thence a variety of religious institutions would naturally follow, according to the heroes which each nation first assumed into its calendar, and death would by its horrors form a just ground for various mysteries. Hence we have the genealogy of each absurdity of the ancients in the following order :

The frontiers of territories gave rise to religious worship paid to stones which bounded them, whence sprang obelisks, pyramids, temples, and altars. Astronomy found it necessary to distinguish the regions of the zodiac, whence arose figures which with the sun and planets became the objects of adoration. Representations of these figures were engraved on boundary stones, and astronomical religion or Sabeism, was formed. The tombs of heroes placed on frontiers, became the spots appropriated to various sports, whence arose the ideas of the seats of the blessed, and various other mysteries. As such rites were paid to the memory of the deceased, less could not be paid to the supposed living gods, and hence

even living kings, as well as dead men, united in nearly the same honours, became all at last to be considered as gods. As the burying places of heroes were conceived to be sacred, and no base wretch was permitted to profane the soil by his ashes, he was removed to a certain distance from it; and hence arose the distinction of the residence of departed spirits in the lower regions, the elysium and the hell of the ancients.

This filiation of the various species of religious worship is made out completely to the author's satisfaction. The proofs of it are ingenious, but very far from being satisfactory. Too much is derived from Grecian lore; and we know that the worship of idols was at its height in Chaldea, when the Greeks were scarcely emerging from barbarity into the first paths of civilised life. The whole of the system falls to the ground, if idolatry took place before these uncultivated limits were established between states. Of this we can entertain but little doubt in our own minds: and we should trace idolatry to a different source.

Primus in orbe deos fecit Timor.

A conqueror insisted on honours being paid in his absence to some resemblance of him, just as the peers of Britain bow to an empty throne, or the papist priest bends his knee to a naked altar. The son found the advantage of the superstition, and the dead hero was deified. The priests soon found an interest in this profitable institution, and the throne and the altar mutually supported each other. The introduction of a single god of this kind became a precedent, and the canonisation of saints in the Romish church is only an imitation of what was done by its prototype, the impious Babylon of the ancient world.

ART. IX.—*Lilienthalische Betrachtungen, &c.* Gottingen. 1805.

*Observations made at Lilienthal on the three lately discovered Planets.* Gottingen. 1805.

LILIENTHAL will be hereafter celebrated in the annals of astronomy, not only for the discovery of a planet, but for the zeal and industry with which this author has pursued his astronomical researches, the accuracy of his observations, and the acumen which he discovers in his solution of every phenomenon, coming under his notice. One of the planets which make the subject of this work, was discovered by



Mr. Harding, the assistant of our author, the other two were first seen by Piazzi at Palermo, and Olbers at Bremen; and thus in our time the number of our planets has been increased by four new ones, which, from the names of the discoverers, are called Herschell, Piazzi, Olbers, and Harding. The three last are telescopical planets, and the magnifying powers of Herschell's telescopes have been applied to them, but not with the success which might have been expected. Hence there exists a species of controversy between our author and Herschell, which is carried on with great good temper and sagacity in this volume, and from one single circumstance it will be evident to all our readers, that the German has a manifest advantage over our adopted countryman.

Herschell in his measurements has generally agreed with the author; but in the cases of Piazzi and Olbers, the difference between them is very great. Herschell took the measurements of Piazzi but three times, and of Olbers but once. On the first of April he made the apparent diameter of Piazzi to be  $0''.40$ , on the 21st,  $0''.38$ , and on the 22d, only  $0''.22$ . Thus in so short an interval the diameter was diminished nearly one half; a diminution which implies a motion in the body not to be reconciled with any other observations, and which would at once remove it into the cometary from the planetary system. The observations of Herschell were made with magnifying powers of 370 and 516, and this circumstance leads to some curious investigations on the powers to be used in measuring these bodies; whence it appears, that from the excess of light in the larger powers more moderate ones are more advantageous.

The magnitudes, distances, and densities of the three planets are given in this work. Future observations will of course make some few corrections; but it is not likely that the errors will be of very great importance. From the calculations, it appears that Olbers is about the size of our moon, being about a fourth larger in diameter than Piazzi, and Harding is the least of the three. If we take the diameter of the Earth at 1719, of Mercury at 608, and of the Moon at 468, then the diameter of Piazzi is to that of the Earth as 1 to 4,88; to that of Mercury, as 1 to 1,73; to that of the Moon as 1 to 1,33: for Olbers these proportions are as 1 to 3,77, as 1 to 1,33; and as 1 to 1,02; for Harding as 1 to 5,56; as 1 to 1,97; and as 1 to 1,51.

From the nebulae attending two of these planets, it is evident that their atmospheres must be considerably higher

and denser than that of our earth. It is calculated, that the atmosphere of *Piazzi* is nearly fifteen times denser than that of the Earth, and four hundred and twenty times denser than that of the Moon: the atmosphere of *Oibers* is about ten times denser than that of the Earth, and two hundred and ninety-three times denser than that of the Moon. The atmosphere of *Harding* is not so remarkable; but the changes in the appearance of its light indicate that its atmosphere must be denser and more extensive than that of any of the old planets. If the variation in light has any reference to the rotation on its axis, then this rotation may be calculated at about twenty-seven hours, but the observations of our author do not afford us any thing sufficiently decisive upon this subject.

These three small planets are estimated also to be denser than the other planets. *Jupiter* approaches the nearest to them in this respect, and then follows the Earth. The situation which they occupy in the system, naturally gave rise to conjectures on their origin. The discoverer of one of them considers all as fragments of one planet, and expects that more will be discovered in the spaces between the orbits of *Jupiter* and *Mars*. Our author does not accede to this opinion, nor conceive that they were ever united in one planet, moving in an orbit about the Sun; but he imagines that they are the rudiments of a planet, which, by some convulsion, were separated from each other, and thus taking different directions, were formed into smaller planets. Thus, in the chaotic state just before the rotatory motion would have combined them together, some powerful gas operated and dispersed them in their different directions, and this will account for their orbits being so near to each other. If we should discover many more of these fragments, we may form a conjecture on the size of the planet that was intended to occupy the space between *Jupiter* and *Mars*, and future ages may witness their re-union, when an orb in that space may excite as much attention as *Jupiter* or *Mars*.

Whether the above conjecture is well grounded or not, we cannot abstain from recommending this work to every astronomer, whether he delights most in its practice or its theory. The observations on glasses, and the proper application of high magnifying powers, merit great attention, and the modesty with which the opinion of *Herschell* is controverted, does great credit to the author. We may add too as no small part of the merit of this work, that, with the excellence of its theory, is united a seriousness of thought and a

séñtiment of devotion, which prove, that with the best views of nature, the author is led by all his contemplations 'up to nature's God.'

---

ART. X.—*Histoire de l'Occupation de la Baviere, &c.*

*History of the Occupation of Bavaria by the Austrians in 1778 and 1779; containing the Details of that War, and of the Negotiations arising from it, which were terminated in 1779, by the Peace of Teschen. By N. François de Neufchateau. 8vo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE invasion of Bavaria which took place previous to that which we have lately seen terminate in such ruinous consequences to the house of Austria, happened in the years 1778 and 1779. The present work contains a history of that event, with an account of the various intrigues and negotiations which it produced; and the peace of Teschen, by which it was finally brought to a conclusion. The subject had occupied the pens of Linguet, Mirabeau, and Frederic; and the present work would probably never have appeared, if late events had not called the attention to the subject. The history seems to be written with care, and faithfully to expose the different views of the French, the Austrian, and the Prussian governments on this occasion. For the professed politician or diplomatist, the work may have some attractions, but it can excite but little interest in the general reader. The narrative is plain and perspicuous, but there is nothing either in the composition or the events to merit particular notice, or to call either for censure or for praise.

The death of Maximilian-Joseph, Elector of Bavaria, who died in 1777, without leaving any issue, excited the desire of the house of Austria to get possession of his dominions, which had long been the object of its ambition. Maria Theresa, a slave on the decline of life to the puerilities of a superstitious worship, no longer possessed that energy of character which she had formerly displayed. But all her ambition had descended to her son Joseph II. without the correct judgment or the resolute firmness with which it was supported. This prince determined to lose no time in taking possession of Bavaria, either as chief of the empire till the rights of the different claimants were ascertained, or in his own name as heir of Lower Bavaria. The Elector Palatine in the meantime, agreeably to an arrangement concluded in 1774, took



possession of the electorate, and repaired to Munich. But this prince, who was as weak as he was vicious, was soon induced by powerful addresses both to his passions and his fears, to cede to Austria a considerable part of his dominions, on condition of being secured in the possession of the remainder. The house of Austria thus seemed, by the most dexterous contrivance, to have obtained possession of the course of the Inn, of a great part of the Danube, of the passes between Germany and Italy, of the trade in corn and salt which Bavaria carried on with Switzerland, besides an annual revenue of more than six millions of florins. The Austrian government, which had lately become closely connected with that of France by the marriage of the archduchess, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, with Louis XVI., thought that the French court would throw no obstacles in the way of these ambitious projects and unjustifiable usurpations. But the wily Frederic beheld this aggrandizement of Austria with no small jealousy and inquietude; and he resolved to prevent it either by negotiation or by arms. He immediately makes the most vigorous preparations for war, in order to give the greater weight to his pacific overtures. He at the same time employs every effort to get acquainted with the secret disposition of the court of France. But that court which was, at this moment, about to be engaged in a war with England, and wished to take no active part in the affair, for a long time practised the most wary reserve and the most profound dissimulation. It had indeed secretly determined, if the dispute between the Austrian and Prussian governments should proceed to hostilities, to observe the most rigorous neutrality. But the French government did not wish by an open disclosure of its resolution to favour the designs of the Prussian cabinet. Frederic with all his art could not penetrate the mystery; and he was for a long time irresolute in his military preparations, from his ignorance of the real designs of France, and of the part which she meant to take in case of hostilities between the two rival powers. But the Austrian government was extremely mortified by the notification of the French minister, that his court would maintain the most determined neutrality in the approaching war. Various attempts at negotiation between the courts of Vienna and Berlin were made, various overtures rejected, and all hopes of an amicable adjustment being set aside, both parties resolved to try the issue of the sword. A campaign ensued, which was attended with no remarkable events. There were a few affairs of posts; and a variety

of manœuvres were practised which led to no decisive advantages on either side. In the field of battle the negotiations were not suspended; and this may be said to have been a war in which more paper was expended than powder, and more ink spilled than blood. It was at length terminated in 1779, by a peace, in which Austria agreed to release the elector from the disgraceful convention concluded in 1778, and to renounce for ever all the claims which she had advanced to any part of the succession of the late elector. Some few cessions were made on both sides; and thus ended a dispute, which in other times and under other circumstances would have put the whole continent in a flame. In this almost bloodless war, Joseph II. made his first military *debut*; in which his talents as a soldier seemed on a level with those which he exhibited as a statesman. He was one of those characters which aim at distinction without any superiority of virtues to merit, or any superiority of talents to obtain it. He mistook the desire of celebrity for the capacity of acquiring it; his restless activity was only a sort of feverish inquietude; and his preventive foresight only the most incautious precipitation. His scrupulous attention to the most frivolous details, developed a mind incapable of comprehending a vast whole; and his whole conduct evinced a contemptible puerility of enterprise, and an affectation of greatness without any thing like real elevation or sublimity of soul.

---

ART. XI.—*De l'Unité du genre humain, &c.*

*On the Unity of the Human Race, and its Varieties. Preceded by a Letter from Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. and President of the Royal Society of London. By Frederick Blumenbach, M. D. Member of the same Society. Translated from the third Edition of the Latin, by Frederic Chardel, M. D. 8vo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE principal object of this work is to shew that all men, whatever may be their diversity of colour, structure, &c. belong to one and the same species; or, in other words, that all the varied ramifications of humanity can be referred only to one original stem, and that the differences which are observable among the scattered portions of mankind, can be ascribed only to the effect of climate, education, food, &c. and cannot be considered as indicating any diversity in the pri-

mitive organization. The reasoning of the author on the subject is very ingenious and satisfactory, but as his work has been long before the public, we shall at present attend only to the preliminary matter which Dr. Chardel has prefixed to his translation of the original.

Man possesses more than any other animal the capacity of accommodating himself to all climates, to all temperatures, to the variations of the atmosphere, and to every modification of existence. He can endure the most excessive heats, and the Greenlander lives in the midst of the polar ice. But his primitive organization is nevertheless liable to receive divers modifications from the circumstances in which he is placed and the objects by which he is surrounded. His stature varies, his skin takes a different hue, its excretions are not the same, and even his character undergoes a change.

The whiteness of the European is not owing to the colour which is reflected by the epidermis, (since it is a transparent body,) but to that which it transmits. The skin assumes a deeper hue in proportion as the epidermis (or outer skin) intercepts a greater number of luminous rays, and becomes entirely black when it absorbs them all. We may distinguish two kinds of colouring; one of which depends on the immediate action of the sun, which carbonises the exterior surface of the common integuments, but which disappears as the heat declines, and is not hereditary; the other, on the contrary, is the effect of temperament, and is propagated for a greater or less length of time, through successive generations, according as the constitution has experienced a more or less radical alteration. It is thus that in Europe, without any change of latitude, we see the skin pass through an infinity of shades, from the lily-white to the colour which distinguishes the temperament of hypochondria. These different shades are effaced with more or less difficulty according to their degree. Diseases, or the action of certain climates will sometimes immediately communicate this tint to the finest skins; this is perceived in different disorders of the liver, which prevent the blood from completely disengaging itself from all the elements of bile. The climate of the West Indies sometimes gives a saturnine or olive hue to the complexion of the Europeans soon after their arrival, even though they may enjoy good health, and have no obstruction of the viscera. It appears then that the colouring principle is the same among all men; and that the skin of the Indians and of other tawny people, differs from that of each other and even from ours only in degree, according as



it exhibits more or less of this yellow, proceeding from an imperfect transmission of the white.

When we remove the epidermis of a negro either by the action of a blister, by fire, or boiling water, its exterior surface preserves almost the same colour as before this operation, but its internal surface differs little from that of the whites. The application of cantharides, particularly on the thighs, often separates this membrane into two laminæ of a thickness equal to the epidermis of the whites. The corresponding surfaces of these two laminæ are part white and part black; fibres of this colour pass through the epidermis, and when it is divided into two layers, appear like so many black spots dispersed over the surfaces which were before in contact with each other, but which are no longer seen on the internal surface of the inferior layer. The analogous part of the superior layer is white, with the exception of the black spots of which we have spoken. The tint, which it receives from the exterior surface, which is black, makes its whiteness appear very superficial. This layer is less transparent, more thick, and more coarse than the epidermis of the whites. By scraping the two layers which compose the cuticle of the negroes, we may give it the same colour as it has among the whites; whilst it is impossible to do this by maceration, whatever may be the vehicle which we employ.

When we reflect that the human complexion keeps continually assuming a deeper hue in proportion as we approach the south, we may be convinced that the climate is the most general cause, and that the action of the sun more particularly determines the effects. We see the same action, independent of every other cause, continually tend to deprive the skin of its natural white; and if the solar rays soon tan the fairest skin, which is one step towards the hue of the Ethiopian, their action continued through several thousand years, may at last convert it into jet black, and render the skin as dense and coarse as that of the negroes.

The tint of people of colour seems an hereditary variety, accidentally produced by the climate which they inhabit; which some trifling circumstance, as the vicinity of a mountain, a more northern situation, a more elevated or a humid soil, is sufficient to diminish or even entirely to efface. Douger (Fig. de la Terre) observed that the savages who dwell at the western declivity of the Cordillies, are almost as white as us, while, as we recede from this mountainous tract, the Indians resume their copper colour. In the more elevated and

mountainous regions in the interior of Africa, where abundant and continual rains temper the heat and cool the air, the natives are reported to be almost as white as the Europeans. Man is not the only animal whose colour is altered by the climate; almost all the hogs in Normandy are white, black in Savoy, and of a brownish red in Bavaria. Most of the oxen in Hungary are of a greyish white; they are red in Franconia. In Guinea, the dogs and poultry are as black as the inhabitants. If the hair of the negro is frizzled and woolly, if there are some slight differences between his skull and that of the European, we may observe that the climate and nutriment will produce greater changes in animals of the same species. The rabbits and cats of Angola have hair as fine as silk and almost as white as snow; and how many varieties are there in the wool of the sheep of different climates, from the superfine wool of Tibet to the thick and coarse hair of the Ethiopian sheep? We trust that no further resemblances or analogies are necessary to show that the different colour of the human animal in different climates, is an accidental, not an essential difference, and that our readers are fully convinced of this scriptural truth, that God made of one blood, and produced from one pair all the individuals of every race under heaven.

ART. XII.—*Alphonsine, ou la Tendresse maternelle.*

*Alphonsine, or Maternal Tenderness. By Madame de Genlis.*  
5 vols. small 8vo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

THE most distinguishing peculiarity of modern literature compared with ancient Greek and Roman, is the rage which exists of reading and composing novels. We mean not to attempt a discussion of the origin and progress of this kind of composition, not only because the subject would exceed our limits, but because also it has frequently been done by abler hands. It may, however, be worth our while to endeavour to classify these shadowy creatures of imagination; and in this attempt we shall comprehend under the generic name of novels, all fictitious tales written in prose, whether they assume the form of novels properly so called, of romances, of feigned adventures, or even of allegorical tales. It appears then, that they may all be ranked under one or other of five descriptions, which, for brevity's sake, we shall entitle moral, comic, sentimental, præternatural marvellous, and natural marvellous. Moral novels

are such as in a serious manner exhibit under a feigned history the depravity of the human heart, the loveliness of virtue, the instability of earthly happiness, &c. Such are *Rasselas*, *David Simple*, and a few others, comprehending religious and moral allegories down from those of Addison and Hawkesworth to honest Bunyan. The comic species are such as paint human life and manners, as they really exist full of fraud and folly, with a few touches of the satiric pencil. As the first class professes morality in its higher departments, so this professes to instruct us in prudence, in the discernment of character, and in what is called a knowledge of the world, by unfolding the latent windings of the human heart. Among novels of this class, *Gil Blas* stands very high. By no means, however, will we affirm that either of the above sorts of novels always attain their respective ends. Even *Rasselas*, with all its beauties, presents so gloomy a view of life, that the reader is put out of humour with himself and with the world, a disposition of mind little compatible with the diffusive complacency of virtue. *Gil Blas*, on the other hand, relates his tricks and frauds with such a good-natured candour that we love the varlet in spite of his sins, till vice itself becomes an object of merriment rather than disgust. But proceed we to the sentimental class, the gentle tribe of *Lauras* and *Matildas*—‘*quidquid tenerum et laxâ cervice legendum.*’ It is needless to enlarge on a sort of novels which form so great a portion of every circulating library. Suffice it to say, with regard to its effects, that the heart may be intenerated too much, that man is born to act as well as feel, and that our sympathy with the really wretched is not always found in proportion to our susceptibility from fictitious distress. The attractions of this species are, however, evident, not only from the multiplicity of novels addressed to the heart, but from the circumstance that even in the other kinds a substratum of sentiment is requisite to catch and to detain the reader’s interest. Indeed the most perfect and the happiest novels are such as are a combination of the comic and sentimental. Such are *Fielding’s*, *Smollet’s*, and *Dr. Moore’s*, in which satire and pathos unite their influence. But *Fielding’s* cook-maids, and *Smollet’s* tars would soon disgust without a sprinkling of the sentimental; and even *Mrs. Radcliffe’s* hobgoblins, haunted castles, and ‘death-like silences,’ would soon scare us into fitful slumbers, were it not that she occasionally directs our eyes to ‘the soft green of the soul.’ But we have anticipated what we had next to consider, the



romantic class. The distinction which we have drawn of this sort into the præter-natural and the natural is obvious, as the marvellous scenes exhibited may be either præter or rather super-natural, or only surprising, that is, at first sight above nature, but in the end reconciled with her. Of the former kind the Castle of Otranto was the first modern reproduction after the old folio romances. The Old Manor-house by Clara Reeve was among the first, if not itself the first, of what we may call the pseudo-marvellous, and in this kind Mrs. Radcliffe stands pre-eminent, though, if we remember right, she has some ghosts and dead bodies that have omitted to give a satisfactory account of themselves. For our own part we have no objection whatever to a real *bonâ fide* ghost, provided he conducts himself genteely and takes his leave at a reasonable hour. But to return to the pseudo-marvellous: this likewise admits of distinct shades and degrees, according as the effect of terror when the delusion is cleared up, continues more or less, or passes over altogether into the ludicrous. Thus, when a dead body turns out to be a figure of wax, or a smuggler concealed, we still shudder somewhat at the effect it must have had upon the adventurer who drew aside the curtain or lifted up the pall. But when a monster of a strange and frightful description proves at last to be a flea or a louse as viewed through a solar microscope, or when a hideous ghost with clanking chains turns out to be an ass with fetters on his legs, our terrors vanish and we laugh. This latter may, if we please, be elevated into a distinct class, and termed the comic marvellous. It is a favourite province of Madame de Genlis, as may be seen in her Tales of a Castle. And there, as addressed to youth, it is applied with effect, as it takes away by a simple artifice the great obstacle by which the minds of children are prevented from discerning the wonders of creation, namely, their constant presence and uniformity. But she is fond of introducing the same artifice into her novels and tales, even in scenes of serious pathos: and here we abominate such tricks. What should we think of the play of Hamlet, if the ghost proved in the end to be the image of a magic lanthorn?

We have in a former critique on a work of Madame de Genlis's, given our general estimation of her merits, our approbation of her moral intentions, and our opinion that for the most part she has attained the true moral end of novel writing, that which consists not in a few concluding pages of poetical justice, but in the general impression left upon the reader's mind when he closes the volume. This seems

so obvious a distinction that we should have thought it superfluous to repeat it, had not the misapprehension been so very common of what constitutes the morality of a novel. Richardson, of all novelists, was he who wrote with the sincerest intentions of doing good. But he has in one character exhibited vice so full of sprightly wit and so seductively accomplished, that, notwithstanding his retributive justice, we doubt much if any young man ever read *Clarissa Harlowe* without occasional longings to shine a *Lovelace*. Be it, therefore, well perpended, that what is called a *good moral* does not of itself constitute the morality of a tale or play. The latter cannot well exist without the former, but does not necessarily flow from it.

The merit of the present work is not very great: yet it may pass for tolerable where so few are better. The characters are, as in almost all the fashionable novels of recent manufacture, subordinate and subservient to the facts related. They have nothing marked and definite in them, and we are just sufficiently introduced to their acquaintance to take some interest in what befalls them. The reader is seldom identified with the hero or heroine, as he is with *Booth* or *Jones*. He does not feel for them as for himself.

There is also a glaring defect in the order of narration in *Alphonsine*. The Countess of Moncalde is slighted by a cruel and faithless husband, till she is tempted to take refuge in the arms of a gallant. She is afterwards inveigled into a lonely castle of her husband's, where she is confined in a subterraneous cavern *thirteen* years! After a few months of confinement she is delivered of the fruits of her unfortunate passion, *Alphonsine*, whose birth she conceals from her keeper. This 'child of misery, baptized in tears,' is educated by her mother in absolute darkness, learns languages, music, arithmetic, &c. The history of this wondrous captivity occupies a whole volume; but we should have worked our way in the dark with considerable satisfaction and interest, had it not been narrated in the form of a journal written by the Countess and read by her friends after her liberation. Thus knowing previously that all is well at last, we are agitated by no hopes or fears as to her obtaining freedom. We are conducted along a gloomy avenue, but it is rendered cheerful by being 'gilt with the gleams of distant day.'

And here we have an instance of the natural marvellous. *Alphonsine* had been singing a hymn one day in a particular part of the cavern, which hymn concluded with the

words 'Glory to God!' She immediately heard a soft voice issue from the cavern, and repeat three times 'Glory to God!' This proves to be an echo, and we are informed in a note that there are echoes far more surprising than this, for an account of which we are referred to Bomare's Dictionary. This would be very well, were we reading a book of natural curiosities. But a novel is one thing, and Wanley's Wonders another. A greater natural wonder still is, that Alphonsine and the Countess chose this new situation to sing in on account of the heat of the weather: that the temperature of the air in a cavern of this description should be so much affected by the state of the external atmosphere is astonishing indeed. But we suppose Bomare will give an account of this strange phenomenon.

Some particulars of Alphonsine's simplicity and ignorance are well imagined.

• One night when, according to custom, I passed my hands over her little countenance to endeavour to form an idea of her features, while I was touching her eyes, she asked me what was the use of them; then instantly recalling her words, she said, "Ah! I think I know their use; they were made to weep." Alas! she knew no other use of them. This affecting ignorance, expressed with so much simplicity, immediately drew tears from my own.'

The Countess procures her daughter some roses. Hitherto whatever had gratified her sense of smelling, had been also good to eat, as oranges, citrons, &c. Accordingly these sensations were associated in her mind, and she expresses a great inclination to devour her rose. This may appear fanciful, but we think it is philosophical. A sweet scent to her announced a delicacy to the taste.

When the prisoners are liberated, much that follows is employed in describing the effects which the novelties of nature had upon the mind of Alphonsine. Her simplicity furnishes a fund of matter, but perhaps it is made to continue too long and too undiminished after her being *détournée*.—Upon the whole, those that are fond of French novels, will do well to read *Alphonsine*. Its tendency is in every respect unobjectionable, which is more than can be said for the *Delphine* of Madame de Staël. Madame de Genlis takes every opportunity of inculcating that regard for external decencies which forms so indispensable a charm in the female character, and which the philosophical novelists would teach us to despise as unworthy regard in a great and vigorous mind. Virtue, with them, is not to bridle in, but to throw up the reins of the impetuous passions, a principle



equally dangerous, unnatural, and absurd. Madame de G. very justly protests against such doctrines. Alphonsine's admirer, Don Alvan, having received a discouragement of his addresses from her mother, runs away with her, and endeavours to procure an acknowledgment and ratification of her affection from herself. Alphonsine shows a proper indignation at his conduct.

'She possessed not the impassioned soul of these heroines, whose inextinguishable love is checked neither by the madness nor by the crimes of a lover, nor by the world's contempt, nor even by the death of a mother. Are we not told that an interesting female must sacrifice to her admirer, reason, nature, reputation, and life? That she must abandon her family, renounce her rank and country, and load herself with reproaches and ignominy in the eyes of the vulgar, and even kill herself, if circumstances require? The lovers of our modern romances resemble in their actions and characters that redoubtable monarch of Asia, the *old man of the mountain*, who, for ever stained with blood, was giving orders for suicides and massacres, and whose edicts were always obeyed. Such is the precise image of the *true love*. But it has been so well exhibited in the events of this age, that it is to be hoped none will dare to present us with more such pictures in future.'

The reader by this time has perceived that in Alphonsine he must expect to meet with much of the improbable and the wonderful. The author apologizes in her preface for the romantic air of her tale, on the plea that she is writing a romance. But who compelled her to write a romance at all? She intended her work, it seems, to be a sample of what she terms *sensitive* education, or education through the senses. If so, the more uncommon the situations, the less applicable is the lesson; and we may answer to her apology in the words of a Latin author:—'*Quis te perpulit ut id committeres, quod, priusquam faceres, peteres ut ignosceretur?*'

---

ART. XII.—*Régence du Duc d'Orléans, &c.*

*The Regency of the Duke of Orleans. A posthumous Work of Marmontel, Historiographer of France, &c. 8vo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

IN Dr. Apthorpe's Letters on Christianity, a work which unites in an eminent degree the zeal of a believer and the learning of a scholar with (what does not always fall to the lot of a controversial writer) the candour of a gentleman,

among various excellent remarks on the study and compilation of history, there is one which is so just in itself, so well enforced, and so aptly illustrated, that we wish our limits would allow us to transcribe it entire. It is meant to point out the difference of history, as seen in its native dress of original memoirs, and as decorated by the eloquence of an able compiler. The compilation, he observes, may perhaps be more agreeable in some respects than the original; but can never be so expressive of truth and manners. The one he compares to Homer in the original, where we see a half barbarous poet, painting the manners of a barbarous age with a pencil congenial to the subject and the time: the other to Pope's translation, where the rudeness of the ancient bard gives place to a courtly elegance of composition and to heroes of a more polished cast. He contends that the only legitimate study of history is in original historians; that these are the text of history, and that compilers, however eloquent or sagacious, are only commentators and interpreters. 'To pursue my allusion,' (he adds,) 'when the text is familiar, the commentary is interesting and instructive; and I much doubt whether historic researches are in any considerable degree pleasing or instructive, except to such as trace them from the original source of information. Compilers, indeed, presuppose their readers versed in their authorities; and the investigations into which they are led by the diversity of opinions formed on ancient memoirs, are insipid to such as do not recur to those authentic relations.'

We were willing to place this excellent remark in the foreground of our present article, not merely as applicable in a great degree to the work under consideration, but because the majority of readers, even of such as cannot plead their want of leisure as an excuse, acquiesce implicitly in recent compilations, and never dream of searching into original records and documents. We satisfy ourselves with Hume and Gibbon; but as for Polydore Virgil, or the writers of the Augustan history, we know just so much about them as Hume and Gibbon may be pleased to communicate at the heel of their page.

For this reason we make no scruple of acknowledging, that the present work, notwithstanding the ease and elegance of its style, (and it would be strange if a work of Marmontel's, after three transcriptions, which the editors tell us it underwent, from his own hand, should be defective in these points) would have come in a more acceptable, because a more creditable form, had it been a mere literal publication

of the manuscript records to which he obtained access, with occasional remarks and illustrations. But, taking it as it is, we have to complain that, except in a few instances, we are left quite in the dark as to the source of the compiler's information. The Duke of St. Simon seems to have been his grand guide, and from the active part he himself bore in the continental transactions during the minority of Louis XV. there could not well have been a better. We are told in Marmontel's *Memoirs* that he obtained permission to consult the manuscript original of St. Simon in the 'Dépôt des affaires étrangères,' and that he made copious extracts from those papers. But except here and there, particularly where the compiler's opinion differs from the memorialist's, St. Simon is rarely quoted, and still more seldom referred to. In a word, we do not recollect half a dozen references to authority throughout the two volumes. Nor can it be said that the author would probably have supplied this defect, had he lived; for the work seems to have received its ultimate revision so early as in the year 1788.

'I had laid it down (says the author in his *Mémoires*) as a point of honour and delicacy to fulfil in a becoming manner my functions as historiographer, by digesting with care some memoirs for the use of future historians.' We thank the memorialist for throwing new light upon a passage of Tacitus which he has chosen for one of his mottoes. '*Sine gratiâ aut ambitione, bonæ tantum conscientiæ pretio.*' The learned will in future observe that this passage is to be construed, 'Not for the sake of courting interest or favour, but solely as a salvo to my own conscience.' It may be worth the while to inform the reader in an abridged extract from the author's own narrative (*Mémoires*, v. iii. p. 123.) how he, who had chiefly signalized himself by a few operas and a few love stories miscalled Moral Tales, with some crude articles of encyclopedean philosophy, came to be dignified with the high office of historiographer. A process had been commenced against the Duke of Aiguillon for mal-administration as commander in Brittany, and the only one that ventured to undertake his cause was Lingnet, an aspiring young lawyer, but whose talents were not yet formed. This person had drawn up a memorial with which his client was much dissatisfied, and by the intervention of a common friend, the office devolved upon Marmontel, of pruning the luxuriance and digesting the chaos of this juvenile performance, which he performed so much to the Duke's satisfaction, that soon after, at his request, Marmontel was appointed by the king to the office of historiographer, vacated by the death of Duclos.



Such is the distribution of literary honours, and such the rise of this *emeritus* professor of the composition of history.

The commencement of the eighteenth century holds forth a most rich and fertile field for the cultivation of historians. Scarcely have our own eyes been spectators of a more eventful æra. Lord Bolingbroke says, 'There is hardly any century in history, which began by opening so great a scene, as the century in which we live.' The circumstances which concurred to render it such are so well collected by the elegant writer whom we began with citing, that we shall once more beg leave to make an extract from his work.

'The year 1700 was signalized by a memorable change in the civil and ecclesiastical state of Europe, in a great measure occasioned by the death of eminent persons, who in a manner disappear at once, and leave a vacant scene for new actors. In that year died the electoral Prince of Bavaria, whose demise occasioned the second partition treaty for the dismembering of the Spanish monarchy. The death of William, Duke of Gloucester, July 30, happily fixed the succession of these kingdoms in a protestant line, the august house of Brunswick. In September, died Pope Innocent XII. and his successor Clement XI. opened the way to new discussions of the great questions in theology, respecting Quietism, Jansenism, and the loose morality of the Jesuits. The conclusion of the last age is memorable for the death of Don Carlos II. king of Spain. Incensed at the partition of his dominions, concerted by King William III. and the States of Holland, he by his last will bequeathed his crown to Philip, Duke of Anjou, who was declared King of Spain by the court of France. In the northern kingdoms, this active period brought on the scene two princes, a parallel for the heroes of antiquity, the young King of Sweden and Peter the Great. Lastly, with the new age commenced the kingdom of Prussia, and soon after, within half a year of each other, died the two rival kings, James II. with the genius of the cloister, and William III. with the character of a great politician, a consummate general, and the deliverer of Europe.'

After such a sketch of this period, who can help regretting that no vigorous and extensive work has been raised upon its foundation, but that we must still see it frittered away in paltry memoirs and minute details? A sensible French writer, La Harpe, in his preliminary observations to his *Suetonius*, observes: 'Our historians have been almost all either gazetteers or declaimers. We have some memoirs which are in general better than our histories, and which may serve to furnish good ones in future. The reason is, that the first of these two kinds of writing is much easier than the other. It is suffi-

ciently easy to accumulate materials; but it must be the hand of genius that raises the edifice. Let us, however, do the present work justice. Though its details are minute and personal, rather than illustrative of events, yet they are entertaining and in some points new. Though its colouring is faint, and the political remarks superficial, yet it is history, and history, as Pliny says, '*quoquo modo scripta delectat.*' The *mad pranks*, as Bolingbroke calls them, of the Scotch financier Law under the Duke of Orleans's regency, are clearly and accurately described. The political intrigues of Madame de Maintenon and the Princess des Ursins, the respective petticoat monarchs of France and Spain for some years, under Louis XIV. and Philip V. are related in an entertaining manner. But we differ from the author in supposing that the shameful expulsion of the Princess des Ursins by Philip's second queen, was connived at by the king merely from the supine and uxorious nature of his disposition. She had artfully managed Philip V. under his first wife, and during the interval between her death and his second marriage; and it is the portion of weak minds to rejoice at a change of the yoke, at the same time that they feel it must be but a change. Very little do we find in this compilation distinguished by that nice developement of private motives, which *approfound*s the depths of political intrigue. The best part of the work is that which gives an account of the mock discussions relative to the revocation of that act of Louis XIV. which legitimated his natural children, and enabled the Duke of Maine and the Count of Toulouse to become competitors for the crown. If the legitimation of them was imprudent, the reversion of that decree was surely unjust in the highest degree. St. Simon appears to have acted a very scandalous part in that transaction.

Upon the whole, these volumes contain little worthy of praise and little worthy of blame. They may serve very well as a salvo for the *honour and delicacy* of the compiler, and they may serve his purpose as an assistance for future historians, or a *gradus ad historiam*. But we still maintain that the original records which furnished the materials would have formed a more acceptable offering to the public.

ART. XIV.—*Esprit de Madame De Genlis.*

*Beauties of Madame De Genlis ; selected by M. Demonceaux.*  
8vo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

IT has been contended by some that liquids have not the same weight when separated in a small quantity as they have when mixed, and that water in a bucket is heavier than the same quantity in a pond. However this may be, the contrary seems to be the case of moral remarks, sprightly sayings, maxims, characters, &c. when extracted from more extended works. These ‘little drops from the sacred spring,’ have much less weight in their detached independent state than they have *in loco*. The author of *Grandison*, when his novels first came out, was read by almost every one that could read, and his morality was a particular object of admiration. His vanity induced him to print his moral thoughts separately, and the consequence has been that scarcely one of a hundred readers knows that the book was printed at all. His elegant biographer has lately observed with justice, that Richardson’s morality is too little supported by the diction and too dependent upon the incidents and characters to stand alone. Indeed, unless an author’s style be remarkable for nerve or point, this will always be the case. It is the character of the person who moralizes, or that of the person addressed, or the occasion which elicits his remarks, and in short, the preceding, subsequent, and surrounding circumstances, which give to moral thoughts their impressiveness and force. Take away the accidents, and you destroy the substance. Still more is this true of portraits and characters, which occupy many pages of the present selection. These, like the former, are diamonds which shine but as they are set. We know but one case in which the *beauties*, as they are called, of an author are really valuable, which is, when a writer has to boast of high merit in particular passages, but, taken throughout, has an immoral tendency. For this reason we think the beauties of *Sterne* form an acceptable work, as it enables youth to extract the sweets without the poison.

Madame de Genlis has nothing conspicuously brilliant in her moral apophthegms, &c. that should make her an exception, and therefore, in our opinion, the labours of the compiler might have been spared without any regret to the public. The articles are classed alphabetically, and in general selected with judgment; though in a few instances we met with the same thought recurring too nearly in the same expressions.



That the present article may not pass entirely void of amusement to the reader, we shall extract a thought under the title *passion* :

‘ Every writer is unworthy of the title of moralist, when he maintains that the passions are useful, or when he pretends that there are some passions which cannot be conquered. These commonplace doctrines, as dangerous as they are false and despicable, tend only to overturn all the foundations of morality. I have read with much pain, in the work of a woman respectable for her character, and justly celebrated for her writings (Mad. de Staël), the following passage. “ Far from me be those harsh maxims of frigid souls and weak understandings. *We may always conquer ourselves ; one is always master of one's own feelings.*” Newton himself would not have dared to trace the bounds of thought, and the pedant whom I now mention would fain circumscribe the empire of the emotions of the soul.”

‘ I am of the number of these poor authors so harshly treated in this paragraph. I shall say nothing in my own personal defence against this severe judgment. But was Fenelon a pedant ? Had he a weak understanding, a frigid soul ? His works are full of these *harsh maxims.*

‘ Why, in the tragedy of Bérénice, is the enthusiasm of the hearers so universal, when Titus says,

“ *I lord it o'er myself as o'er the world ?*”

This verse derives its beauty only from the supposition that the passion of Titus was as violent as possible. In fact, we do suppose it, and every one admits the possibility of a triumph of this kind, because the truth is, that all great souls are capable of exercising a similar sovereignty over themselves.’

In the above passage, Madame de Genlis seems to mistate the question almost as much as Madame de Staël.

# RETROSPECT

## OF

### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

#### FRANCE.

ART. 15.—*Le Plutarque des jeunes Demoiselles.*

*The Young Ladies' Plutarch, or Abridgment of the Lives of illustrious Women of all Countries; with Lessons explanatory of their Lives and Works. An elementary Work designed for the Use of Young Ladies. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 800. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.*

A VERY brief account of the time and place of the births and deaths of seventy-five women, with some extracts from their writings, which shew

—— the very age and body of the times,  
Their form and pressure:

such as inflated panegyrics on kings and soldiers, on glory and acquired fortune; the excellence and superiority of every thing French, and the universal empire of France. Of the illustrious characters here introduced, sixty-five are French, most of whom have no higher claim to such a title than that of having composed some rhymes which no one ever thought worth reading. Others cannot even boast of that merit, and are only known as shameless and abandoned courtesans, such as Ninon de l'Enclos, the letters published in whose name were written, it is now well known, nearly half a century after her death.

The narrative of Semiramis is avowedly fabulous, but full as interesting as that of Petrarch's Laura, who is also one of our author's illustrious women. As to that lady, a character of which we know nothing more than what is contained in the poetical effusions of Petrarch, there is no reason why Horace's *Lydia* should not be equally distinguished by a memoir of her life and works. It is indeed time that good sense should take place of poetical enthusiasm, and that the name of Laura should no longer be reckoned as the first ornament of her sex, while (with much respect for the misapplied learning of a northern professor, who has enriched a volume of philosophical transactions with a dissertation on Petrarch's chastity) she only lives in the glittering verses of an amorous poet.

It is worthy of remark, that almost all the women of original

talents, whose lives and works are mentioned in these volumes, have been educated in the protestant religion, which is not unfrequently qualified with the epithet of heresy.

ART. 16.—*Voyage entrepris dans les Gouvernemens Meridionaires de l'Empire de Russie.*

*Travels undertaken in the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire, in the years 1793 and 4, by Professor Pallas. Translated from the German by Messrs. Delaboulaye, M.D. of the Faculty of Gottingen, and Tonnelier, Keeper of the Cabinet of Mineralogy. 2 vols. 4to. with an Atlas, folio. pp. 1300. 4l. 4s. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THESE new Travels of Pallas have been done into English from the German by different hands, none of whom were well qualified by their previous knowledge of natural history to do justice to such a work. Notwithstanding the imperfections of our English versions, however, they are sufficiently familiar to preclude the necessity of an analysis of this French one, which contains very few notes by the translators, and that few of still less importance. The professor travelled from Petersburg to Moscow, and along the banks of the Wolga to Astracan; thence he crossed the mountains of Caucasus and the sea of Asoph, and passed into Crim Tartary, where the description of his route terminates. To his favourite study, botany, he is always attentive, and his researches have very materially contributed to extend and consolidate the principles of that science. Throughout the whole of his tour, we of course have very ample and correct details on the nature of the vegetable kingdom; some interesting observations also occur on the animal, but the remarks on the mineral kingdom are much more numerous than correct or original. M. Pallas has indeed added a tolerably long dissertation on the formation of mountains, in which he very justly observes that many geologists have formed their opinions of the origin and structure of all the mountains on the globe, from what they have observed of those in their own country with which they were most familiar. This, he remarks, is particularly true of Buffon, who deduced the formation of all mountains from those he observed in France. The author has himself inclined a little to the same practice, in a detailed account of the structure of the mountains of the Russian empire, particularly those of Siberia; but his observations are in general new, and not a little interesting to the mere English geologist, who is of course but little acquainted with these regions. It is to be regretted indeed, that implicit faith cannot be given to his mineralogical discrimination. On the languages of the people who inhabit the provinces through which he travelled on this occasion, he has not favoured us with any important observations, although, if we may judge from the comparative nomenclature of two hundred languages, which he has since published, he is un-



questionably well qualified to extend our knowledge in that as well as every other science. On the whole, if these latter volumes of travels bear marks of the advanced age of the author, they yet contain a vast fund of original and various information, exhibited in a very familiar, miscellaneous manner, which rather improves on a second reading, and conveys still more minute and complete knowledge. The great multiplicity of *unutterable* names renders the narrative of these travels less attractive to all those who read only for amusement.

ART. 17.—*Recueil d'Observations de Zoologie et d'Anatomie Comparée.*

*A Collection of Observations on Zoology and comparative Anatomy made on the Atlantic Ocean, in the Interior of the New World, and in the South Sea, during the years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803, by Alexander de Humboldt, and Aimé Bonpland. Part I. with seven Plates. Imperial 4to. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE name of Humboldt has become familiar not only in the learned but even in the fashionable world; like that of Rumford, it has been echoed by both the little and the great vulgar, and all, without knowing why, have admired they knew not what. Such instances of the spirit of empiricism in individuals, and of frivolity in the public, are subjects well worthy of the keenest lash of the satirist; it is some consolation however that those men who, as philosophers, so far forget their character as to court the fleeting adulation of the popular voice, invariably sink, sooner or later, into a contemptuous oblivion whence they can never emerge. This truth is daily exemplified in various characters, and in none more conspicuously than in that of the present author, whose name had shrunk from public attention even before the publication of his travels. He has therefore very prudently divided the information which he has collected, and the opinions thereby suggested, into separate works, in order to accommodate the public with the choice of purchasing all or only part of his travels, according to particular taste or curiosity. The division, of which the work before us is the first part, is devoted to the illustration of some branches of zoology and comparative anatomy, and is to consist of anatomical observations on the larynxes of monkeys, crocodiles, and birds, with an account of the particular organs of the voice in these animals; description of a species of monkey unknown in Europe, called the lion-monkey, from the similarity of its figure to the king of beasts, rather than of its size, which does not exceed seven or eight inches in length; two new genera of fish of the family of Apodes; and a particular account of the fish thrown from the volcanoes in the province of Quito; all of which are contained in this first part written by M. Humboldt. The second, which is to be exclusively the work of M. Bonpland, proposes to give numerous correct figures of Indian cranes, observations on the crocodile or cayman of Oronoko, and on the alligator; examination of the lamantin, ant eater, lazy and lama; new species of monkeys, birds, fish, and serpents; experiments on the

galvanic electricity of the gymnote, and on the gaseous products from the respiration of young crocodiles, &c. Some account of the insects and shells of South America will also be given in the course of the work. The plates contained in this collection are very fine, and, we do not doubt, very correct delineations of the several parts designed. To naturalists they are highly interesting, as to them it is very immaterial whether M. Humboldt supposes his volcanic fish to have been boiled in lakes of boiling water, or parboiled in scalding rivers of argillaceous mud, since he has brought to their knowledge the existence of creatures hitherto unknown, of which other philosophers may give a more rational account. That the author has lent a too credulous ear to fabulous accounts of fishy eruptions of volcanoes, can hardly be doubted; and that he has taken the satirical waggery of the Spanish Americans for historical facts is no less certain; still however his ardent perseverance in collecting new subjects of natural history, merits the approbation of the public and the gratitude of naturalists,

ART. 18.—*L'Historien de la Jeunesse, &c.*

*The Historian of Youth, or a Selection of memorable Facts extracted from antient and modern History, calculated to fill the Minds of Youth with noble Sentiments and the Love of Virtue; accompanied with Notes, biographical, chronological, and geographical. 12mo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THIS is a work of which few will question the utility. Those, to whose care the education of youth is committed, well know the value of publications like the present, which give children a taste for reading, which excite their curiosity, and, without fatiguing, furnish their memories with interesting facts, at the same time that, if the selection be judicious, they are the best means of inspiring the heart with the love of those virtues which are the brightest ornaments of manhood. ‘Longum per præcepta, breve per exemplum iter.’

ART. 19.—*Vies des Hommes célèbres, &c.*

*Lives of the most celebrated Men of all Nations, to the Number of 453; an elementary Work, forming a Sequel to the ‘Plutarch of Youth,’ compiled by the same Author, adorned with Cuts. 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE same may be said of this as of the former article.

ART. 20.—*Toilette des Dames, &c.*

*The Ladies’ Toilette, or the Encyclopædia of Beauty, containing Reflections upon the Nature of Beauty, on the physical and moral Causes, which produce Alterations in it, on the Means of preserving it to an advanced Age, on what constitutes it in our Ideas, and on the Attention to be paid to each Part of the Person; together*

*an historical Review of French Fashions, and Advice on the Subject of the Toilette, on the Principles of the Fine Arts. A Work dedicated to amiable Women. Par A. C. D. L. A. 2 Vols. 12mo. Paris. Imported by Deconchy.*

THIS will be a truly acceptable present both to the young and old of the fair sex ; to the former, as it enumerates a copious list of cosmetics to increase their personal attractions, and to the latter, as it contains a whole chapter on the possibility of growing young again. Among the cosmetics are the 'balm of Mecca,' whose effects are described by Lady Mary Montague; three different kinds of Lait Virginal; Huile de Cucuo, Huile de Berri, Tale, Huile de Tale, Huile de Tartare, Eau des Femmes de Dannemarck, Alun, Eau de Veau, with numerous others, whose various qualities are here specified. After such ample receipts for beauty, it will be the fault of the ladies themselves, if every wrinkle is not removed, and the bloom of youth on the cheek of seventy-five.

ART. 21.—*Essais Historiques et Critiques sur la Franche Maçonnerie, &c.*

*Historical and Critical Essays on Free-Masonry, or Researches into its Origin, System, and Design; containing a critical Examination of the principal Works which have been published: as also, of indited Manuscripts on this Subject, and an apologetical Refutation of the Imputations cast upon this Society. By J. L. Laurens. 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE origin of free-masonry, like that of many of the nations of antiquity, is buried in obscurity. To this circumstance it is indebted for the loads of rubbish on which several advocates of the system have had the absurdity to lay the most marvellous foundation. By one writer, the founder of the sect is represented to be Adam, the father of mankind; another, whose zeal was of a more ardent kind, insists that the Archangel Michael was the grand-master of the first masonic lodge; he then recounts as an historical fact, that after the murder of Abel, the descendants of Seth inherited the piety of their father, and were the people beloved by God; and that, in order to preserve the favour of the Most High, they lived entirely separated from their wicked relatives; that the number of the children of God, i. e. true masons, soon diminished by their alliance with the children of men; and that the deluge was sent, in order to punish them for having forgotten true masonry; but Noah and his family being found just, perished not. 'The children of Noah however,' adds this writer, (brother Enoch, as he is called,) 'did not long persevere in the right track; for their descendants, fearing a second deluge, formed the idea of building the tower of Babel in order to take refuge therein. They were bad masons, and were confounded. At length the true servants of God that remained faithful to him,



took the name of Masons, in allusion to the labours of Babel, and the name of *Free* to distinguish them from the others,' &c.

Such have been the opinions entertained by some of the most zealous advocates of masonry. We however shall not waste either our own time, or that of our readers, in refuting these extravagancies, but shall simply state the first introduction of this society into Europe, as given by Mr. Laurens, the present author.

'Free masonry, that is to say, the re-union of those who were engaged in the mysteries of antiquity, and followed the steps of the Egyptian priests, existed in Europe in the most remote periods. The Jews, who in the barbarous ages were the only people that cultivated the arts, sciences, and commerce, without doubt imported into Europe the knowledge of the philosophy of antiquity, which, but for them, had remained buried in the ruins of the east. This knowledge they propagated in all those parts of the west, to which they were invited by the allurements of commerce. The extreme ignorance and barbarism of the age in which they first came to Europe, constrained them carefully to conceal under the veil of emblem that philosophy, at which the gross manners of Europeans would have at that time revolted. Then it was that they conceived the allegory of rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem, which to this day forms the emblem of masonry. From this allegory are derived those technical terms of civil architecture, which form the languages of the different lodges. Yet by one of those contradictions, with which the world abounds, the Jews, the inventors of this ingenious allegory, and to whom we are indebted for the preservation of that philosophy which it contains, have been excluded the society in most countries of Europe.'

The author then proceeds to state that many reasons concur for inducing us to believe that England was the first European country where the system was introduced. The principal of these is the term *franc-maçon*, a term unknown to the genius of the French language, and which, as the author thinks, is peculiar only to the English. We are therefore very gravely informed by Mr. Laurens, that *franc-maçon*, when translated into English, signifies frank mason; and lest his French readers should not think this derivation sufficiently etymological, he adds, 'above all it ought to be known, that in English the adjective generally precedes the substantive, from which this conviction will arise, that the denominations of *Franche-Maçonerie*, and *Frances-Maçons*, have been conceived by the genius of the English tongue.'

Poor Mr. Laurens, how well dost thou understand English! The reader however of our own country, will be not a little amused with the fondness of the author for deriving French words from English roots. In p. 210, he will be told that the *lôge* of the masons, is certainly derived from a 'ready furnished lodging;' that the fatiguing quantities of *santés*, with which masonic banquets are surcharged, proceeds from English *toasts*; and that the grossness of this practice which has been introduced into France, corresponds too well with

the taste of the English nation not to attribute to them the honour of its invention. Such then is the opinion of Mr. Laurens respecting the origin of masonry in England and in Europe; its end, as given in p. 28, is the true worship of God, fidelity to our sovereign, and charity to our neighbour. The Abbé Baruel, in his *Memoirs of Jacobinism*, published about eight years ago, sufficiently proved how these objects were perverted, and that the words liberty, fraternity, and equality, so often in the mouths of free-masons, had for a long time been invented, in order to become, at the end of the eighteenth century, the rallying signals of the Jacobins. Our author does not deny this statement of the Abbé's; he says it may or may not be true; but he assures us, that it was unknown in the order to which he belongs.

We shall not detain our readers any longer on this subject, but shall conclude this article by recommending the perusal of this work to those who are fond of mysteries and secrets; yet we must apprise them that they must not expect the discovery of the grand secret, Mr. L. having on this head observed the profoundest silence.

ART. 22.—*Le Suicide, ou Charles et Cécilie, &c.*

*The Suicide, or Charles and Cecilia, by Madame Fleury, Author of Montolais and Helena, D'Herbert and Virginia, &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.*

CECILIA is in love with Charles. Charles is married to Julia, whom the author dispatches by making her kill herself in consequence of remorse for having committed adultery with Monsieur Clairville. Her loss is soon forgotten and the lovers are united. 'Charles paid the last homage to Julia; he shut himself up in his closet, took her portrait, covered it with kisses and tears, locked it carefully up again, and, fixing his seal upon his writing desk, wrote to M. and Madam D'Arbis a letter of great tenderness, requested their consent to his marriage with Cecilia, and implored their blessings, as he regarded them as his parents. They quickly return a satisfactory answer, and write letters of congratulation to the family of Blondel, and all parties are satisfied.

'Cecilia soon recovered her health, and preparations were made for her marriage. The happy day at length arrived, when our heroine became the spouse of him who had cost her so many tears. Her beauty and affability merited the love of her husband, who regarded her perhaps with more affection than Julia. He indeed preserved the remembrance of the latter, but did not suffer it to interfere with his happiness. *A fine boy came at the end of the year to augment the delight of this lovely couple, and they afterwards had many children, who all resembled their parents;* of whom we now take our leave, wishing them all the happiness a bounteous author can bestow.

ART. 23.—*Contes Moraux pour L'Instruction de la Jeunesse, &c.*

*Moral Tales for the Instruction of Youth, by Madame Le Prince de*

*Beaumont, extracted from her Works, and published for the first Time in the Form of a Collection. 3 Vols. 12mo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.*

AN entertaining and judicious selection.

ART. 24.—*Traité d'Education physique des Enfans, &c.*

*A Treatise on the physical Education of Infants; to which are prefixed, Instructions on Convulsions, and on the Means of preserving persons of both Sexes from them. By Doctor Sacombe. Paris. 1806. Imported by Dulau.*

THE English are not the only people who are duped out of their money and their health by the plausible or impudent pretensions of quackery, pre-eminent as we fear they are in credulity and liberality of this sort. In his advertisement, *le Docteur Sacombe* very sagely remarks, that the accoucheur, being the person who views the operation of moral and physical causes, during pregnancy, on the organisation of the embryo; who observes the mode of its passage from the uterus, receives it, and gives it, as it were, the first impulse to life, is necessarily much better qualified than any other man, to understand and to cure the diseases of children. This inference is perhaps rather convenient than strictly logical; but it serves to announce that *le Docteur* is a priest in the temple of Lucina. The instructions respecting convulsions which follow, consist chiefly of short observations, extracted from about a hundred authors, from Hippocrates down to Dr. Sacombe; but which apply to *tetanus*, and other convulsive diseases of adults, as well as to the convulsions peculiar to children. Having perused these through forty pages, we arrived at a more extraordinary piece of sophistry than even that which the advertisement contains. The author observes, that flowers of zinc, and other excellent anti-spasmodics, cannot surely cure convulsions which originate from constipation alone; nor can muck and camphor subdue those which arise from acid impurities in the stomach; and castor oil, &c. so far from removing convulsions, which are produced by flatulency, will tend to increase the source of irritation. From these truths, which plainly evince the necessity of varying the remedy with the various causes of the disease, the author deduces this singular conclusion: "These reflections will, no doubt, be sufficient to convince tender and enlightened parents of the necessity of one general, simple, and methodical mode of treatment, and of adopting an anti-spasmodic remedy, which may, in all cases, fulfil the indications, and subdue the mobility of the nerves!"—Accordingly, we are immediately informed, that *the ANTISPASMODIC MEDICINE* is only to be had of *Madame Sacombe*, à Paris, rue de la Tixeranderie, No. 67, &c.; a medicine which has been well known in either hemisphere for upwards of twenty years. &c. p. 44.

In the short treatise on the *education physique* of children, there are some rational observations, conjoined with a greater number of



prejudices and absurdities, but conveyed in that lively and poetical style, which French writers have the peculiar faculty of assimilating with grave subjects. The author affirms, that it is dangerous for a child to sleep with its nurse, or any adult person, because the nurse or adult will insensibly rob it of its vigour, as parasitic plants feed and flourish on the substance of those to which they attach themselves. For what is life? 'La vie est ce fluide éthéré, ce téu élémentaire, acide et phosphorique, en un mot cet océan de lumière, dans lequel nagent tous les mondes, qui du sein du soleil, sa source féconde, vient inonder la terre, &c. Animaux, végétaux, minéraux, s'animent, végètent, s'amalgament à mesure qu'ils sont saturés de ce principe vivifiant.' P. 60.

A certain portion of this principle is possessed by every creature which comes into the world, and 'life consists in the constant evaporation of it, more or less rapid according to circumstances;' and as this principle has, like heat, a tendency to equilibrium, if an older animal lies in contact with a younger, the latter necessarily communicates to the older a portion of its superabundant vitality. Therefore it is dangerous, &c. Q.E.D.

After having given the reader these specimens, we leave him to judge of the physic, the logic, and the philosophy of *le Docteur Sacombe*.

ART. 25.—*Histoire de L'Astronomie, ancienne et moderne, &c.*

*History of Astronomy, antient and modern. By J. S. Bailly. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE name of Bailly is well known in the astronomical world from his excellent history, and in the political world from the part he took in the French revolution, his popularity at one time, his subsequent fall, and lamentable death. His history was first given to the world in five volumes quarto, too voluminous for one, and too expensive for another class of readers. To abridge such a work would have been an useful undertaking, but the French editor of this publication has performed a better task, and if he disclaims any merit on this account, we may allow much to his modesty, at the same time that we would bestow on him the palm for real and useful industry. He has given in two volumes octavo, the substance of Bailly's work, in the words of Bailly himself, those parts only being omitted, which would not be interesting to the generality of readers.

Of the five original volumes, the last contains too much scientific matter, and matter foreign to the object of this work, to be adopted in it. Of the other four volumes, the essential facts given in them are all faithfully preserved, the reasoning and conjectures founded upon them are admitted with that caution which the size of these volumes made necessary. Abstract calculations and whatever might deter the general reader from perusing the work, are omitted. In fact it contains the substance of Bailly's history, affording sufficient information for those who are not very deeply versed in philosophy,

and communicating in a very pleasing manner general knowledge of the principal topics in the science of astronomy.

The French excel much in this art of communicating knowledge, and it is an art by no means to be neglected. A few only can extend the bounds of science, but why should their discoveries be confined within a narrow circle of readers? The French have their abstruse writings as well as any other nation; but they have the happy talent of diffusing knowledge beyond any other nation. The universality of their language is greatly in their favour, and the person who abridged this history of Bailly, has the satisfaction of knowing that it will be read in every part of Europe. Thus the fame of his favourite astronomer will be extended, and the labours contained in his five volumes, will no longer be confined to the studies of the curious and the scientific.

It is needless to enter into the detail of this abridgment, as it would contain the history of astronomy, from the earliest to the present times, and besides, the contents of the greater volumes have been sufficiently criticised since their first appearance. Nothing is omitted which can interest the general reader, and they who have studied astronomy as a science, will with pleasure pursue its history in this abridgment. We could have wished that the editor had considered the improvements in astronomy since the time that Bailly wrote; but as he professed only to follow his author, we are to thank him for what he has selected, rather than blame him for not having added more to the original history.

## GERMANY.

ART. 26.—*Die Alterthümer der Mannusöhne, aus der Feder des Grafen R. C. zur Lippe.*

*The Antiquities of the Sons of Mannus. By the Count de Lippe. Leipzig. 1806.*

THE count is a better patriot than antiquarian, and he is one who is fond of praising the past, of which he knows but little, by way of censuring the present generation, of which perhaps he knows too much. He remains firm to the supposed excellence of ancient manners, when fidelity and truth were the characteristics of his nation. Unfortunately for the author, he does not seem to have attended to any thing that has been written by his contemporaries on this subject, and German, Scandinavian, and Gaelic antiquities are perpetually confounded together. Every source is the same to him; the limits of German antiquity are undefined by him, and the institutions of the middle ages, such as the Hanse Town and the orders of knighthood, are brought without reason into the picture of the original founders of his race. It is not to be wondered at then, that we continually met with erroneous conceptions, such as that our remote ancestors worshipped the one true God under the name of Tuiseo; and under the name of Mannus they represented Adam, the original

father of the human race. Germany was peopled very early after the confusion of tongues, by Aschkenas, a son of Gomer. The Germans set so great a value upon the shield, that in all their songs their kings were called Skjoldunger, that is, Shield-bearers. The Germans adored the seven planets, the religion which they received from Noah and Japhet. Frecholders had the right of appearing in the general assembly, before the state of the burghers or peasants was admitted into it. But the author does not recollect that in this, as in many other instances, he produces no proof of his assertions. When were the states of the burghers and peasants introduced? The author attends more to morality than to history; his reflections are noble and pious, he turns with horror from the corrupted manners of the present race, to raise to the skies the innocence, simplicity, and pure virtue of their rude forefathers. Unfortunately for him, these pretended virtues have been estimated by more accurate enquirers, and in the present day he might have employed himself better in pointing out the benefits of civilization, and the advantage of living when such improvements have been made in arts and science, over a life spent in the woods in the midst of grossness and barbarity.

ART 27.—*Struensee, eine Skisse, &c.*

*Sketch of the Life of Struensee, by H. H. L. von Held. 8vo. Berlin. 1805.*

THE fate of Struensee, who once held the post of first minister of Denmark, and whose fall was connected with that of the unfortunate Matilda, a princess of the blood royal of England, is well known to all our readers; and on taking up the present work, we flattered ourselves that time had brought to light some new circumstances relative to this extraordinary character. We were soon released from this mistake, and instead of the life of Struensee of Denmark, we found that his brother had furnished the materials of this work. Struensee, our hero, was of the class of *Gelchrten*, as they are called in Germany, or of literary men, from which he was transformed into a political character, which he lost by his brother's melancholy fate; thence he was, after some time spent in retirement, converted into a commercial man, and he became the head of a bank at Elbingen. This situation he quitted to be placed at the head of the customs and excise in the Prussian dominions, and this post he held with great credit to himself, and the unbounded confidence of his sovereign, to his death.

Such a situation does not promise much of very great importance to the general reader; and what might be beneficial to the statesman, is omitted, from the apprehension that this is not the time to give a proper detail of his actions in a political department. Struensee had certainly a head for business, and he conceived it possible to introduce regularity and order into his department, yet, acknowledging the necessity of reform, he left the Augean stable to be cleansed by others. The author accounts for this from the dread which his hero



entertained of the power of public opinion ; anticipation, if he moved, of his brother's fate ; a certain degree of misanthropy, and complete scepticism on the possibility of improving his fellow creatures. This misanthropy guided him very strangely in his conduct towards the officers in his department. He gave himself not the least trouble about them. Whether they succeeded or were ruined ; whether they were respectable or contemptible, industrious or idle, it was all the same to him. Merit never assisted, nor demerit lowered any one. Scarcely was he acquainted personally with half a dozen persons in the offices nearest to him ; the rest he never saw, nor did he even know their names. It was not pride nor the spirit of aristocracy which occasioned so strange a conduct : it arose entirely from contempt of mankind, and coldness of heart. Great faults that passed immediately under his eyes, he would scarcely notice, or if an inquiry was to be made, he would throw all difficulties into the way, and then make the bitterest jests on those who conducted the inquiry. It may easily be imagined that such a character could not be beloved, and it scarcely seems necessary to employ so many pages on his life.

But this unhappy misanthrope was not free from the vices attaching so generally to ministerial characters. He could prefer his relations to posts of profit, though they had no pretensions from merit ; and he vindicated his conduct, by saying that it was natural and necessary, and nothing else but what was done by every public man in the world, and that others in his place would have done much worse. Yet with all these drawbacks we are told that Struensee was a valuable character, that he possessed the noblest sentiments, that he was incapable of meanness, and was devoid of selfishness. A proof of the latter is the small sum left by him at his decease, only about a hundred and twenty thousand rixdollars, a sum which much disappointed the expectation of the public.

A negligent public officer is no uncommon thing, but whether they are misanthropes, or fond of the pleasures of society, they ought to be held up to the indignation of the public. The author was a friend to his hero, but he has painted him in such colours, that no one will respect his memory ; and as he has given us no information on the nature of the departments over which Struensee was placed, few persons will take an interest in the perusal of a life capable of affording so little of either instruction or amusement.

ART. 28.—*Zweckmässige vorkchrungen gegen die ausgebrochene getreide theurung, &c.*

*Animadversions on the Scarcity of Provisions, and Means of preventing it in future.*

ART. 29.—*Ein sehr leichtes mittel wie rittergutsbesitzer, &c.*

*A very easy Method for Landholders and Farmers to give Bread in the cheapest Manner to the Poor.*

THE above works on the scarcity of provisions, and the remedy

against this evil in future, are a small part only of the number of writings, which this subject occasioned in Germany as well as in England. The same absurdities issued from the press and the pulpit in both countries. Every one, who was not concerned in the raising of food, or in the sale of it, could easily see the disagreeable effects of the dearth of provisions, and point out a remedy at the expense of the landholder, farmer, miller, and cornfactor ; but, if the same remedies had been proposed for the dearth of cloth, shoes, sugar, and similar articles, all the dealers in these commodities would have been in an uproar, and exclaimed against such illegal interference. The first of these publications has found out an easy remedy against scarcity : it is simply to establish magazines in every district ; to have in them a stock of provisions sufficient for a half year's consumption ; to dole them out when they should arise beyond a certain price, and thus plenty would remain for ever in the country. Unaccountable illusion ! What will be the expence of erecting these magazines, providing officers to inspect them, and purchasing the provisions ? Are they likely to be so well preserved as in the barns of the farmer, who has an interest in preserving them, and who in fact is obliged, for the supply of his own wants, to bring them forward little by little to market ? The barns and yards of the farmer are, we assert it, the best repositories for the corn ; the less the government of any state interferes in it, the better ; and the experience of our own country, when the council took the providing of it with corn out of the hands of the regular merchant, and thus prodigiously enhanced its price, may teach other nations, that the only way to obviate the evils of famine, is to leave the supply of the markets unrestrained by either checks or rewards.

If the erecting of magazines would be a most expensive way of supplying the country with corn, the mode proposed to alleviate famine by the divine in the second of these works is fraught with every species of absurdity as well as of mischief. Under the appearance of regard for humanity, is couched an encouragement to indolence, impertinence, and every evil propensity of our nature. The landholder and the farmer are, at the time of harvest, to throw away bountifully their sheaves to the hungry ; at the time when labourers are most wanted, they are to be filled with food without labour. If Providence sends an abundance, it does not follow that it is to be dissipated without foresight. In his zeal for humanity, the preacher forgets that some charity is due to the farmer, and if he is to pay his rent and his taxes, he can no more distribute his sheaves than the preacher call in all the vagabonds of the district, to divide with them the profits of his benefice. We have happily got the better of our scarcity, and also of those dreams of benevolence in soup kitchens and similar devices, which to relieve one class the most undeserving, brought great distress upon the industrious housekeeper, who was only just removed from the necessity of applying to them for relief. But this German divine has gone out of his sphere, and he should have reflected, that his mode of talking was calculated not only to increase discontent and to encourage idleness, but absolutely to make famine perpetual.

# ALPHABETIC INDEX

TO THE

## AUTHORS' NAMES AND TITLES OF BOOKS.

ADDRESS to methodists,	320
Address to volunteers,	444
Address to the public respecting Lord Melville,	209
Adkin's Funeral Sermon,	434
Aelteste erd kunde des Morgenlaenders,	
505.—object of this work to discover the meaning of the old tradition of Eden, with the four streams flowing out of it, of which the first chapter of Genesis contains <i>only a concise account</i> ,	ibid.
African Memoranda. Vide Beaver's.	
Agrippina. Vide Hamilton.	
All Saints Church, Derby,	435
Alphonine, ou la tendresse maternelle, par Madame de Genlis,	520.
All novels ranked under five descriptions, <i>ibid.</i> An instance of the natural marvellous,	523
Anatomy and Physiology, manual of,	99
Architecture, Naval,	217
Arithmetical dialogue,	112

BALDWIN's Fables,	111
Bampton Lecture, by Lawrence, 1. The predestinarian system of Calvin totally inconsistent with the doctrine of the articles of the church of England, equally irreconcilable with her liturgy and homilies; and the private sentiments of the reformers, <i>ib.</i> The peculiar points of controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians, of a later date than the era of the established confessions, <i>ibid.</i> The 10th and 13th article framed solely with an eye to Roman error, 3. The English reformation in general of a Lutheran tendency, which also prevails in the articles collectively considered, 4. Argument respecting the general tendency, <i>ibid.</i>	

Liable to material objections, 6. The doctrine of original sin as taught by the schoolmen, 7. As taught by the Lutherans, 8. These contending theories applied to the explication of the 9th article, 9. The opinions of the schoolmen and the Romish church not so much, nor so exclusively before the eyes of the compiler, as Dr. L. supposes: referents intended to be made to the dangerous opinions of the Pelagians and Anabaptists, 10. An important misrepresentation of Burnet pointed out, 13. The controversy on the Eucharist first rendered Calvinism a characteristical appellation,	ibid.
Bankers, method of keeping accounts with,	218
Basely's funeral oration,	206
Beaver's African memoranda, relative to an attempt to establish a British settlement on the island of Bulama on the western coast of Africa, 193. The outline of the work, <i>ibid.</i> Reasons stated why the island of Bulama was fixed upon as the spot best calculated for the commencement of the plan, 194. The causes of the failure of the plan originating in Europe; assigned, 195. Acts of hostility on the part of the Calypso; five men, and one woman killed, four men wounded, and four men, one woman, and three children taken prisoners by the natives of the neighbouring isles, 196. The prisoners purchased of king Belchore for £ol. 21s. 8l. sterling, 197. Captain Beaver proceeds to the country of Bisugas, for the purpose of treating with the king for the sale of the island Bulama, which he purchased for 78l. 16s. 8d. sterling, 198. Dissension prevails in the coun-	



# INDEX.

- ell; a large part of the members of this society set sail on their return to England in the *Calypso* on the 19th of July, 198. Captain Beaver remains with ninety colonists; is unanimously chosen president; the savages receive their molestations, 199. Another altercation; the settlement reduced to twenty-eight, *ibid.* The luxuriant vegetation of the island, 200.
- Belvid e House, 106  
 Biddulph's Funeral sermon, 433  
 Bone's Letter to Rose on the poor laws, 208  
 Boyd's Penance of Hugo, 100  
 British Martial, 102  
 Bradley's Norrision Essay on the internal evidence of the religion of Moses, 96  
 Browne's Selection from the Old and New Testaments, 323  
 Brunmark's Introduction to Swedish Grammar, 446  
 Bryan Perdue, Memoirs of, a novel by Holcroft, 14. The aim of this work 'to diffuse the philanthropic doctrine, that proper receptacles for the diseased *in mind* are even more highly necessary, and should at present be no less numerous than for the diseased *in body*,' 15. Jack the Painter, Mother Brownrigg, Catherine Hayes, Jonathan Wild, 19. Analysis of the story, 21. Specimen of style, 22, *et seq.*  
 Bulman's Funeral sermon, 433  
 Bunting's Sermon, 324  
 Buttermann's Arithmetical dialogue, 112
- CAPPER's** Observations on waste land, 222  
 Carlyle's Poems, 101  
 Carr's Northern Summer, 129. A sentimental but peevish traveller; a cosmopolite and a philanthropist; the village schoolmaster and sexton; the prolific mortuary laureates of Harwich, 130. Heligoland, 131. An epitome of nonsense at the head of every page, *ibid.* The conspiracy; a luxurious dinner at Copenhagen, 132. The battle of the second of April, *ibid.* Valour facetious, *ibid.* The author disappointed in not having the honour of being introduced to the Crown Prince, 133. A Turk in a Lutheran country can get as drunk as a Christian, 133. Dares picking their teeth with a fork; interesting prisoners; excessive sensibility; Maria's delight, *ibid.* Description of Stockholm; Simkin Blunderhead; Swedish cleanliness, *ibid.* Elegant periphrasis for an alehouse at Petersburg, 136. The Emperor Alexander's passion for Burton ale, and British porter, 138. Narva, *ibid.* Drawing of the Brandenburg gate, *ib.*  
 Cataract, Cooper on the, 442  
 Chemical, and agricultural discoveries, Retrospect of, 443  
 Circle of the sciences, 312  
 Clout's Funeral sermon, 434  
 Cockburne's Address to the Methodists, 320  
 Cockin's Rural Sabbath, 211  
 Collet's Sacred Dramas, 329  
 Commerce, Elements of, 447  
 Commerce of Great Britain, present state of the, 219  
 Confessionum Sylloge. Vide Sylloge.  
 Contes Moraux pour l'instruction de la jeunesse, 532  
 Conversations on moral and religious subjects, 224  
 Cooke's Funeral Sermon, 432  
 Cooper on the cataract, 442  
 Coup d'œil rapide sur Vienne, 468. Description of the streets, &c. *ibid.* The temperature of Vienna, not so warm as might be expected from the latitude in which it is placed, (48 deg. 12 min); the health of the inhabitants much affected by the impetuosity of the winds, 469. Pharmacy more successfully cultivated in Vienna than in all the other towns of Germany, 470. Fatality of the small-pox; charitable institutions; moderate price of provisions, *ibid.* Numerous signs of taverns and public houses; a coffee-house almost entirely frequented by Greeks; the hospitality of the inhabitants of Vienna, 471. Music in high request, *ibid.* Palace of Schoenbrunn, 372. Of Augarten; the forest of Prater, *ibid.*  
 Crampton's Essay on the entrepoeon, 216  
 Creation of body and soul, 220  
 Cuites des, qui ont précédés et amenés l'idolatrie par Dulaure, 507. The origin of idolatry lost in the obscurest recesses of history, *ibid.* The author of the book of Wisdom assigns the most probable cause, *ibid.* Principles laid down by the author as a clue to conduct us in our wanderings, 508. Three species of religious opinions, each still existing in the world paved the way for idolatry, *ibid.* Ingenious remarks on the worship of Fetiches,

309. Derivation of Hermes, 510.  
History of Mercury, *ibid.* The different qualities of Venus analysed, 511.

Curran's Speeches, 36. Extract from a speech delivered before the lord lieutenant and privy council of Ireland, on a question respecting the right of election of lord mayor of the city of Dublin, between Aldermen Howison and James, 37, 38, 39. Under the semblance of describing the character of a former chancellor, Sir Constantine Phipps, the speaker takes the opportunity of portraying the intellectual and moral qualities of the chancellor, the Earl of Clare, whom he was then addressing, 40, 41. Extract from a speech in behalf of Mr. Peter Finerty indicted for a libel; the speaker commences by openly telling the jury, that they are packed and prejudiced against the cause, *ibid.*

DALLAS's Elements of self-knowledge, 300. Definition of man, 301. The anatomy of the mind, 303. The topic of love, 305.

Davie's Letters from Paraguay, 146. The author's arrival at New York, whither he had directed his course, with a view of wandering about he knew not well where on the continent of North America, 149. Diverted from this resolution by the prospect of a voyage to Botany Bay, *ibid.* Disgusted with the Anglo-Americans, on account of the short time they allot to their meals, *ibid.* The American women patterns of domestic economy and cleanliness, 150. The question of emigration considered, 151. The author sets out for Botany Bay; is driven by a hurricane into Monte Video in the river La Plata, 152. Attacked by a disease incident to Europeans, on their first going into these latitudes, which compels his shipmates to leave him behind, *ibid.* His recovery, 153. His relapse; removed by order of the governor to Buenos Ayres, 154. His restoration to reason; acquires the affections of the Dominicans, *ibid.* The population of Paraguay, 155. The resemblance between the Indian tribes, and the boors of Russia, *ibid.* Specimen of North American cleanliness, 157. The author accompanies Father Hernandez on a spiritual mission to the presidency of Rioja Mayor, 159. A revolt of the eccle-

siastics and Indians to massacre the Spaniards; the author escapes from the general lot by the favour and precaution of an Indian, who interceded in his behalf and provided him with the signal, by which friends were to be distinguished from enemies, 159. Is packed up among some goods, which are annually sent to Buenos Ayres from the interior settlements, 160.

Dawson on the doctrine of philosophical necessity, 219.

Death of the Hero, 332.

Delinquent, 99.

Dermody, life of, by Raymond, 312.

Dermody placed in the situation of Latin and Greek teacher in his father's school at Ennis in the county of Clare, in the ninth year of his age, 313. The influence of bad example, 314. Specimens of his poetry in his tenth year, *ibid.* Dermody quits his home with only two shillings in his pocket, and arrives at Dublin, *ibid.* Finds a patron in the keeper of an obscure bookstall, but disgusted with his situation, engages himself as a shop-boy to a second-hand bookseller, where he attracted the notice of Dr. Houlton, who affords him an asylum in his house, 315. The sensitive linnnet, *ibid.* He quits Dr. Houlton's, and engages himself to a scene painter belonging to the Dublin Theatre, where he attracted the notice of Mr. Owenison, who introduced the youthful poet to a numerous and respectable circle of friends, 317. He loses through his misconduct the exertions of his friends, 317. Is patronized by the Countess of Moira; enlists as a private soldier in the 108th regiment; arrives in England in 1794; is patronized by the most illustrious characters, 319. Dies in the 28th year of his age, *ib.*

Dick's Lectures on the Acts, 431.

Die Alterthumer der Mannussohne aus der fedar des grafen, 543.

Dimsdale sulphur baths, 223.

Diversions of Purley. Vide Tooke.

Dix's Treatise on constructing maps, 111.

Doctrine of philosophical necessity, 219.

Douglas's Life of Professor Gellert 358. Gellert commences his studies at the university of Leipsic at the age of nineteen, 359. An incident recorded of his first essay in the pulpit; Gellert undertakes the education of two young men who resided near Dresden, *ibid.*

# INDEX.

The first publications of the professor were his contributions to a work entitled 'Amusements of the Heart and Understanding,' 359. Subject to painful attacks of that mental disorder, which has so often and so fatally humbled the pride of genius, 361. Cellert visits the waters of Carlsbad, but receives no benefit from them; dies in the year 1769, after a long scene of sickness and despondency, 363

## DRAMA.

Chamber's School for Friends, 434  
 Colet's Sacred Dramas, 329  
 Reynolds' Delinquent, 99  
 Dubost's Elements of Commerce, 447  
 Duneau's Invocation to Truth, 104

EDGEWORTH's Leonora, 215  
 Ein sehr lechtes mittel vie ritterguts besitzer, &c., 545

Elements of Commerce, 447  
 Elements of Self-Knowledge. Vide Dallas.

Europein, Essay on, 216  
 Esprit de Madame de Genlis, 537  
 Essus Historique et Critique sur la Franche Magonerie, 538  
 Essay on the Nature of Laws, ib.  
 Essay Normanian, 96  
 Evanston's Second Thoughts on the Trinity, 95  
 Essential Marriage, 329  
 Faversfield Abbey, ibid.  
 Eyton's Sermon, 208  
 ——— Explanation of Christ's Sermon, 324  
 Europe, present state of, 325

FABLES by Biddwin, 111  
 Fellowes's Treatise on death, 207  
 Ferdinand and Amelia, 328  
 Franklin's Memoirs of General Thomas. Vide Memoirs.

Froissart's Chronicles. Vide Johnes.  
 Funeral Oration, by Bezely, 205

CELLERT's Life. Vide Douglas.  
 Gentz on the present state of Europe, 325

Good's Lucretius. Vide Lucretius.  
 Gout, observations on the, 97  
 Grammar, Swedish introduction to, 446  
 Guide to Knowledge and Virtue, 224

HAMILTON's Agrippina, 188  
 Hime's Pilgrim of the Cross, 215  
 Hewat's Sermons, 97  
 Histoire de l'occupation de la Baviere, par N. Francois de Neuchateau, 514.  
 The death of Maximilian Joseph,

Electer of Bavaria, who died in 1777, excites the desire of the house of Austria to get possession of his dominions, ibid. Character of Joseph II., 517

Histoire de l'Astronomie, 540  
 Historien de la Jeunesse, 535  
 Hirschell's Funeral Sermon, 433  
 Holcroft's Bryan Perdue. Vide Bryan.

Hugo, Penance of, 100  
 Hymns by Reyrae, translated, 437

INIQUITY, mirror of, 209  
 Invocation to Truth, 104  
 Interesting conversations on moral and religious subjects, 224  
 Italy, travels through. Vide Kotzebue.

JOHN's Etymological exercise on the Latin grammar, 112  
 Johnston's reply to Smith, 109  
 Johnes' translation of Froissart's Chronicles, 225. Character of Froissart as delineated by M. de St. Palaye, ibid. His residence in England between the years 1360 and 1366. Obtains permission, while yet attached to the service of his royal patroness, Philippa, queen of Edward, to travel through various parts of Europe, 227. In 1369, having lost his patroness, he retired to the living of Lestines, where the publicans in a short time received 500 francs of his money, ibid. In 1384 he appears in the new character of clerk of the chapel to Guy, Count de Blois, at whose instigation he continues his unfinished history, ibid. In 1388, he again sets off on his travels; is accompanied by a worthy knight named Espaing du Lion; his reception at the court of Count Gaston de Foix, 229, et seq. The marriage of the Countess of Boulogne with the Duke of Berri, drew him to Avignon, where a robbery was committed upon him, which he celebrated in a poem, 230. In 1395, after a twenty-seven years absence, he appears once more in England at the shrine of Thomas à Becket; his stay in England did not exceed three or four months, but his history is continued to the death of Richard in 1399; the time of his death uncertain, 231. Remarks on some of Froissart's peculiar excellencies, 232. The spirit of chivalry the most prominent feature of the age in which he lived, 233. The



behaviour of King Edward after the battle of Calais to his prisoners, a striking example of courtesy towards a vanquished enemy, in the contrast afforded by his different address to the traitor Charny, and the gallant Richeaumont, 234, et seq. Vain glory considered as an indefinable blemish in a knight or squire, 235. In his descriptions of battles, Froissart shows the hand of a master, 236. Extract of an affecting incident which occurred after the battle of Auray, 237. An early instance of our national superiority in naval affairs over our neighbours, 238. Froissart's excellence in descriptive scenery, 239. Defects of Froissart's history; the vast importance of the work to our national historians, 241. Translated by Lord Berners in the reign of Henry VIII. merits and defects of the present translation examined, 241 et seq.

Journey of life, 329  
Juvenile Perceptor, 444

**KNIGHT's** Funeral Sermon, 433  
**Kotzebue's** Travels, 83. The list of those who are to be excluded from the inestimable privilege of reading this book, *ibid.* The instinctive passion for variety to which Mr. K. is seriously disposed to ascribe the propensity of man to visit remote countries, 85. The delights of a morning spent amidst the Apennines described in a silly letter from Barberini; a dreaming enthusiast and a great lover of coffee, 86. A correct specimen of what the modern rage of weeping travellers substitute for thought and description, *ibid.* The mischievous diligence with which the author seizes on every occasion afforded by the ignorance, the folly, or the superstition of mankind, to make religion the object of insipid and blasphemous drollery, 89. Contrast between the streets of Naples and Paris, 89. Account of the professions of letter-writers and letter-readers at Naples; criticism on the picture of Nathan and David, 91. Kayserman the painter and pig-seller, *ibid.* Account of the chambers of the dead in the church of the Capuchins, *ibid.* The hardy courage and generous loyalty of the Tyrolese, 93, et seq.

**LAMBE** on constitutional diseases, and

researches into the properties of spring water, 293. Water an early subject of medical research; yet there was no rule on which to ground a philosophical notice of the causes operated, till chemistry began to lay open the wonders of nature, 294. Scarcely noticed before the days of Boyle, 295. Labours of Hoffmann, Shott, and Black examined, *ibid.* Water proved by chemical experiments to be a true solvent of lead, 296. Opinions of Sir Geo. Baker, Drs. Heberden and Percival on the subject, 297. Symptoms of disease thereby produced, *ibid.* The more common and general affections which are attributed to water contaminated by lead, are pain of the stomach, 299. Cases in which the symptoms were uncommon, *ibid.* The occurrence which first convinced the author that common water is to be ranked among the substances which have the most direct and powerful influence on the animal economy, 383. The hypothesis adopted by Dr. Lambe, as giving an adequate explanation of the generation of human diseases, 384. On the scrophula, consumption, cancer, and gout, 387.

**Lawrence's** Bampton Lecture. *Vide* Bampton.

**Lectures** on the Acts, 431

**Lecture**, Bampton. *Vide* Bampton.

**Leonora** by Edgeworth, 215

**Letters** to a young lady. *Vide* West.

**Letter** on Pitt's death, 445

**Laws**, memoirs of. *Vide* Memoirs.

**Lilienthalische Betrachtungen**, 512. Four new planets called from the names of the discoverers, Herschell, Piazzi, Olbers, and Harding, 513. From the nebulae attending two of these planets it is evident that their atmospheres must be considerably higher and denser than that of our earth, 514

**Linnæus**. *Vide* Maton.

**Logan's** Poems, 375. Marks of a feeling heart, a cultivated taste, and a power of expressing himself with peculiar terseness and ease, discernible in L's composition, 377. The Braes of Yarrow, 378. Dialogue between two lovers, 379. Ode on the death of a young lady, *ib.*

**Love**, pleasures of. *Vide* Stewart.

**Lowrie's** method of keeping accounts with bankers in town and country, 213

**Lowe's** Verses on Nelson, 332

# INDEX.

- Luccock on the nature and property of Wool, 220  
 Lucretius, translated by Good, 167.  
 Remarks on a few English translations from the Latin poets, 168. O Dryden's Virgil, Francis's and Bosca-  
 wen's Horace, Grainer's Tibullus, Statius, Garth's Ovid, Rowe's Lu-  
 can; Holday's Dryden's, Czeche's, Tate's, Madan's, Owen's, Marsh's, Rhodes's, Gifford's Juvenal, 169.  
 Drummond's and Brewster's Per-  
 sius, 170. The preface of Good's Lucretius examined, 171. The scanty materials extant for composing a life of Lucretius, *ibid.* The affecta-  
 tion of reducing the real terminations of personal appellations to the vernacular idiom of the language, to which each individual may belong, 172.  
 Translation of a passage from Horace, 173. Discovery of a manuscript at Pompeii, 174. Quotation from Lucretius, 178, et seq. Ditto, 417, et seq. The affected closeness of his translation, under the false idea of terse compression, occasionally leads Mr. G. into arrant nonsense, 419.  
 Camoens not an unsuccessful imita-  
 tor among the moderns, 420. Quota-  
 tions, 428, et seq.  
 Luxmoore's manual of anatomy and physiology, 99  
 MACALLUM's Travels in Trinidad, 45. Governor Picton, 46. Colonel Fullarton, 47. The policy of raising black corps questionable, *ibid.* The over proportion of the black to the white population in West India is-  
 lands, 48. The transportation of a number of Highlanders recommended, *ibid.* Objections to the plan, 49.  
 An account of a bituminous lake, *ibid.* Horrors of West India slavery, 50. The fine for the murder of a slave, eleven pounds four shillings, 51. Anecdote of the murder of a negro by a militia man, *ibid.* Another anecdote of the most barbarous and wanton cruelty, 52. Mr. Macal-  
 lum's style examined, 54, et seq.  
 Machonochie's Naval Architecture, 217  
 Madoc. Vide Southey.  
 Manchester Society. Vide Memoirs of Lucretius. Vide Goqf.  
 Manual of anatomy and physiology, 99  
 Maps, treatise on the construction of, 111  
 Mariners', instruction to, 448  
 Maton's general View of the Writings of Linnæus, by Pulteney, 55. Por-  
 trait of Pulteney, 57. Pulteney ap-  
 prenticed to an apothecary; opens shop at Leicester; his occupation not the most constant; his Calvinis-  
 tic brethren preferring the comforts of prayers to those of bolusses, while the higher bred episcopalians de-  
 spised altogether the stuff of a Pres-  
 byterian apothecary, 57. Takes his diploma at Edinburgh; arrives in London, 58. Is patronized by the Earl of Bath, who died at the ex-  
 piration of a year, *ibid.* Retires to Blandford in Dorsetshire; pub-  
 lishes the 'general View of the Writings of Linnæus;' dies by an attack of inflammation of the lungs in the seventy-second year of his age, leaving an affluent fortune, 59. His museum bequeathed to the Linnean Society, *ibid.* The birth of Linnæus announced with minute particularity, as having happened between twelve and one o'clock in the night dividing the 12-22 and 13-22 of May, which is described as a delightful season be-  
 tween the months of frondescence and florecence, 62. Linnæus goes to school; more learning whipped into boys than was ever whipt out of them, *ibid.* Linnæus narrowly es-  
 capes being apprenticed to a shoe-  
 maker; goes to the University of Lund, which he quits for Upsal; eats when he can, and patches his shoes with folded paper; becomes ac-  
 quainted with Celsius; obtains pu-  
 pils; goes to Lapland; on his return to Stockholm presented by the aca-  
 demy of science with ten pounds, *ibid.* Delivers lectures to a numer-  
 ous audience at seven shillings a head; dislodged from this employ-  
 ment by Dr. Rosen, 63. Makes an effort to obtain a rich wife; the lady is willing, the mother is not; Lin-  
 næus goes to Holland, and takes his doctor's degree; from thence to England and Paris; returns to Stock-  
 holm; his success with two patients brings him into notice, 63. Medals struck to immortalize his memory; he is pensioned, ennobled, and creat-  
 ed a knight of the Polar Star, *ibid.* Piques himself on his discovery of the mystical powers of the number five; congratulates himself on being styled Princeps Botanorum, *ib.*  
 Martial British, 102  
 Maxey's Trafalgar, 334

**MEDICINE,**

- Cooper on the Cataract, 442  
 Crampton's Essay on the catarrh, 216  
 Lambe's Researches into the properties of spring waters, and treatise on constitutional diseases, 300  
 Luxmoore's Manual of anatomy and physiology, 99  
 Willan on cutaneous diseases, 140  
 Whately's Cases of two extraordinary polypi removed from the nose 335  
 ——— on strictures of the urethra, 442  
 Traité d'éducation physique des enfans, 539  
 Memoirs of Agrippina, 188. Contains nothing to distinguish them from a novel, *ibid.* et seq.  
 ——— of Charles Lee Lewes, containing anecdotes, historical and biographical, of the English and Scottish stages during a period of forty years, 203. The first appearance of Mrs. Siddons at Dublin, whimsically celebrated in an Irish newspaper, 204: Moses Kean's wooden leg. Dots to i's and strokes to t's. Dundee Dip, 205  
 ——— of General Thomas, by Franklin, 255. General T. goes to India in the year 1782, in the capacity of a sailor, and having deserted his ship, wandered for some time over the peninsula, until he was employed in the service of the Begum Sumroo, and afterwards in that of Appakandarow, a Mahratta chieftain, from whom he received as a subsidy for the forces he commanded, some districts in the neighbourhood of Delhi: Is compelled to take refuge within the British frontiers in 1801, and soon after dies on the road to Calcutta in 1802. Extracts, 257 et passim  
 ——— of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, 161. The effects of opium on the living bodies of animals, 162. The machinery of the ancient epic poem, *ib.* Alterations in the opinions now held regarding the communication of a red colour to the bones in the living animal bodies by the internal exhibition of madder, *ib.* The use and abuse of popular sports and exercises, 163. An experimental inquiry into the proportions of the several elastic fluids constituting the atmosphere, 164. Of the tendency of elastic fluids to diffusion through each other, 165. The absorption of elastic fluids by

- water and other liquids, *ibid.* Of a property possessed by caoutchouc at a certain temperature of common eating a sensation of heat to the lips when drawn out upon them, 166. Dalton's theory of gaseous mixtures considered, *ibid.*  
 Methodists, address to, 320  
 Meyler's Poetical amusement on the journey of life, 329  
 Mineral waters, treatise on, 109  
 Mirror of iniquity, 209  
 Moral and religious subjects, conversations on, 224

- NAVAL Architecture,** 217  
 Necessity, philosophical, 219  
 Nelson's life, 443  
 ———, by White, 444  
 ——— tomb, 103  
 Norrisian essay, 96  
 Northern Summer. *Vide Carr.*

**NOVELS.**

- Alphonsine, 520  
 Agrippina, 188  
 Belville House, 106  
 Bryan Perdue, 14  
 Charles and Cecilia, 526  
 Edgeworth's Leonora, 215  
 Eventful Marriage, 329  
 Eversfield Abbey, *ibid.*  
 Ferdinand and Amelia, 228  
 Helme's Pilgrim of the cross, 215

- OBSERVATIONS on the gout,** 97  
 ——— on Dimsdale sulphur baths, 223  
 Ode on Nelson's death, 332  
 Origin of the present war, 327

- PALMYRA, by Peacock,** 210  
 Parental duties, summary of, 224  
 Paraguay, letters from. *Vide Davie.*  
 Parkinson's tour in America, 24. Avowedly written for the purpose of vilifying America. Misfortunes attend the author on the outset of his voyage, 25. The author treats General Washington with great frankness, 26. The hatred of the Americans against the English, 27. Also and likewise an anecdote, *ibid.*  
 Parkinson's Observations on the gout, 97  
 Partridge's Sermon, 207  
 Peacock's Palmyra, 210  
 Peacock's Observations on the water at the Dimsdale new sulphur baths, 223  
 Peers' Seatonian prize poem, 212  
 Penance of Hugo, 100  
 Pilgrim of the cross, 215  
 Pitt's death, letter on, 411



# INDEX

Plain man's epistle to every child of Adam,	97
Playfair's letter to the author of the examination of Stewart's short statement of facts,	260
Pleasures of Love. Vide Stewart.	
Plutarque des Jeunes demoiselles,	532
Pollux removed from the nose,	335
<b>P O E T R Y,</b>	
Boyd's Penance of Hugo,	100
British Martial,	102
Carlisle's Poems,	102
Cockin's Rural Sabbath,	211
Death of the Hero,	332
Duncan's Invocation to Truth,	104
Edward's All Saints' Church,	435
Fitzgerald's Nelson's Tomb,	103
Good's Lucretius,	183
Logan's Poems,	375
Lowe's Verses on Nelson,	353
Madoc, by Southey,	72
Maxey's Ode on Trafalgar,	331
Meyler's Journey of Life,	329
Ode on Nelson's Death,	332
Pacock's Palmyra,	210
Peer's Seatonian prize poem,	213
Prynie's Greek Ode,	29
Rushton's Poems,	439
Spenser by Todd,	411
Stewart's Pleasures of Love,	183
Summerset's Poems,	214
Tremenheere's Tratalgar,	332
Wright's Translation of de Reyrae's hymns,	439
Postscript to Stewart's statement of facts relative to the election of Professor Leslie,	260
Préponde nce Maritime et Commerciale de Grande Bretagne, par M. Menbrion, 449. The favourable assumption of the author is, that the prosperity of Great Britain is founded on the ruin of other states, 459. The reverse proved, 450, and 451. France can never become a great trading nation under Buonaparte, 452. Liberty the tutelary divinity of commerce, 453. Conduct of Great Britain towards neutral powers defended,	456
Present State of Europe,	325
Present War, origin of,	327
Protest against scenic exhibitions,	224
Prym's Greek Ode, 29. Construction of the plan objectionable, <i>ibid.</i> Part of the execution less commendable than the rest, specified, 31. Quotation,	35
Purley, Diversions of. Vide Tooke.	
RAYMOND's Life of Dermody. Vide Dermody.	

Recueil d'Observations de Zoologie et d'anatomie comparée,	534
Régence du duc d'Orléans, par Marmon tel, 525. Remarks on the study and compilation of history, 526. How the author came to be dignified with the high office of historiographer, 527. The commencement of the eighteenth century, a rich and fertile field for the cultivation of historians, 528	
Reverend on the present state of the commerce of Great Britain,	210
Retrospect of philosophical, mechanical discoveries,	449
Reyrae's Hymns,	439
Rose on the poor laws, Bone's letter to,	208
Rural Sabbath, Cockin's,	211
Rushton's Poems,	439
<b>S A B B A T H, Rural,</b>	211
Saunders's Treatise on mineral waters, Scenic Exhibitions, protest against,	224
School for Friends,	434
Seatonian Prize poem, Peer's,	213
Selections from the Old and New Testaments,	323
<b>S I N G L E S E R M O N S.</b>	
Adkin's Sermon on Nelson,	434
Bisley's Funeral Oration,	208
Biddulph's Sermon on Nelson,	433
Bulman's ditto,	423
Bunting's Sermon,	324
Clout's Sermon on Nelson,	<i>ibid.</i>
Cooke's ditto,	432
Eyton's Sermon,	208
Hirschel's Sermon on Nelson,	433
Knight, s ditto,	433
Partridge's Sermon,	207
Style's Sermon on Nelson,	433
Toogood's Sermon,	324
Warner's ditto,	324
Wood's ditto,	434
Young's ditto,	434
Smith's Remarks on the report of M. Chaptal to the Consuls of France, 103	
Southey's Madoc, 72. The introduction parodied; the puff poetical, and the puff medicinal; Thalaba used by the author as a phylactery; metaphysical and revolutionary poets; poetry once depicted as a beautiful female holding a musical instrument in one hand, and while the other sweeps the chords she seems listening to the voice of inspiration, which comes from heaven; the muse at the close of the eighteenth century; a subject for the humbler art of the caricaturist, 74. The passage of Lucian, from which the author's motto is taken, vindicated; parts of Mrs.	

- Souther's *Thalaba* compared to the grinding of the hurdy gurdy, some to the dissonant clang of marrow bones and cleavers, and some to the rapid rapping harmony of the salt-box, 76. The preface examined, *ibid.* The subject considered; the great fault—the want of unity of design, 80
- Speeches, Curran's. *Vide* Curran.
- Spenser. *Vide* Todd.
- Souvenirs Les de M. le Comte de Caylus, 473. Anecdotes relating to the private conduct of the Count d'Oliva-  
roz, prime minister to Philip IV of Spain, 474. The secret and true causes which banished Mlle. de la Fayette from the court of Louis XIII. and the intrigues of Cardinal Rich-  
lieu to procure her departure, 475.
- Anglomania, 477
- Statistique Elementaire de la France, par Peuchet, 494. Natural effects of commerce on civilization, 495. English France first reduced to a system by Sir W. Petty in the seventeenth century, 497. The public schools of Paris, 498. Popu-  
lation of Paris, *ibid.* The number and power of tribunals, 499. Popu-  
lation of the French empire, 500. On longevity and the relative proportions of age to the population, 501. An-  
nual births and deaths, *ibid.* Terri-  
torial productions; product of la-  
bour, 503. The national forces of the French empire, 404
- Stewart's Pleasures of love, 183. Six epic poems distinguish the present day from any which has elapsed since the death of the indetartable Blackmore, all of them defective except Cumber-  
land's *Calvary*, and Pye's *Alfred*, *ibid.* The genius of Greece declined more than the judgment, but the contrary was the case with Rome, 184. Something similar has occurred in the literary history of our own country, *ibid.* The faults which disfigure the pages of Mr. Stewart, are a profusion of glaring colouring, a display of scientific or technical language, a multitude of ambiguous epithets, &c. *ibid.*
- Pamphlets relative to the elec-  
tion of a mathematical professor in the University of Edinburgh, exam-  
ined, 260
- Stower's Typographical marks used in correcting proof sheets, 446
- Strictures of the Urethra, 447
- Sirruener, eine Skizze, 545
- Stylo's Funeral Sermon, 447
- Summerset's Poems, 214
- Suicide, *Le*, 538
- Swedish Grammar, introduction, 446
- Sylloge Confessionum, 113. The diffi-  
dence, moderation, and forbearance which was maintained in different de-  
grees by some, but in a very laudable and exemplary degree in all the pub-  
lic confessions of all the reformed churches at the period of the reforma-  
tion, respecting those arduous and mysterious doctrines, which are con-  
nected with the divine predestination, with the will and powers of the natural man, and the operations and offices of the Holy Ghost, 115. A distinction to be made between the private sentiments and writings of Luther, Melancthon, or Calvin, and those works which they were induced to compile for public use, *ibid.* En-  
chiridion Theologicum, 117. The negligence and oscitancy of the Cla-  
rendon editors, 119. Life of Hooker, 121. Typographical errors both of the life and works are numerous and important to a very disgraceful degree, *ibid.* List of errors, which materially affect the sense, 122. The homines, 247. List of errors, 249. *et seq.*
- TAYLOR's Instruction to mariners, 448
- Summary of parental du-  
ties, 224
- Children's true guide to  
knowledge and virtue, *ibid.*
- Thirlwall's Protest against scenic ex-  
hibition, *ibid.*
- Thomas, General, Franklin's memoirs  
of. *Vide* Memoirs.
- Thoughts on the creation of the hu-  
man body and soul, 220
- on the state of Great Britain  
and France, 400
- on the state of Great Britain  
and France, at the close of Mr. Pitt's  
life and administration, 400. The  
magnitude, influence, and energy of  
the French empire, 401. Character  
of Bonaparte, 402. Three several  
eras when universal monarchy threat-  
ened the independence of Europe,  
403. Of the invasion of England,  
405. With what justice the Emperor  
Francis is reprobated for concluding  
the peace of Presburg considered, 408
- Todd's Spenser, 411. The require-  
ment of Spenser, *ibid.* The

- progress of poetical taste from the revival of literature, 412. The Fairy Queen edited by Hughes, Spence, Warton, Upton, and Hurd, 413, et seq. Examination of Todd's edition, 415
- Toilette des dames, 535
- Toogood's Sermon, 323
- Tooke's Divisions of Purley, 66. The author's indefatigable spirit of intrigue; how he became an early master of that system of popular delusion, called patriotism; appeared in all the great contentions with government from the commencement of the American war, to the French revolution; how he was taken in one of these enterprizes, and General Mansfield refused him his liberty on parole, from a misconception, or as the author affirms, from a perversion of the meaning of a conjunction, 67. Publishes his 'Letter to Dunning,' which made a considerable impression on etymologists; the advantages of this impression felt by Mr. Tooke; the 'Divisions of Purley' a dilata-tion only of the pamphlet addressed to Dunning, 68. A subscription for an annuity for the author, *ibid.* The episcopal antagonist in the first volume exchanged in the second for Sir Francis Burdett, the most docile and implicit of his pupils, the rage and profound Bosville excepted, *ibid.* The 'Rights of Man;' right and wrong; definition of right and left, 71. Right no other than rectum (*rectum*) from *regere*, 123. The people of Melinda a polished and flourishing people, left-handed, *ibid.* The decided and infallible Wimbledon oracle, 125. The God of Horne Tooke, and the God of Thomas Paine are essentially different beings, though both are de-nominated the God of Nature, 126. Godwin soars above them; Sweden-borg and Brothers; Ayrishaw, danc-ing in irons, 128. Tooke assumed the character of a philosopher to destroy the error of abstraction, as the Parisian anarchists assumed the appellation of patriots to destroy, not preserve their country, 274. The land of bulls invaded, 274. John-son, Stierens, and Malone, 276. The anatomy of dancing, 277. Quo-tations, *passim*. Derivation of truth, 364, et seq. Of adjectives, 368. Of abbreviations, 370, et seq. Character of Mr. Tooke 371
- Tour in America. Vide Parkinson.
- Tour in Zealand, in the year 1802, by a native, 285. The fondness which exists among the continental nations for imitating whatever is English, 285. The monument erected in the vicinity of Copenhagen to com-memorate the emancipation of the Danish peasantry, 287. Instance of disinterested heroism which took place in the year 1710, in a battle be-tween the Danish and Swedish fleets, 290. The joy lry of the Danes to their pilnee exhibited in a striking instance, 293
- Townshend's Sermons, 191. Reasons of publication stated; contents, *ibid.* et seq.
- Transactions, Philosophical, of the Royal Society of London, 307. The differences in the magnetic needle, on board the Investigator, arising from an alteration in the ship's head, by M. Flinders, *ibid.* On the direction and velocity of the motion of the sun, and solar system, *ibid.* Observa-tions on the singular figure of the plan-et Saturn; abstract of observations on a diurnal variation of the barometer between the tropics, 391. The phy-siology of the stapes, one of the bones of the organ of hearing, deduced from a comparative view of its structure and uses in different animals, 392; on an artificial substance which pos-sesses the characteristic properties of tannin, 393. The cases of a full grown woman in whom the ovaria were deficient, 394. Description of malformation in the heart of an in-fant, *ibid.* On a method of analysing stones containing fixed alkali by means of the boracic acid, 395. On the reproduction of tufts, *ibid.* Ac-count of two mummies, of the Egyp-tian Isis, one of which was in a per-fect state, 396. On the magnetic attraction of oxydes of iron, *ibid.* Additional experiments and remarks on an artificial substance which pos-sesses the principal characteristic properties of tannin, 397. On the discovery of palladium, with observa-tions on other substances found with platinum, *ibid.* Experiments on a mineral substance formerly supposed to be zeolite, with some remarks on two species of uran glimmer, 399
- Traité d'Éducation physique des Enfans, 339
- Travels through Italy, Kotzebue. Vide Kotzebue.
- Treatise on constructing maps 311



# INDEX.

Treatise on death	207
Treatise on mineral waters	109
Tremenheere's Trafalgar	332
Trinity, thoughts on the	95
Truth, invocation to	104
Typographical marks	415

VIES des Hommes celebres	535
--------------------------	-----

Vindication of some passages in the New Testament. Vide Winstanley.	
---	--

Volunteers, Address to the	444
----------------------------	-----

Voyage enterpris dans les gouvernemens meridionaux de l'Empire de Russie	533
--	-----

Voyages de Guibert, 458. Description of the situation of Brest, and the deplorable state of the marine in that harbour, under the old government, 459. Great insubordination on board the old French marine, 461. Necessarily produced by the mode in which the officers of each ship were chosen, <i>ibid.</i> Economy of the emperor Joseph, 462. Conduct of Turenne, at the battle of Jurchheim, <i>ibid.</i> Speech of Marshal Broglie, after the passage of the Lobuc, 463. Account of Mount Ballon, the highest of the Vosges, 464. French inns, 465. The independence and happiness of the Swiss, 466. Different features of the Alps and Pyrenees, 467. Interesting specimen of the state of manners in France. 468	
---	--

Voyage à la partie Orientale de la Terra Firma par, F. Depous, 477. The first settlers in Cumana were two Spanish priests, who went with the benevolent intention of converting the Indians, 479. Conquest of St. Domingo, arrival of Las Casas in America, <i>ibid.</i> Cession of the produce of Venezuela to the mercantile house of Weslers in Germany, <i>ibid.</i> Account of the lake of Maracaibo, 480. Method of catching wild ducks in ditto, 481. The lake Valencia, <i>ibid.</i> The population of Caracas ascertained by an annual census taken by the parish priests, 482. Performance of the duties of religion not left to the discretion and consciences of the faithful in the Spanish dominions, 482. The causes of scanty population, 483. The system of education, <i>ibid.</i> Laws of Spain with respect to marriage, <i>ibid.</i> A bad wife, a triple curse to a Spaniard, 484. Treatment of negroes, <i>ibid.</i> The aborigines of America, 485. The civil and military organization of these colonies, <i>ibid.</i> Ex-	
---	--

position of the religious organization of Caracas, 487. Agriculture and the preparations of colonial commodities, 488. Commercial system of Spain in regard to her colonies, 489. Administration of the revenue, 490. Spanish Guyana, and the river Orinoko, 491, et seq.	
---	--

UNITE du Genre humain, par F. Blumenbach, 517. The different colour of the human animal in different climates, an accidental not essential difference, <i>ibid.</i> et seq.	
Unnatural uncle,	107
Urethra, Strictures of the,	442

WAR, origin of the present,	329
Warner's Sermon,	182
Waste lands, observations,	222
West's Letters to a young lady on the duties and characters of women, 337. The whole superstructure laid upon the foundations of religion, 339. Great attention paid by the writer to the middle orders of society, <i>ibid.</i> Object of the Calvinists, Methodists, and Unitarians, 339. Evangelical preachers, 340. Description of a family where comfort is sacrificed for the sake of appearances, 341. Of the melancholy Cowper, 342. A great error in modern female education,	343

Whateley's cases of two extraordinary polypi removed from the nose, 335	
—— on strictures of the urethra,	442

Wilson's Address to volunteers,	444
Willan's Description of cutaneous diseases, 140. Exanthemata, or rashes, five genera of urticaria, nettle-rash, roseola, rose-rash, iris, rainbow-rash, purpura, purple or scorbutic-rash, and Erythema, or red-rash, 141. The three varieties of measles, rubeola, vulgaris, R. sine catarrho, and R. nigra, <i>ibid.</i> Treatment during the eruptive stage, 142. The use of the pedicularium recommended in preference to antimonials, and other diaphoretics, <i>ibid.</i> Rubeola sine catarrho does not emancipate the constitution from the power of the contagion, nor prevent the accession of the R. vulgaris at a future period, <i>ibid.</i> Rubeola nigra, 143. The putrid measles denominated by Sir W. Watson, proved to be the scarlatina; the present state of opinions and nomenclature respecting scarlatina till after the year 1780; character of the	

# INDEX

- scarlatina, 144. Three varieties; scarlatina, simplex, anginosa, and magna; the diagnostics of scarlatina and measles, 145. Imported probably into this country from the Levant; first described in modern times by Ingrassia a physician of Naples, where it was known before the year 1500, by the name of Rosalia, 146. Its progress satisfactorily traced by Dr. W. under the mask of varying appellations through the different countries of Europe, of which it constituted for at least two centuries, the most malignant scourge, 146
- Winstanley's Vindication of certain passages in the common English version of the New Testament, addressed to Granville Sharpe, Esq. 344. The principal object of Mr. Sharpe's dissertation to deduce from the New Testament a remarkable idiom or rule of grammar in the Greek language, and to apply that rule so deduced to correct the interpretation of several texts in the sacred volume, which if they are to be understood according to Mr. Sharpe's views, would materially enlarge the number of scripture testimonies to the divinity of Christ, 344. Sharpe's conclusion established by another mode of proof by Wordsworth, *ibid.* Attacked by Blunt, *ibid.* And Winstanley, 345. Method observed by Winstanley in his investigation; extract from Sharpe's rule, with a considerable portion of the first division of Winstanley's exceptions to it, 348. Examination of ditto, 350, et seq.
- Wood's Funeral Sermon, 434
- Wool, Nature and property of, 220
- YOUNG's Funeral Sermon, 434
- ZEALAND, Tour in. Vide Tour.
- Zwehmässige vorkehrungen gegen die ausgebrochene, &c. 545







**University of Toronto  
Library**

---

**DO NOT  
REMOVE  
THE  
CARD  
FROM  
THIS  
POCKET**

---

**Acme Library Card Pocket  
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED**

